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THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. A SCENE FROM "MIDAS." Engraved by S. SANGSTER, from the Picture by D. MACLISE, R.A., in the Royal Collection at Osborne.
2. THE YOUNG SHRIMPERS. Engraved by A. WILLMORE, from the Picture by W. COLLINS, R.A., in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.
3. THE FRUIT-GATHERER. Engraved by E. ROFFE, from the Statue by E. WOLFF.

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In consequence of the illness of the Rev. CHARLES BOUTELL, we are compelled to postpone until next month the continuation of the papers on "The Crystal Palace: a Teacher from Ancient and Early Art."

In answer to Correspondents, we think it right to observe that it does not necessarily follow that a new Subscriber to the ART-JOURNAL need obtain any preceding volumes of the work, although it may be desirable that he acquire the volumes for 1855 and 1856, inasmuch as the Engravings from the Royal Galleries were commenced in January, 1855.

The Part for January, 1857, contains no "continued" articles, and therefore reference to parts preceding is not necessary.

We refer with much satisfaction to the many opinions that have reached us to the effect that the number for January, 1857, is marked by increased excellence in various departments; that excellence it will be our duty to maintain.

THE VERNON GALLERY is contained in the Six Volumes preceding the Volume for 1855, i.e. those from 1849 to 1854, both inclusive. These volumes may be obtained of the publisher. But the preceding volumes have long been "out of print," and, when they can be obtained, must be purchased at prices higher than the original cost.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES will be continued from month to month; and the Authors will be much indebted to Correspondents who will direct their attention to any errors they may notice, or for assistance of any kind which may be useful to them in the progress of their task.

It will be our duty to pay minute and careful attention to the wants and wishes of Manufacturers, and frequently to report their progress. We are fully aware that in this important feature of the Journal consists its larger utility, and that from this source the public have derived especial benefit.

Covers for the Volumes of the ART-JOURNAL can be had of any Bookseller at Three Shillings each.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1857.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Long ago as the 6th of June, in last year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained from parliament a vote of £2000, to enable him to take the first step towards the formation of what, we trust, is destined in time to be a great Portrait Collection of the Worthies of Britain. It is right that we should pause at this point, to remark, that when we speak of a collection of British worthies, we somewhat enlarge the terms—we do not say, the intentions—on which the minister founded this claim upon the public purse. It is not unimportant to point out, that a Gallery of Portraits of "the most eminent persons in British history"—certificated, the terms would seem to imply, in something like the spirit of the great collection at Versailles—was what the Chancellor of the Exchequer asked for, according to the reports of the time. Now, we are compelled to say, that history has not always kept her records as fully and faithfully as might be desired; and one express office which we recognise in the new institution proposed, would be, that of making certain rectifications in her written page. Out of the dim places of old French chronicle, for instance, we could drag a name or two whose omission from any assemblage wherein names stand for the figures that make up the sum of the national greatness, is a falsification of the account. There are gaps to fill in the French Pantheon, if the true historic religion were understood:—a few inscriptions yet to make in the list of the "*grands hommes*" who receive there the conspicuous homage of "*la Patrie reconnaissante*." And so it is with ourselves, at home. The Muse of history has not always been most worthily invoked amongst us. Many a man would find a fitting place in a collection of British worthies whom *her* priests have neglected to enrol among the "most distinguished," and whom Chancellors of the Exchequer—not always working by the lantern of Diogenes—are apt to overlook.—On this head we shall have more to say hereafter; but it seemed desirable, at the very outset, to clear away any possible misunderstanding of the kind from the terms of the argument on which we are about to enter. Let it be distinctly premised, that British worthies have not always been historic worthies in the accepted sense,—that the ground of the national *bene meruit* is a wider one than any occupied by party history. Such a national portrait gallery as we desire to see, would, of course, be an illustration of our national history; but of a history many chapters of which have yet to be formally written,—a

history that sweeps into its scope all the conditions of modern civilisation, and in doing so comes upon figures that the heralds had passed by without perceiving. The spirit of inquiry, it must be conceded, is carrying its lights into many dark and neglected places of the past,—the genius of the age is eminently supplementary and corrective,—and it may be, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer and we both mean the same thing. But if so, it is safer to enlarge the expression to a conformity with the larger meaning,—or, to start by explaining, that the history which we propose to illustrate by the help of this parliamentary vote is a far less partial and more comprehensive one than that which is written by the court historian, or has been commonly read by Chancellors of the Exchequer.

To return, then, from what we scarcely admit to be a digression:—It will be in the recollection of our readers, that this vote, of eight months old, was the consequence of an address of yet older date, agreed to by the House of Lords, on the motion of Earl Stanhope, with nearly unanimity of consent,—and of the ready and cordial acceptance which the project therein suggested received from the Crown. In the House of Commons itself, the sentiment of the grant was scarcely disturbed by those economic murmurs which have a perennial echo throughout that place of approach to the national strong-box, and are the expression of a sound chronic condition in the peculiar atmosphere of the locality:—and, though we Englishmen have been taught by experience not to look for any very rapid action from Chancellors of the Exchequer, save in the matter of taxation, yet, in this instance, we cannot but remember, that the finance minister took the scheme under his express patronage, pledged the government to its earnest fosterage, and promised such an administration of the grant as should correspond to the zeal of the national estates. We think it, therefore, not unreasonable, after this interval of time, and on the eve of parliament's once more assembling, to inquire what has been done towards giving effect to these intentions on the one hand, and undertakings on the other. Have the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his colleagues laid the foundation of a National Portrait Gallery with the funds entrusted to them for the purpose,—and are they prepared to point to any prosperous result as a plea with Parliament for a further grant? Something, by this time, they should be in a condition to show they have done in the matter:—and, as the subject will doubtless come before both Houses, in some form or another, at an early period of the approaching session, there are certain considerations connected with the due execution of the new scheme on which we are anxious to have a few words with our readers previous to any discussion of the same topics that may take place elsewhere.

In the first place, then, let us express more emphatically than we have yet done our earnest assent to this proposition of Lord Stanhope's, if it be carried out in the spirit which the very terms imply, and in which we have no doubt whatever its noble promoter conceived it. Unhappily, our readers are not to be told, that no amount of clearness in the terms of a proposition is sufficient to protect its integrity against the genius of jobbery when that monster is rampant in the land,—and therefore a project like this had no chance of successful execution in any other age than one which, like the present, is, among all its shortcomings, distinguished above most others by a conquest over the stormier passions, and an honest desire for an adjustment of the moral balances. This consideration must reconcile us to the past delay in what is one of a series of measures the neglect of which has, whatever the causes, been

so much waste of matchless national means. How rich the past of England is in the men and in the facts that make the materials of history, our readers need not be told; but she is rich, too, incomparably beyond all her rivals, in the documents that record the one and the other. This latter wealth she has suffered to run to waste with the prodigality of a spendthrift. No other country under the sun has such a body of records as England:—at once the witnesses of her glory, and a subject to her of most serious reproach. In spite of partial dispersions and destructions, like those of the civil wars, there is no other nation that can point to a series of vouchers of its events nearly so continuous and complete. Yet, these priceless treasures, in which the history of a people is written, have been so dealt with as to make them useless to the historian in the years that are past, and enlist the moth and the mildew for securing them against his possible inquisition in the years that are to come. What sort of access had Robertson or Hume to the documents which—and which alone—keep the true secret of our national story? In the first place, our records have been buried in cellars and hidden away in lumber-rooms, that such literary resurrectionists might not find them, and interfere with their character of dead letters. Then, lest their place of sepulture should be, nevertheless, invaded, and some excavator more enterprising than his fellows should threaten to disinter some one of the historic figures which they include, the next device was, to dismember them,—burying a limb here, and a limb there,—so that their connexion might be broken, and he get at best either an imperfect figure or a false one. We say nothing, of course, of the documentary treasures that lie heaped away in private collections—those of the great historic houses of the land,—or in quasi-public ones, like the Bodleian and the Ashmolean. But, Carlton Ride gave the lie to the Norman Chapel in the Tower, and the old Chapter House at Westminster Abbey kept witnesses to testify against both. The chances of final annihilation were further promoted in one case, by a magazine of gunpowder placed beneath the receptacle of these priceless muniments, and in another by the provision of easy access to periodical washings from the overflow of the Thames. When the river was not there in person, damp was his resident ambassador,—and the rat was *attaché*, with "the run of his teeth."—We speak of these things now with some mitigation of the remorse, because the remedy is at length applied. Among other rectifications of the age, we have finally succeeded in obtaining a building ample for the reception of the existing records and the probable accumulations of half a century to come, and well adapted to their classification and arrangement; and provisions of more than one kind are making for publication in some cases, and for access in all. On the subject of this new and most important national depository, and its arrangements, we may probably give our readers some further information at another time:—at present, we link this part of our subject on to that from which we started by a truism. A great history is not built up but by great men,—and the eminent fact has everywhere and in all cases its eminent individual type. The portraits of such men are at once the complement and the fitting illustration of our Book of History. Now,—premissing that, whether as regards the past or the future, if we are to have this illustration at all, we will delegate to no one sect or party its ordering, but will have our history illustrated on all its pages,—we may observe, that, in the matter of such illustrations, the national attention being now directed to the subject, the future can, of course, take care of itself. But it happens also, that, as regards the past, we, in England, are

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

A SCENE FROM "MIDAS."

D. MacIise, R.A., Painter. S. Sangster, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 4 ft. 2½ in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

Such a singular combination of fact and fiction is to be found in this picture as to render a rather lengthened explanation necessary to the understanding of its meaning. Had the figure with the guitar been habited as some modern strolling musician, the composition would have been perfectly intelligible; but, in his semi-classic costume, however harmonious may be the music he produces from his instrument, he certainly is not himself in harmony with his auditory, nor with the place in which they have all met.

The subject is a scene from the comic opera of "Midas." The author of this amusing, but not most refined burlesque, was K. O'Hara: it was written and first performed in Dublin, about a century ago, and was played at Covent Garden a year or two afterwards; if we remember rightly, it was produced last at the Haymarket Theatre, about three years since. The characters introduced into the scene presented in this picture are Sileno, an old farmer, in whose house they now are; Mysis, his wife; their two daughters; and Apollo, in the disguise of a shepherd. Apollo, having offered some offence to Jupiter, is cast down from Elysium, and descends on the farm belonging to Sileno: a shepherd, seeing him fall, runs off alarmed, leaving behind him his coat, hat, and guitar, which the banished culprit picks up and appropriates to his own use. In this condition he is met by Sileno, who immediately hires him for service, and to divert his wife and daughters:—

"You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog."

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And, when daily labour's over,
We'll all dance to your strum-strum."

Apollo is accordingly brought to the cottage, and introduced by the farmer to his wife and daughters, as we see the group in the picture:—

"Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you grumble
At too hard toil: I chanced just now to stumble
On this stout drudge—and hired him—fit for labour."

The old lady regards the musician with contempt, and rails at her husband for bringing home such "gubbish, a strolling thrummer;" the girls, anticipating, no doubt, much amusement from his musical attainments, and pleased with the comely appearance of the stranger, "so modest, so genteel," offer him as kindly a welcome as bright, shining, coquettish faces can present. Apollo, to soften the wrath of Mysis, at once touches his guitar, and begins to sing the well-known song which, with the play-going public of our own time, is identified with Madame Vestris, when she took the part of Apollo—one of her most successful characters:—

"Pry, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your
tongue,—
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?" &c.

MacIise's picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1839. The *dramatis persone* are throughout well studied; the boldness and assurance of the young Apollo—the angry and contemptuous look and posture of the dame—the remonstrating action of the farmer—and the arch coquetry of the daughters—are unmistakably represented. Like all the works of this artist, his "Midas" is painted with the utmost attention to detail and finish in all its parts, and has less of the hard, dry manner which many of his later works exhibit. The colouring is more subdued than we now generally see on his canvases, yet sufficiently brilliant to produce a richness of effect.

It is so long since we saw this burlesque acted on the stage, that we cannot tell whether or not the artist has reproduced on his canvas what was actually brought before the audience of a theatre, or whether the composition is purely ideal, founded on his reading of the author's writing: it is, however, so dramatic in character, that one is inclined to believe MacIise painted what he had seen.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

THE Photographic Society has opened its fourth Annual Exhibition; and it is a thing to see, and to talk of after it has been seen. The sun has been made to work after an admirable style, and to tell us many remarkable truths. There we find certain chemical ingredients spread upon paper, developing, under solar influence, into artistic studies,—into regions of cloud-land,—and into water, trees, and rocks. We have wonderful light and shadow, and we can but marvel at the beautiful gradations of tone which this ethereal painter has produced. We rejoice in the progress of this delightful Art; and we perceive that the photographer has a power at his command, which will, if tempered with due care, produce yet greater wonders. There are many shortcomings here, and in the friendliest spirit we call attention to them, hoping that they may cease to appear in the next Exhibition. Any man can now take a camera-obscura, and he can, with but little trouble, learn to cover a glass plate with iodized collodion, render it sensitive, and place it in his dark box. He may obtain an image, or images, of external nature; but it does not follow that he will secure a picture. There are many photographs in this Exhibition which are anything but well-chosen subjects, and which have been obtained under badly-selected aspects. There are another glass which must be regarded as only accidentally good. We say accidentally good because we see a great want of uniformity in the productions from the same photographer. We think we could point to some pictures, which are the picked result of some twenty trials upon the same object. This should not be; nor need it be if the photographer will patiently study the physics and the chemistry of the agents with which he works. There are many charming pictures, showing peculiar atmospheric effects. We look at those with great pleasure, but with some doubt. It would be most instructive if the photographer would give a clear description of the *true atmospheric effect* which produced the *photographic effects* to which we refer. Beautiful as are some of skies, with their heavy and their illuminated clouds—pleasing as are some of the mist-like valleys, and the vapour-capped mountains,—we desire to be assured that the photograph is a true representation of the natural condition of the air and earth at the time the photograph was taken. We cease to value a photographic picture if it is not true. Are the fleecy clouds on the blue empyrean faithfully transferred to the sensitive tablet? Are we not deceived? Did not dull masses of rain-cloud float over the blue of heaven? Were not the heavy cumuli coloured with the golden and the rosy rays of morning, or of evening, when those pictures were taken? Was not nature very bright when the photograph indicates obscurity? Did not a glorious sun flood those hills with yellow light which look so poetically obscure?

We know this to be the case with some of the photographs: may it not be more commonly the case than is generally imagined? Again, much has been said about the fading of photographs. It is a sad thing to see so many pictures in this Exhibition which must of necessity fade. This is the more lamentable since we know that a little more care would have rendered them quite permanent. There is no mistake upon this point. The presence of sulphur-salts in the paper is evident, and they are only to be secured now by thoroughly washing and re-mounting them.

The committee having charge of the Exhibition would do wisely to reject such photographs as these, for it is most damaging to the Art to find its productions fading out like a shadow. With the Photographic Exhibition it is not necessary to speak of individual works as we would of the productions of the painters. The cases are not parallel: the painter employs, or should employ, eye and hand, governed by a presiding mind; the photographer uses a machine, and requires a little judgment. The artist works from within to that which is without; the photographer employs external agents to do his bidding. A few alone require especial notice. Mr. Rejlander comes with a new and extensive series of compositions, many of them being remarkably clever. We feel, however, in looking at productions of this class, that we are looking at

portraits of actors—excellent in their way, but still actors. "Grief and Sorrow," "Don't cry, Mamma," do not impress us with any feelings of sympathy from this want of reality. Many of these studies of Mr. Rejlander are excellent; but they cannot be regarded as works of Art, and, indeed, we should be sorry to see such productions taking place amongst us as works of Art. Mr. Fenton has, as usual, many very beautiful landscapes and truth-telling pictures of time-honoured piles. Mr. Candall's portraits of "Crimean Heroes" are a fine and interesting series of portraits; and the portraits of living celebrities—George Cruikshank and Robson, Professor Owen and Bell, Samuel Warren, Rowland Hill, and others, will command attention. Mr. C. T. Thompson's copies of prints and drawings, Dr. Diamond's Portraits of the Insane, Mr. Robertson's Views of Malta, Mr. Backhouse's Swiss Scenes, Dr. Brann's Views of Rome, Rev. Mr. Holden's Old Buildings, are especially commendable for their respective excellences. Mr. De la Motte has been very happy in his Oxford Scenes. Mr. Rosling has produced capital pictures, with more force than usual. Mr. F. Bedford, Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. Gastineau, Dr. Percy, Mr. Spiller, and numerous other well-known "children of the sun," have been successful in catching some of the beautiful effects of illumination which give a poetry to nature.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—M. Eugène Delacroix has been elected a Member of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, of Paris, in the room of the late P. Delaroche. The postponement of the opening of the Paris Salon seems to have caused great dissatisfaction, as it will open when all the Parisians who have the means will be in the country, enjoying the charms of green fields, &c.; but, on the other hand, foreigners who habitually visit Paris in the *belle saison* will have the benefit of seeing it.—Sir W. C. Ross, R.A., has been here painting a miniature of the Empress, who has given that eminent painter several sittings.—A splendid collection of antique statues and busts has been purchased by the Minister of State, M. Fould, to be placed in his princely mansion in the *Faubourg St. Honoré*.—M. Robert Fleury has offered to undertake the restoration of the portions of the Hemicycle of P. Delaroche, which were damaged some time ago by fire.—The fine painting by M. Abel de Pujol, which was destroyed in the repairs of the new Louvre, having been painted on the ceiling, is now in process of reproduction on canvas by this clever artist, and will be placed in one of the rooms of the new building: the subject is the *Renaissance des Arts*.—Workmen are now occupied in placing, in the Church of St. Eustache, the mausoleum of Colbert, designed by Lebrun, and executed by A. Coysevox and B. Tuby.—A Roman theatre has been discovered at Triguères, near Châteauneuf; it is sufficiently large to contain 10,000 spectators; measures are being taken to effect a complete examination of the same.—The Exhibition of the Society of Arts, Bordeaux, will open on the 1st of March; all paintings are to be sent in by the 10th of February, to M. Binant, 70, Rue Rochecouart, Paris, or direct to the Society.—The Municipal Council of Paris has voted 36,000 fr. for an album of the different scenes of the baptism of the young prince: two copies will be executed, one for the Emperor, and the other for the Empress.—M. E. Dubufe has just completed a fine portrait of Rosa Bonheur; she is represented leaning on a magnificent ox, which is painted by herself.—A distinguished amateur artist, the Reverend P. Martin, is just dead; he was celebrated for his learned publications on architecture and early Art; his principal work was on the *Cathedral de Bourges*.

BRUSSELS.—On the 12th of November, Jacob Von Reichel, an Imperial Councillor of the Russian Empire, died here. In the early part of the present century he was one of the most distinguished miniature-painters in Europe, and numbered among his sitters the Emperor Alexander, the Empress Marie, and the Princes and Princesses of the imperial family. His admirable portrait of the Empress Marie is preserved in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. Having given up his profession, he was appointed conductor of the state printing establishment, which office he held till his death. He was a collector of coins, medals, autographs, &c. His collection of medals, containing 40,000 pieces, is of great value.



A SCENE FROM "MIDAS".

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

D. MACLISE R.A. PINXIT

S. HANCOCK SCULPT.



VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES
OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS MILLER, ESQ.,
OF PRESTON.

THE Collection of Mr. MILLER, consisting entirely of works of our own school, has been long and extensively known as containing many very valuable and beautiful productions by the most celebrated and accomplished painters of our time. The more important are all of that class which, in the year of their exhibition, have constituted, and been spoken of as attractions on the walls of the Academy, or where else soever they may have been exhibited. The proprietor of these works is one of a knot of gentlemen all residing near each other, many of whom have been enriched by manufacture, and all distinguished by their manifest patronage of Art. Mr. Miller has done justice to his Collection by the addition to his house of a gallery lighted from above; gladly would we see such an adjunct more universally adopted: we submit that in the end it would be found to be an economy.

'Hunt the Slipper,' D. MACLISE, R.A.—This picture was exhibited in 1840. It represents the scene at Neighbour Flamborough's, in which the two ladies from town surprise the party—the Primrose and the Flamborough families—when most earnest in the game. The two ladies enter on the right of the composition, in the full-blown dignity of their ignorance and vulgar assumption. The confusion occasioned by the ill-timed visit is shown without any exaggerated expression. The picture is pure and brilliant, and is among the best ever painted by Mr. MacLise.

'Girl with a Dove,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—The head and bust of the figure only are seen; she leans on a table with both arms, holding the dove before her. It is one of those minor studies of which the artist paints many, all diversified by much ingenuity of treatment.

'Sophia Western,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—The face is eminently sweet in expression: it is a small half-length figure presented in profile, with a striking and tasteful arrangement of the hair. She is occupied in assorting a vase of flowers.

'Van Tromp at the Mouth of the Scheldt,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—This picture was painted in 1832, and was therefore executed long before the twilight of Turner's best period. It is a large picture, having for its principal object a first-class man-of-war at anchor, with a variety of other craft belonging to the fleet. A boat has just left the admiral's ship, in which Van Tromp himself may be recognised as about to go ashore at Flushing. The sky bears an indication of a storm coming off the sea. This is one of a series of marine subjects which Turner produced, all similar in composition and effect, yet differing much in minor detail, and each distinguished by beauties peculiar to itself.

'The Stage-Coach,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—Our readers will remember the subject of this picture from the engraving from it, introduced in our notice of the works of the artist a few months since. The coach is stopped by a highwayman, who presents a pistol and demands the purses of the travellers, and the point of the story turns upon the consternation which ensues at such a rencontre.

'Deerhounds,' R. ANSDALL.—Three heads effectively grouped, and relieved by a sky background.

'A Study,' R. P. BONNINGTON.—Presenting a single figure—that of a lady in a green dress, supported by a red background and red drapery. It has been very rapidly executed, but in that firmness of manner which alone compensates absence of finish.

'Dancing Nymph and Faun,' W. ETTY, R.A.—A conception in the classic vein, and equal to the best of the classic and its best followers. The exulting abandon of the nymph is accounted for by the empty wine vase. She wears a leopard skin, and dances with more earnestness than grace, accompanied by a faun with cymbals.

'Ramsgate Sands,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—This is a replica of the picture that was exhibited a few years ago. It is small, but equal in finish to the larger work.

'The Breakfast Party,' T. WEBSTER, R.A.—The party consists of a girl seated at a cottage-door, breakfasting on a bowl of bread and milk, for a share

of which a small black spaniel supplicates, sitting up on her hind legs. This, we believe, is not the first picture which Mr. Webster painted of this subject, but it differs from the first in consequence of the introduction of a puppy, which renders this picture unique.

'Our Saviour,' W. ETTY, R.A.—A small head, seen almost in profile, of which the features are a departure from the common type generally given to the impersonation. This picture was, perhaps, painted a year or two before the death of ETTY.

'Reading the Will,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—The subject is from "Roderick Random," and its realisation here produces very strikingly the great variety of character described in the text. The firmness of execution prevailing throughout the work contrasts powerfully with the thinner manner which is every day becoming more popular.

'Peace,' J. E. MILLAIS, A.R.A.—This work having hung so recently on the walls of the Academy, it may not be necessary to describe it; but it must be observed that it has been much improved since its removal from the exhibition, as Mr. Millais has had it in his possession for some months working upon it.

'L'Enfant du Regiment,' J. E. MILLAIS, A.R.A.—This work will also be remembered as having been seen in the last exhibition. The scene we may suppose to be some church in Paris during one of the street conflicts that have been so frequent, and thither has been conveyed a wounded child, who now rests upon a tomb covered by a soldier's coat. It is a most felicitous and affecting episode, constituting one of the best works of the artist.

* * * * * E. M. WARD, R.A.:—

"As a beam on the face of the waters may glow," &c.

This and the following lines, from Moore's Melodies, constitute a subject selected as an illustration to a recent edition of the work. The picture turns upon the personal history of Byron, as showing him contemplating Mary Chaworth through the windows of Annesley Hall. It is night, the room is brilliantly lighted up, and she is dancing with, it may be supposed, the man of her choice. The picture was exhibited, we think, last season.

Another plate for the same edition of the Melodies has been engraved from a picture by A. EGG, A.R.A., the illustrated passage being:—

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee thy home is still here," &c.

The picture—which, it will be remembered, was recently seen in the Royal Academy—presented two figures, an Irish gentleman imprisoned on some political charge, and his wife, who visits him in his confinement.

From the same poetical source there is a third picture, by D. MACLISE, R.A., illustrating the lines:—

"O could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden flowers!
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!"

The composition contains two figures, and the sentiment is supposed to be addressed by a youth to a maiden who is culling from the luxuriance of her garden-bower. This work is also a very recent production.

'Griselda,' A. ELMORE, R.A.—A large, important, and elaborate work, which was exhibited some time ago, containing as principal impersonations the Count and Griselda, with others as secondary and auxiliary. Chancer is but little consulted for subject-matter. This is one of the most carefully-executed works we have ever seen painted from his verse.

'Jacob and Rachel,' W. DYCE, R.A.—"And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." Such seems to be the passage whence the composition has been realised. All the incidents and contributive circumstances are according to the descriptions of the 29th chapter of Genesis. Jacob has seized the hand of Rachel, which he has carried to his own breast, and he draws her eagerly towards him, as about to accomplish the act mentioned in the text. The figures are well drawn, and the treatment of the subject is strikingly original.

'Comus,' L. HUSKISSON.—A composition of small figures, describing the confusion when the brothers rush in and wrest the glass from the hand of Comus, and break it. The subject affords scope for the introduction of an endless variety of cha-

racter, and of this the artist has availed himself to fill up his canvas with imagery the most poetic.

'Kensington Gravel Pits,' W. LINNELL.—This picture must have been painted perhaps forty years ago. It represents purely and simply these Hyde Park diggings, as they may have been at an early epoch of the present century. At that time the appearance of such a work would excite the utmost curiosity and surprise. If it were a production of the present day, it would be at once pronounced an essay from photography, for every pebble is fairly represented. This most laborious picture did not find a purchaser in London; it was sold, however, in Liverpool for fifty pounds, and the inadequacy of the sum induced Mr. Linnell to take up portrait-painting as a collateral security against the mischances of the profession.

'Highland Game,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.—This is a dark picture, an agroupment of birds cast upon the ground—grouse, blackcock, ptarmigan, woodcock, snipe, and partridge—painted with an execution less showy, but more careful than later works of the artist. This picture was sold at the distribution of the effects of the late Duchess of Bedford, and is placed among Sir E. Landseer's best productions. It was at the Paris Exhibition.

'The Chevalier Bayard at Brescia,' J. C. HOOK, A.R.A.—This was exhibited a few years ago; it contains a group of four figures, Bayard and the two ladies who so kindly nursed him, and from whom he is about to take leave, and his attendant, who is buckling on his spurs.

'The Blackberry Gatherers,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—This was exhibited a few years ago in the Royal Academy; it is an upright composition of great force of colour. The figures are a girl, and a boy carrying a child on his back, the last reaching up and plucking the blackberries from the tangled hedgerow.

'San Giorgio, the Ducal Palace, the Library, St. Mark's, &c., Venice,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—This view, taken from the water, places the Ducal Palace in the centre of the composition, which has all the brilliancy of Turner's Venetian pictures. The water is thronged with the light craft of these waters, several of which, at certain distances, are put in as darks to force the higher tones. The expression of space is masterly, and the almost dazzling reflections proclaim the presence of the sun.

'Fruit,' G. LANCE.—Consisting of white and black grapes, peaches, plums, figs, Siberian crabs, with embroidery, an antique cup, &c. This was painted in 1851.

'Sir Thomas More in Prison, visited by his Daughter,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A.—A replica of the picture in the Vernon Collection.

'A Dead Calm,' F. DANBY, A.R.A.—Twilight is here closing in over an estuary in which, in the nearer section, is a ship at anchor. Both sky and water are enriched with the fading lines of what has been a glorious sunset. But the sentiment of the picture is a perfect tranquillity, and so fully is this realised that the spectator is sensibly affected by the voiceless stillness of the scene.

'Interior of St. Jacques, Bruges,' D. ROBERTS, R.A.—One of these magnificent church interiors which Mr. Roberts treats with greater success than any living artist. The light and shade are most effectively apportioned; the whole is so well lighted that all details are seen, and space is most successfully realised.

'Feeding the Calves,' W. P. FRITH, R.A., and R. ANSDALL.—This picture, it will be remembered, was exhibited last year. The country girl who tends the calves is painted by Frith, and the animals, of course, by Ansdall.

'The Nile Flower,' F. STONE, A.R.A.—The fitness of this title does not appear. The picture presents a girl looking earnestly at some object in the distance.

'The Purchased Flock,' J. LINNELL.—The subject is properly a section of green lane scenery, such as may be found anywhere in the neighbourhood of London, but those niceties of adaptation and omission which necessarily go to an accomplished composition require the experience of a master. The flock is coming down the lane.

'The Saviour in his Youth,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A.—This is the youthful impersonation of the Saviour, from a picture which was painted some years ago by this artist, and which contained also Joseph and the Virgin.



'Lady Jane Grey,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—A small half-length figure of infinite sweetness of expression. She is seated reading.

'Quilleboeuf,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—There is little in this picture, and what there is—that is, the material—is by no means of an aspiring character, yet the work is perhaps the most sublime of Turner's sublimest essays. The water and the sky are passages of the most subtle enchantment, and the light and colour of the work have no parallel in Art.

'The Reflection,' A. EGG, A.R.A.—The subject is a girl adjusting her dress before a mirror.

'The First Lesson,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—Presenting a mother and child, the former instructing the latter; it appears to be an early work.

'The Lady's Maid,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—This picture has been engraved under the title, we believe, of "Hot water, Sir;" it contains one figure, that of a servant tapping at a bedroom door with a jug in her hand.

'The Mountain Road,' J. LINNELL.—A dark picture, in its best qualities equal to Claude, and better in its detail and manipulations. The landscape occupies three-fourths of the canvas, and the remaining portion is filled by masses of rolling cloud, which, of all living artists, Linnell paints the most successfully. This picture was in the Paris Exhibition.

'The Applicant,' C. W. COPE, R.A.—A widow with her son, waiting patiently at the door of a "Pension Office;" an impressive tale of sad bereavement.

'Othello's First Suspicion,' J. C. HOOK, A.R.A.—The Moor has cast himself down on a seat, his face hidden by his hands. Desdemona vainly essays to reassure him.

'The Judgment of Paris,' W. ETTY, R.A.—The three goddesses are in the centre of the composition, and Paris and Mercury occupy the left. This appears to have been executed as a sketch for a larger picture. It is charming in colour.

'Catherine and Petruccio,' A. EGG, A.R.A.—They are seated on a sofa, Petruccio faces the spectator, but Catherine sits, in profile, with an expression of extreme displeasure. Petruccio looks excited, he holds in his hand a small whip, with which we are to suppose he has been chastising Kate. The picture was painted in 1851.

'Mother and Child,' C. W. COPE, R.A.—The mother holds her child before her, both being introduced in profile.

'The Welcome Return,' G. O'NEIL.—The scene is a cottage-door, at which a grandfather, on his return from the fair, is welcomed by the family, especially the grand-children, who are eagerly inquisitive about what he may have purchased for them.

'Cupid,' W. ETTY, R.A.—A small single figure, equal in colour to the best essays of Correggio.

'The Maid and the Magpie,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—The girl leans back on a bank, and the bird is perched on her. She looks up and holds a conversation with the bird. The work is spirited and original.

'The Nosegay,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—A single figure, that of a lady circumscribed in a garden composition, and occupied in culling and arranging flowers.

'The Fisherman's Return,' J. C. HOOK, A.R.A.—The appearance of reality in this picture suggests its having been worked out, stone by stone, from some sea-side locality. The fisherman, as he ascends the ladder of the sea-wall, is welcomed by his child.

'The Bird-Trap,' W. COLLINS, R.A.—Painted in 1819; it shows two boys setting the bird-trap—an interesting instance of the earlier subject-matter treated by the painter.

'The Gipsy Camp,' F. GOODALL, A.R.A.—The picture sets forth much of the truth of gipsy life, with perhaps some of its romance; there is accordingly the tent as a principal form, assisted by an appropriate piece of landscape composition, with characteristic figures coloured with much taste. It was exhibited in 1847.

J. PHILIP.—

"As on the dandelion's downy wings,
Fond lovers bid their gentle wishes speed."

An old story, yet ever new in skilful hands: the lovers in this case are two rustics; the lady casts her fate on the oracular dictum of the seed of the salutary taraxacum, while her Corydon endeavours to snatch it from her.

'The Falcon,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—A small picture containing a single figure, that of a lady in picturesque costume, holding on her wrist a falcon, and being about to mount her horse.

'A Study at Cairo,' W. MÜLLER.—Simply a brass gun oxidised into bright green, and near it an Egyptian sentinel. It was painted in 1845.

'Hylas,' W. E. FROST, A.R.A.—The figures here are placed, as usual, at the brink of the stream; two of the nymphs kneel on his left, a third is in the water. The figures are drawn with the wonted accuracy of the artist.

'Benjamin West's First Essay in Art,' E. M. WARD, R.A.—We find West here in his earliest boyhood, kneeling by the side of his little sister's cradle, and very earnestly drawing the child as she sleeps. It is a sparkling picture.

'Peter the Great sees Catherine for the First Time,' A. EGG, A.R.A.—While Peter and his generals in camp are planning field and siege operations, Catherine enters as a *vivandière*, and the attention of Peter is arrested by her personal appearance. This is a large and important picture, the best production of its author, being qualified with some of the best properties of historical art. It was exhibited in Paris.

'The Windmill,' J. LINNELL.—A small picture admirable in effect and finish. A replica of the Vernon picture.

'The Coral Finders,' W. ETTY, R.A.—This picture is well known as that presenting the charming and brilliantly painted figure in the boat, which Etty intended for Venus. It is one of the painter's most exquisite essays, and would form a most suitable pendant to the Vernon picture.

'The Fireside,' T. WEBSTER, R.A.—A small cottage interior, with two figures in the old-fashioned chimney; an old woman knitting, and a boy with a basin of broth. It is very carefully finished.

'A Deerhound,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.—The head in profile, apparently finished at one painting. A characteristic type of the race.

'Landscape,' T. CRESWICK, R.A.—This is the darkest picture we have ever seen by this artist. The dominant form is a mass of trees on the left of the composition, with a rocky stream in the nearest site.

'The Accusation of Witchcraft,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—This is perhaps the best of the artist's works. The story turns upon the accusation before a magistrate of an old woman who is supposed to have bewitched a girl, whose real malady is her secret love for the falconer. The picture is large, and full of appropriate and well-conceived characters, drawn and painted with infinite spirit.

'Bridge at Prague,' C. STANFIELD, R.A.—A small composition, showing the bridge in the centre distance. The nearest site on the left is occupied by a block of houses, the whole being very Venetian in character.

'Leonora D'Este,' G. O'NEIL.—A small study of a girl wearing a Moorish mantle, and holding in her hand a feather fan. Her features are shown as a three-quarter face, and her hair is dressed with flowers.

'Queen Elizabeth reproving her Courtiers for their Flattery after her Illness,' A. EGG, A.R.A.—The scene is the queen's bedroom, in which she has received certain of her courtiers. She is seated on a low stool by the side of her bed, and her countenance declares the gravity of her address. On the left are the ladies-in-waiting, one of whom is about to offer a looking-glass to the queen. It was exhibited in 1849, and is a large picture, admirable for its harmonious colour.

'Mignonette,' G. O'NEIL.—A study of a small figure, that of a lady playing a guitar: it is very carefully wrought.

'Doubtful Weather,' W. COLLINS, R.A.—One of the studies of that kind of coast scenery to which this painter principally devoted himself. In the nearest section of the composition, a fisherman is looking up at the cloudy sky, which threatens wind and rain. The scenery resembles the coast near Folkstone or Sandgate.

'Crossing the Brook,' W. MULREADY, R.A.—This is one of those very highly finished drawings in black and red chalk, of which the artist has produced many, that are in every respect equal to the finest engravings. There is in the Vernon Gallery a picture under the same title, but in this case the in-

terest of the composition centres in an infantine navigator, who, much to his delight and the admiration of his parents, is courageously crossing a stream in a tub.

'A Calm,' E. W. COOKE, A.R.A.—The craft in this picture are Dutch doggers, on the masts of which hangs the canvas idly waiting for the reluctant breeze. This phase of marine subject-matter the artist paints with much sweetness and truth.

'The Faun and the Fairies,' D. MACLISE, R.A.—The original picture whence the engraving was executed in Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine." We see only the head and brawny arms of the Faun, whose occupation is to give music to a company of fairies, who flit about him in a ring. In finish and elegant design the picture is a gem; it must have been painted more than twenty years.

There are in this collection a few water-colour pictures, of which the most important is 'Cader Idris,' by Turner; a dark drawing, but certainly one of the grandest productions of the water-colour school. It was executed many years ago for the father of Sir John Dean Paul, and hung, we believe, in the house in the Strand until the effects were sold. It is very elaborately worked, broad, transparent, and marvellously powerful.

'A Vase of Flowers,' W. HUNT.—Exquisitely drawn and coloured—having for background the fragment of bank which this artist so frequently introduces.

'The House of Petrarch,' S. PROUT.—From this drawing there is a well known engraving.

'Fruit,' W. HUNT.—Two blue plums and one yellow, with a repetition of the mossy bank. 'Prim-roses,' by the same author, has the addition of a hedge-sparrow's nest; all very minutely finished.

'The Fountain,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—This drawing presents an agroupment of two figures; a girl at a fountain giving water to a child from a pitcher. It has all the best qualities of the minor studies of the artist.

'The Atelier of Benvenuto Cellini,' R. CATTERMOLE.—This composition contains numerous figures, and details a pointed story about some robbers, who, having possessed themselves of some richly designed plate, offer it for sale to Cellini, who attentively examines a cup which he discovers to be his own work. The drawing is full of dramatic force. Another drawing, by the same artist, is entitled 'Amy Robsart,' and presents two female figures. It is firm in drawing, forcible, and characteristic.

THE COLLECTION OF HENRY COOKE, ESQ., OF MANCHESTER.

This Collection, which has been formed principally of late years, consists entirely of water-colour drawings. It is not numerous, but the quality of the Art evidences much refinement and elegance of taste; there are but few drawings in the catalogue that are not by artists now living, and they are all in the very best spirit of the painters.

'Sunset,' F. DANBY, A.R.A.—The drawing of this work is really as infinitesimal as engraving: it presents a view of an approach to a castle sunk in some degree below the level of the near site of the view. The trees on each side, and the foreground, are forced with dark colour, to assist the effect of the setting sun.

'Hotspur and Lady Percy,' G. CATTERMOLE.—This is the farewell before the battle of Shrewsbury; Hotspur wears a full suit of plate armour, and Lady Percy is plainly dressed in white.

'Morning,' W. WYLD.—A view down the river, taken from a point above Blackfriars Bridge, and showing principally the buildings on the Middlesex side, the whole dominated by St. Paul's, and telling, in various and refined airy gradations, against the light morning sky. The material is dealt with in a manner extremely skilful.

'Evening,' W. WYLD.—This is a view looking upwards, the Houses of Parliament being the principal quantities in the composition. The view is taken from some point on these sweet waters near the Lambeth shore, and the drawing is equally meritorious with the preceding.

'The Harvest Home,' F. GOODALL, A.R.A.—The sketch made for the picture which was exhibited under this title a few years ago, we think in 1835. Having been so recently before the public we need

not describe it; it is enough to say that it has been worked out with as much care as the picture.

'The Mother's Blessing,' F. W. TOPHAM.—A composition of two figures at a well, mother and child; the former introduced in profile, and holding a cross, the latter seen at three-quarter face, and in the act of drinking.

'The Mother's Pride,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—This is a repetition of a subject which the artist has painted in oil. It contains two figures, those of mother and child: the latter caressing its mother, who in playful fondness has thrown herself back on the bank by her child.

'Marino Faliero,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A.—The subject may either illustrate the historical fact, or the passage in Lord Byron's play, wherein a form is given to the awful imprecations understood to have been uttered by the old man when he read the infamous inscription—"Marino Faliero dalla bella moglie—altri la gode ed egli la mantien." His right arm is lifted, and he frantically adjures heaven to register and to realise the maledictions which he pours forth on Venice, in language that strikes terror into the heart of his wife, and who expresses the utmost alarm lest he should be heard. The princely diadem of the Doges lies spurned at his feet.

'Windsor Castle,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—The best view of the castle—that from the river, between the Home Park and the fields on the Eton side; the line of the castle, the Round Tower, St. George's Chapel, with a continuation of buildings down to the bridge, are brought in varieties of grey and warm tints against the flood of sunlight in the sky. We cannot think that so much of the new front of the castle is visible from this point, but we accept the work as it is set before us.

* * * * * D. ROBERTS, R.A.—Are we in Seville or Toledo? We lose here the thread of our whereabouts, but we are in Spain, inquiring our way in these Iberian cities, glorious in mementoes of past splendour. In the centre of the view rises a massive tower of mixed Gothic and Italian architecture, and on the left stands a cathedral porch of the most richly decorated Gothic. The mellow airy colouring of this drawing is beyond all praise: this transparency is maintained in the lower parts, pierced—as is usual with this artist—by figures, positive, definite, and with all the sharpness of one who knows that he draws small figures well.

'Carlisle,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—This is the best view of the town; that taken from a short distance down the stream of the Eden, where the castle is seen as the principal object, and the town generally is lost. It is a small drawing, and appears to have been made for engraving. The nearest passages are in strong light, but on the left the distance lies under a rain-cloud, in which appears a fragment of a fading rainbow.

'The Windmill,' D. COX.—The material of this composition is slight, being simply a plain divided by a road, leading the eye to a misty distance. On the left is a windmill. It is evening; the cows are coming home, and the crows in noisy flights seek their nests.

'View in Wales,' P. DEWINT.—We know not the precise year of this drawing, but it is in the artist's very best manner. Much that seems left to chance appears, on examination, to have been anxiously drawn. The assertion of the distances, the pervading mellowness of the hues near and remote, the earnestness of the description, and the elements and quantities of the composition, everywhere satisfy the eye.

'Interior of a Church, Seville,' D. ROBERTS, R.A.—The lower part of the composition is crossed by a screen very richly carved, above which, and on the left, is the organ, seen in profile, whence the eye is led to the details of the architecture. The space shown here is extremely imposing. We know not whether to esteem this artist most as a painter or an architect. This drawing was made in 1837.

'Ghent,' (P) J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—A small drawing, made apparently for engraving. The principal object is a brick building, glowing in the vibrative rays of the sun, brought against a powerful blue sky: round the base of the eminence on which the edifice stands, flows a river down to the left of the nearest site of the composition. Small as the drawing is, it evinces everywhere the most exquisite feeling in its composition.

'Rolandseck, on the Rhine,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—In this picture there is but little; it presents simply that *flèche*, surmounted by the ruined tower to which all who have passed have had their attention called as the scene of a romantic legend. It rises here prominently upon our left. We look up the Rhine, and the cliffs decline from this point until they are lost in the grey distance, in which the eye yet seems to discover remoter forms. Near us, and floating idly down the stream, are some of the clumsy carrying Rhine-craft. And mark the master-stroke of the magician: the golden wealth of the drawing resides in the sunny cliffs and that mellow, respirable atmosphere; and had the same elegance characterised all the incidents of the composition, that which Turner has dwelt on and prepared as the most striking passage would have lost half its value. No romantic water-party in painted barges or gilded canoes would have intensified the sentiment to this degree. At a glance, the drawing looks slight and easy; but it is the result of a succession of the most careful washes, conducted in such a way as to render the paper itself all but transparent. In the cunning of his art Turner has never outdone this drawing.

'Doge Dandolo and his Family,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A.—The subject of this drawing, which was made in 1839, is a domestic composition, with personal allusion to the Doge, which has become matter of Venetian history. We read the text—"Onore al chiarissimo eroe," and Dandolo shows the armour in which he fought the battles of the republic. His wife and children are present, the scene being the gallery of his own palace, open to the canal.

'The Gleaners,' D. COX.—Like many of the small works of its author, this drawing is one of those which may have been made to show the finesse of Art without direct reference to nature. A group of figures gives the name to the drawing.

'A Study,' W. MÜLLER.—This is an interior of the fifteenth century, perhaps one of those for which this artist made a portfolio of drawings about fifteen years ago: it represents a sumptuously furnished apartment, of which the fireplace is ornamented with caryatides and a quantity of carving. There are also in the room two richly-wrought cabinets; and the adornments are even continued in the ceiling, which is coffered, each coffer showing a shield.

'View in Venice,' S. PROUT.—It were impossible to recognise *Venezia sens' acqua*; we have, therefore, one of the small canals, flanked by a palace of the most richly decorated architecture. A bridge crosses the canal, and beyond these rises a tower; the whole rendered with the firmness of touch and the simplicity of colour characteristic of the works of Prout's best time.

'Nuremberg,' S. PROUT.—At once do we recognise one of those oriel windows, the modified result of an imitation of oriental architecture when Nuremberg was a principal depot for the merchandise brought from the East, by the caravans which conducted the commerce of the East and West during the middle ages. And there is a fountain—not that in the Hauptmarkt, by the Rupprechts, nor that in the Lorentzplatz; but it must be that in the Maxplatz, although the oriel window seems to be brought too immediately into the composition.

'The Gipsy Fortune-teller,' F. W. TOPHAM.—This is one of the artist's Spanish subjects, having been executed three years ago from sketches made at Seville. We make here the acquaintance of a tawny sybil, who vaticinates, for better or worse, of the future to two girls who are waiting for the fitful current of a fountain to fill their cruets. Near this group is a company of muleteers and others of the street vagabondage of southern cities—those ragged, picturesque supernumeraries of every population, who never have a home, who are never to be apprehended by any census—even in our climate, which forbids dwelling *sub Jove*, whether in Westminster or Whitechapel. The picture is assisted by well-selected fragments of architecture, in which we recognise at once the architecture of the Spanish cities.

'Lady Macbeth,' G. CATTERMOLE.—She has just taken the daggers from the hands of Macbeth, and is about to proceed to replace them in Duncan's chamber.

* * * * * L. HAGHE. This is a large drawing, which we remember to have seen in the room of the New Society of Water-Colour Painters, in

1850: but we have forgotten under what title it was exhibited. The scene is the exterior of an enclosed fountain at Cairo—Alexandria—it matters not where, the subject not being locality, but personal incident. Cups of water are placed without the window, accessible to all who seek to quench their thirst. A fellah woman is giving water to an old man, and a Nubian boy is handing down a cup of water to another applicant. One of the company is an armed Arab—a genuine denizen of the desert. The incident is intelligible as instancing the value of water in cities bordering on the desert. Here is truly the charity of the cup of cold water illustrated by a custom which has existed since the time of the Saviour. The figures are conscientiously accurate in their maintenance of nationality. The drawing is new as to its class of subject, but yet possesses the qualities of Mr. Haghe's best works.

'A Festive Scene in Spain,' J. LEWIS.—A merry-making among certain of the Spanish peasantry. A man and a woman are dancing, and two men play the guitar; all the figures are drawn with much spirit. The dance takes place under a trellis, covered with the luxuriant foliage of the vine.

'Café in Algiers,' W. WYLD.—A composition containing numerous figures smoking and otherwise occupied. The fragmentary architecture in the drawing is admirable for form and quantity: the character and *tenue* of the impersonations are, we doubt not, perfectly accurate.

'The Cricketer,' W. HUNT.—That boy whom we all know so well has had his innings for the last twenty years; whether we meet him with his hot soup or his gooseberry tart, sleeping or waking, he has been always the same. Here he is, "the cricketer," just about to strike the ball, with an expression that ensures at least six runs. The firmness, action, and expression of the figure, are beyond all praise. This drawing was at the Paris Exhibition.

'Going to Market,' J. UWINS, R.A.—A picture of Italian rustic life, containing figures attired in picturesque costume, bearing fruits and vegetables to market. The characters are principally women and children.

'The Larder,' F. TAYLER.—The life of the picture is the cookmaid, who carries a sucking pig in a dish ready for the spit, and has two wild ducks suspended from her arm. The composition is rich in the properties of the larder, as a variety of game, poultry, and fish, of which latter, the colour of the carp contributes richness to the lower part of the drawing.

'The Pilot-Boat,' R. P. BONNINGTON.—A small drawing, spirited and broad in execution, showing a pilot-boat struck by a heavy sea, but yet standing up against the growing squall, and making way towards vessels in the offing. It seems to be an early work.

'At Chelmsford,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—One of the grey drawings of the earlier period of our water-colour art. It is small, and contains as a principal a wooden bridge in the proximity of the church. We think the title a misnomer, for the bridge at Chelmsford is of stone, and the church is near the further extremity of the town.

'The Studio of Pereira,' D. MACLISE, R.A.—Pereira married a lady of good family, but not being sufficiently rich to add a duenna to his establishment, he painted one and placed her at the entrance to his studio; an old friend of the lady salutes her on entering, while his attendant bows with the utmost deference to the picture of the duenna. The anecdote is most charmingly rendered. The drawing is of extraordinary depth and minute finish. It is the darkest we have ever seen by MacLise.

This collection is hung in the dining and drawing-rooms of Mr. Cooke's house, in Burlington Street, Manchester; and we have noticed, we believe, the whole, as every drawing is of great merit.

In passing through the various galleries which it has been courteously permitted us to visit for the purposes of these brief notices, two facts have impressed themselves on the mind: one, the high character which the English school of painters has reached; the other, the taste and judgment manifested by the owners of these pictures in their selections. As we proceed we shall expect to receive still further confirmation of our opinions.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE YOUNG SHRIMPERS.

W. Collins, R.A., Painter. A. Willmore, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 9 in. by 2 ft. 11 in.

This picture is the result of a commission given to Collins, in 1824, by George IV., who desired to have a companion work to the "Fisher Boys." The scene lies off the coast of Hastings, where the artist fixed his residence during the summer of that year, that he might give the subject his most immediate and particular study. The picture was never publicly exhibited, as it was sent home almost as soon as finished, and the painter had the gratification of hearing its royal owner express, in a personal interview, his pleasure at his new acquisition, when he was summoned to Windsor to superintend the hanging of the picture in a proper light. It still forms a part of the Collection in Windsor Castle.

Like almost the whole of Collins's "Coast Scenes," the materials of this picture are few and simple; in truth, he rarely sought those of any other kind, whatever subject he proposed to himself; while they are almost as invariably treated with a prevailing sentiment of quietude and repose. We never remember to have seen a storm, nor an extraordinary atmospheric effect, attempted by him; he looked at Nature only in her ordinary aspect, but he then studied her closely. Mr. W. Wilkie Collins, in his "Memoir of the Life" of his father, writes thus of the method he adopted in collecting his materials and commencing operations:—"The general composition of his pictures, the arrangement of the clouds, the line of the landscape, the disposition of the figures, he usually sketched at once in chalk upon the canvas from the resources of his own mind, aided by sketches. The production of the different parts, in their due bearings and condition, next occupied his attention. For this he made new studies, and consulted old sketches with the most diligent perseverance, covering sheet after sheet of paper, sometimes for many days together, with separate experiments, extended to every possible variety in light and shade, colour, and composition; watching, whatever his other accidental occupations, and wherever they might happen to take him, for the smallest and remotest assistance of external nature; and not unfrequently consulting, on points of pictorial eloquence, probability, and truth, the impressions of persons who, while conversant with nature, were unacquainted with Art." In all that he did there is evident a conscientious determination to make his art a true exponent of nature, and of real value, in the lowest acceptance of the term, to those who might possess his pictures; for it was his maxim, as we read elsewhere, "that the purchasers of his pictures had a right to expect a possession which should not only remain unaltered and undeteriorated during their own life-time, but which should descend unchanged to their posterity, as a work whose colour and surface should last as long as the material on which it was painted. To make a good picture was his first labour, and to make an enduring one was his last." We should expect, from the solidity of his painting, and entire freedom from all the trickeries of art, that his pictures will outlive those of many of his contemporaries, who seem to have worked only for their own generation.

His "Young Shrimpers" is, as we have just remarked, a composition of the most simple materials—a young boy, who carries a child on his back, and a little girl holding up her apron to receive from the net of the fisher some of its contents, occupy the beach in the foreground; in the middle distance, and boldly relieved against the sky, are three other shrimpers pursuing their work among the pools of water, for they have not ventured out into the shallows of the open sea. The flat rocks, covered with sea-weed, extend down to the right-hand foreground. The high cliffs of Hastings rise in the left distance; the sea fills up the right. The sky indicates a light breeze; for the clouds, though large are not low and heavy, are here and there broken into graceful forms, and are painted with much delicacy. The tone of colour throughout is pure, yet subdued.

Collins received from his Majesty 300 guineas for the picture.

TALK OF
PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER II.

The masterpiece of Titian, "Il Pietro Martire"—Story of Fra Pietro—St. Dominic and the Inquisition—Tomb of St. Peter the Martyr—Meritorious edict—Evil times—Exile of the Picture—Return to the Motherland—Opinions of the Authorities—The Tribute-money—Other works of Titian in the Dresden Gallery—Cambridge—The Fitzwilliam Museum—Princess Ebohl and Philip II. of Spain—Wealth of Venice in the works of Titian—Manfrini Palace—The Entombment—The Three Ages—Academy of the Fine Arts—Assumption of the Virgin—Presentation in the Temple—St. John in the Wilderness—Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari—Madonna of the Pesaro Chapel—San Nicololetto de' Frari—Altarpiece—The titular Saint—Martyrdom of St. Sebastian—The Picture resigned to Pope Clement—Taken to the Quirinal—Pope Pius VII. bestows it on the Pinacoteca of the Vatican—Northcote in description—L'Anonimo—Padre Guglielmo della Valle.

As the Transfiguration among the works of Raphael, and the St. Jerome among those of Domenichino, so is the Pietro Martire among those of Titian—that picture is declared, almost without a dissentient voice, to be his best work. Most of our readers are familiar with the subject of this painting. Yet as there may be some to whom the story is not known, the general outline may be usefully given.

One of the earliest generals of the Dominicans, Fra Pietro da Verona, immortalised by Titian in his Peter Martyr, even more effectually than by the Canons of the church, was also one of the most zealous founders of the Inquisition in Italy, where his severities caused him to be hated as well as feared. He had proved himself more particularly unjust and oppressive towards various members of a family called Cavina, and by one of these, or, as others say, by a hireling suborned by them, the General of the Dominicans was assassinated. Returning from a consultation with the Grand Inquisitor, wherein measures of increased rigour had been determined on, and bearing with him instructions to that effect, he was met on his way through a wood then crossing the road from Milan to Como, and cut down by the stroke of a sabre. His only companion at the time was a lay brother of his convent; he also was attacked by a second assassin, as the chronicle relates, and as is, indeed, probable;† but according to the artist,—that most effective writer of history,—he was a dastardly poltroon, who, making no attempt to assist or defend his superior, fled from the presence of the murderer in a frenzy of fear. Who that has seen the picture can forget the impression of terror visible in his movements, and impressed on every feature.

The canonisation of the victim was an early consequence of his death in such a cause, shrines were raised for the worship of the new saint, and to the erection of one sumptuous monument to his memory the excellent Pisan sculptor, Giovanni Balduccio, devoted some ten precious years of his too short life.

All who know the well-endowed city of Milan—and few are the lovers of Art who neglect to make her acquaintance—will remember the work in question. In the Church of Saint Eustorgio, on the Corso della Porta Ticinese, and in a chapel consecrated to St. Peter the Martyr, is the gorgeous tomb wherein the relics of the saint repose. His own statue, with those of St. Peter the Apostle, and St. Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles,† form the chief ornaments of the mausoleum, which is further enriched by figures of St. Thomas Aquinas and the four Fathers of the church, all in the finest marble of Carrara. The master did not live to complete his work, which was continued by his disciples, the most distinguished of whom, Bonino da Campione, executed those fine *rilievi* representing the Passion of Our Lord, and also in white marble,—a

* The order of the Dominicans (Prædicatores) was founded at Toulouse, in 1215, by the Spaniard Dominic de Guzman, who likewise took part in the establishment of the Inquisition, commanded about that time by Pope Innocent III., for the repression of heretics in general, and of the Albigenses in particular, throughout the realm of France. De Guzman was canonised by Pope Gregory IX. in 1233, twelve years after his death, which took place in 1221.

† The reader will remember him as so depicted by Giorgione in our own work by that master, now, in the National Gallery.

‡ Not St. Paulus Eremita, as say some of the Milanese guides.

gift from one of the Visconti,—which the reader will remember as forming the decoration of the high altar in the same church.

The death of this saint it is, then, that Titian has chosen for the subject of what all agree to declare his finest work. Painted for the high altar of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, in what may well be considered the best period of the master's life, this picture was early estimated at its true value, and the pain of death was subsequently decreed by the Venetian senate against any who should attempt to bereave their city of that treasure. Good cause for this edict was given by the community of St. John and St. Paul, since those fathers were on the point of concluding a sale of the picture, to which they had been tempted by the large sum of 18,000 scudi, when the senate stepped in with its veto, as aforesaid.

"Chì comanda, ghe taglie la strada,"

says Boschini, in his Venetian dialect, that most charming of the tongues that make Italy all musical. Brethren and friends! would that even now the delicious sounds were in our ears:—

"Chì comanda, ghe taglie la strada,"
Col dir, "Lassela là! pena la vita!"

A most significant injunction, and one the purport of which could scarcely be mistaken—a quality not always to be found in laws. This decree saved the picture, and although it was taken to Paris,—the grief and supplications of the inhabitants notwithstanding,—yet, as among the first restorations demanded, was that of the Pietro Martire, so was it ultimately restored to its rightful possessors. In Northcote's "Life of Titian" is a description of this work, which has the merit of simplicity, and is very nearly accurate; the words are these:—

"In this composition the saint is represented larger than life, fallen on the ground, attacked by a soldier; he is mortally wounded in the head, and the agonies of death are in his face. His companion is flying, with looks that exhibit great terror. In the air are two or three little angels descending with the crown of martyrdom, and surrounded by a sudden blaze of glory, shedding a light over the landscape, which is most admirable. It is a woody country. In the foreground are several alder-trees, executed with such perfection as it is much easier to envy than to imitate. The fear in the friar's face, who is making his escape, is well expressed—it seems as if one heard him crying out for mercy. His action is rapid as that of one who is in extreme danger, and his friar's dress is exquisitely managed so as to show the proper development of the figure in swift motion. There is no example of drapery better disposed for effect. The face of St. Peter has the paleness usually attendant on the approach of death. He puts forth an arm and hand so well expressed that, as a good critic has said, Nature seems conquered by Art. The tall branching trees, with the flashing lights of the troubled sky, would seem to indicate that something terrible is passing below, even if it were not visible; and the distant Alps, discovered between the trees, impress the spectator with horror of the dreary and desolate spot (so fit for such a deed) on which the murder is perpetrated."

Dissenting from the critic, who speaks of Nature as the victor of Art,—since Art, though often seeking to elevate Nature, does not attempt to vanquish,—we add the closing words of Northcote's description, wherein he does but express his own accord with the opinions of all whose voices are of moment:—

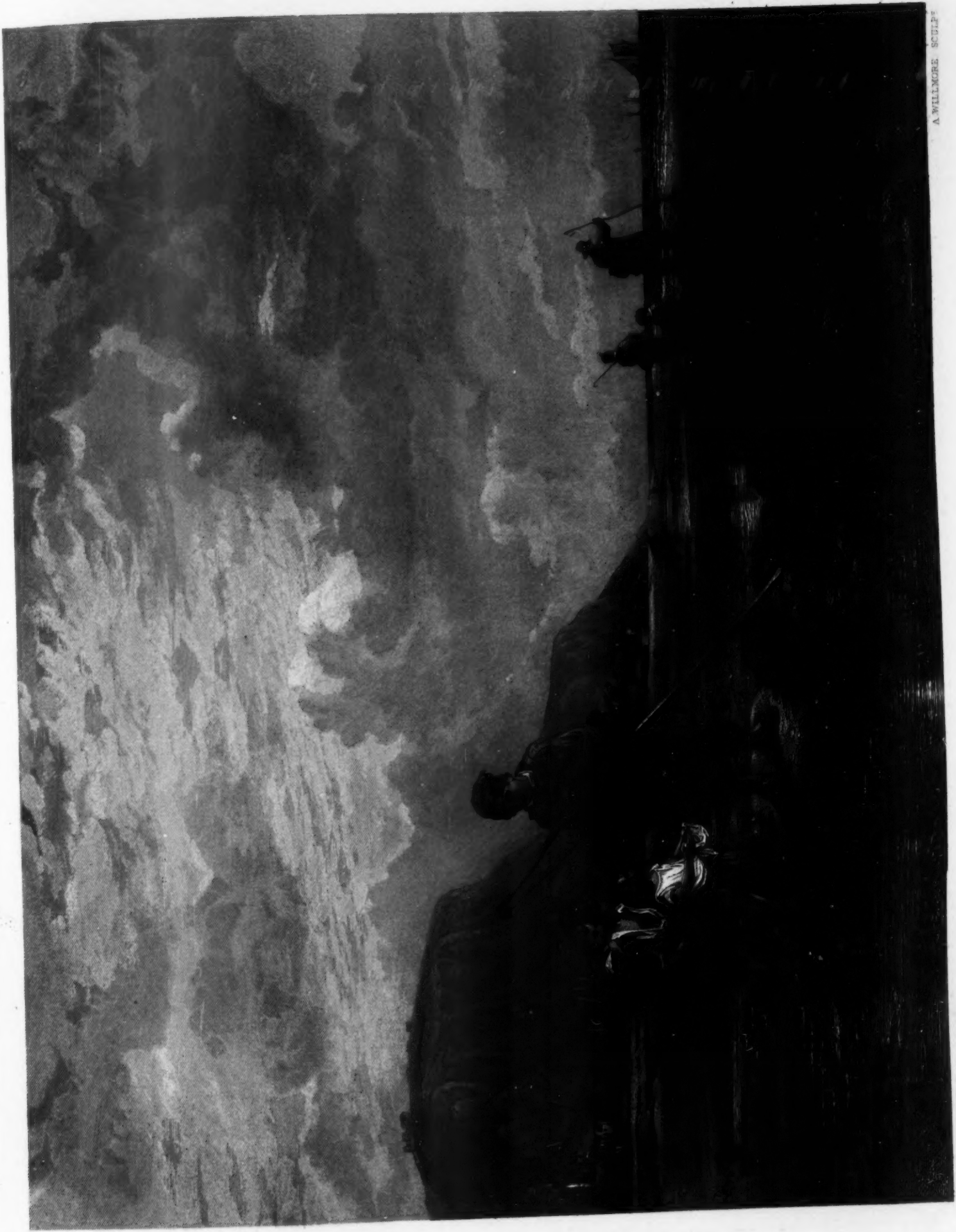
"This composition is the most celebrated of any Titian ever painted. I think it justly deserving of the name given to it, and by which it is universally known, 'the picture without a fault.'"

A more spirited description will be found in the words below, wherein the author, first paying a tribute most justly due to Giorgione, and remarking that after his death Titian was left without a rival, proceeds to say:—"This great painter (Titian) began, of course, like all Venetians, to paint directly from nature, without having previously dissected or drawn, nor was he sensible of this error of the Venetian School till, coming to Rome, and seeing the works of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and the

* Which may be rendered as follows:—

"The men who rule us barred the way,
Saying, 'Leave that alone! or die the death!'"

† "Life of Titian," by James Northcote, Esq., vol. i. 43, et seq.



W. COLLINS, R.A. 1891

THE YOUNG SHRIMPERS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LOANED THROUGH THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

A WILLMORE SCULPT



antique, he, like a great genius, set about remedying his deficiency, and the perfection of this union of form and colour is seen in his greatest work—Il Pietro Martire. This picture occupied the master eight years, and the eight years were well spent in such a production. The terrific gasping energy of the assassin who has cut down the monk; the awful prostration of the victim, wounded and imploring heaven; the flight of his companion, striding away in terror, with his dark mantle against a blue sky; the towering and waving trees, the entrance, as it were, to a dreadful forest; the embrowned tone of the whole picture, with its dark azure and evening sky, the distant mountains below and splendid glory above contrasting with the gloomy horrors of the murder; its perfect, though not refined drawing, its sublime expression, dreadful light and shadow, and exquisite colour, all united render this the most perfect picture in Italian Art.*

And all this is true: nay, more, and much more, might well be affirmed respecting the surpassing merits of this great work; yet, since Art has so much to offer, and life so little time wherein to consider it, I refrain from comment of my own, believing we shall all find more profit in the words of some few more among the efficient writers who have made this priceless production their theme. With these, then, we shall close the sojourn one feels to be making with the noble picture while listening to their discourse concerning it.

Kugler, in his "Handbook of Painting," speaking of the St. Peter Martyr, assumes, as a fact, that Titian's highest excellence is more frequently displayed in the delineation of figures in repose than in those in action: he adduces the Christ crowned with Thorns, in the Louvre, in support of his assertion. On this Sir Charles Eastlake observes—"It has not been thought necessary to notice every instance where the judgments of the author differ from received opinions; but it is impossible to suffer the above remarks on the Pietro Martire to pass without, at least, observing that the majority of critics have long placed this picture in the highest rank of excellence. The Christ crowned with Thorns is unsurpassed in colour, but the Pietro Martire has been always considered as excellent in invention as in the great qualities which are peculiar to the painter. Having said thus much, it may be granted that the author's general remark respecting Titian's superior treatment of grave subjects appears to be well-founded, and instances of exaggerated action might undoubtedly be quoted. A certain imitation of Michael Angelo is to be recognised in Titian's works in the most vigorous period of his career; but this imitation seems to have been confined to qualities (such as contrast in action and grandeur of line) which were analogous to his own characteristic excellences. The friar escaping from the assassin, in the Pietro Martire, is as fine an example of the union of these qualities in form as is to be found in the works of any painter: other instances were, perhaps, less successful. For the rest, the taste was not permanent in Titian; he returned to that 'senatorial dignity,' which Reynolds has pointed out as one of his prominent qualities, and in this view the remark of the author, must be allowed its due weight."†

Frederick Von der Hagen, whose "Briefe in die Heimath" is among the most useful of his painstaking compatriots' many useful works, brings his testimony to the value of the picture in aid of all previously cited:—"Dieses Bild," he says, "wird überall für Tizians Meisterstück gehalten."‡ He adds a remark that might seem to require confirmation, and which the present writer has not seen elsewhere—"Die Engel oben in den Bäumen sind nach dem erwähnten antiken Bildwerk in der Bibliothek." "The angels hovering over the scene, and in the trees, are taken from the before-mentioned antique sculptures of the Library,"—that of St. Mark, Venice, namely, to which he had previously referred.

To the *Cristo della Moneta* (the Tribute-money) some slight allusion has already been made.§ This picture, painted for Alfonso the first, Duke of Ferrara, is in

the Royal Gallery of Dresden. It has given rise to much discussion, as to the extent of influence exercised on the manner of the master when painting it, by Albert Dürer: for these we refer the reader to the German and other commentators who have touched on the subject. One of their number* disputing the fact, points to other causes—the still possible influence of Gentile Bellino among them—as accounting for that dissimilarity to the master's later manner remarked in this picture. "Be these things as they may," continues Förster, "the Tribute-money serves to exhibit the great master of the Venetian school on a second eminence, to the elevation of which no other had ever attained, and to which he did not himself again ascend."

Lanzi, alluding to the same work, and also referring to the supposed influence of Dürer,† says—"He worked at his Christ with such attention to delicacy that he surpassed even that master of minuteness [Albert Dürer] one might count the hairs on the head, and the pores of the skin, and yet the effect is not injured; for, while the pictures of Albert, by diminishing the size, diminish the value, Titian enhances and renders them more grand. Happily for the Arts, this, and the portrait of Barberigo, are the only works in the manner now under consideration that Titian ever executed after freeing himself from the school of his master."‡

But, if there be diversity of opinion on the question thus mooted, there is but little as to the merit and beauty of the picture. Kugler calls it "the most finished and beautiful of Titian's early works;" "or, rather," he proceeds to say, "one of his most beautiful works of any period, is Christ with the Tribute-money (*Cristo della Moneta*), painted for the Duke of Ferrara, and now in Dresden. In the head of Christ everything combines to produce the noblest effect; the union of the flesh tints; the delicate handling of the beard and hair; the graceful lip; the liquid lustre of the eye; the mildness of the reproving glance. The contrast of the crafty Pharisee is admirable."§ It is true that another of the German critics, and one of no mean account—Ernst Förster, namely—affirms the divinity to be wanting in this head of Christ: he adds, what is indeed to be lamented in but too many of our most valued treasures in Art, that the work has been much injured by restoration.

Few galleries are so rich in the works of Titian, as is that of Dresden, and were it but in reference to these, one feels constantly disposed to say with Dr. Waagen—"Du weist dass mir der Aufenthalt in Dresden jedes Mal ein wahres Fest ist."|| The Ducal family of Ferrara, in prayer before the Virgin, has been already named; there is, besides, a work of great merit representing the Madonna, with the Divine child standing on her lap: St. John the Baptist forms part of the group, and before them is a young woman of the true Titianesque type. Her bright fair hair, scarcely restrained by its silken bands, falls in rich tresses on the beautiful neck. Over her graceful head, St. Jerome—her patron saint—extends his crucifix, as in the act of recommending her to the especial protection of the Virgin Mother. A second saintly protector—if I recollect rightly, St. Paul—has also accompanied the gentle suppliant, whose bent eyes, and the somewhat anxious expression of her mouth, would seem to imply—as, indeed, the figure also makes manifest—that no common occasion has brought her thither.

A Venus, one of three, all much admired by the German critics, is principally remarkable—as compared with other fine works of the master, of which this is undoubtedly a very fine one—for the peculiar character of the landscape without; it has all those many characteristics—comprehended without a word, but which many words would not suffice to enumerate—of a burning midsummer day. The hills are bathed in a glow of sunshine, dark and deep are the

shadows cast by the trees midway, and you tell yourself it is beneath them that you would now be tempted to repose, if it were your lot to be travelling on the road to those hills. A youth, playing on a musical instrument, is seated at the feet of the Venus, but with his back turned towards her as well as to the spectator.

This picture is a replica of that in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, where it is called the Princess Eboli and Philip the Second—an appellation that may have been determined in part by the guitar. The hand of the restorer—restorer!—is, unhappily, but too clearly manifest in the Fitzwilliam picture, more especially does it appear in the head of the Venus; that of the Cupid has suffered in like manner, although scarcely perhaps in equal degree.

That the churches and palaces of Venice should be rich in the works of Titian is what all will anticipate, and most of us know to our infinite advantage and delight. The mournful Entombment, in the Manfrini Palace, will at once recur to the reader as among the most impressive—perhaps, indeed, the best remembered of all. Even to those who have not seen Venice the work need scarcely be unknown, since the Entombment in the Louvre has more than equal merit. Or if, saddened by the heavy sorrow expressed so eloquently in this masterpiece, he desire relief in the contemplation of perfection in other forms, let him turn to the exquisite Three Ages, in the same palace; or let him take boat for the Academy—thrice blessed be the hour!—and in the glorious Assumption—or, for many, yet more effectual to the purpose, in the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple—he will find matter fully worthy to occupy his thoughts, even though these have been elevated by long lingering before the great and heart-moving Entombment.

And now, pressing is the temptation to describe these wonders of Art, were it for no better reason than the delight one has in recalling their minutest details, never so effectually presented to the eyes of memory as when seeking, however ineffectually, to set forth their beauties and merits for the admiration and homage of others. But the desire must be resisted: neither may we do more than indicate the St. John in the Wilderness, also in the Academy—but painted for the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. That the Assumption of the Virgin—that too now in the Academy, as before mentioned—was formerly in the conventual Church of Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari, most of our readers will remember; nor will any who have seen it forget the Madonna of the Pesaro Chapel, in that church, where the donors of the picture, all portraits, are kneeling before Our Lady, who has St. Peter and St. George beside her. All who are familiar with Venice will equally remember the little Church of San Nicoletto, which makes part of that magnificent convent of the Frari. For the high altar of this church Titian painted a picture, wherein is the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. The saint is a figure much extolled by many critics, for truth and fidelity to the life, but censured by others—Vasari among the number, but by him very gently—for the absence of ideal beauty. "The St. Sebastian having been copied from the life, without the slightest admixture of art," says Vasari, "nothing has been done for beauty in any part, trunk or limbs; all is as nature left it, so that it might seem to be a sort of cast from the life: it is, nevertheless, considered very fine, and the figure of Our Lady, with the Divine child in her arms, is also accounted most beautiful."* Of this inestimable work—for such, notwithstanding that dissonance among the learned just alluded to, is the St. Nicolo generally allowed to be—the community consented, towards the close of the last century, to deprive their convent. Alas! that gold should have so much power, and that men's resolves should exhibit so little firmness; for many great ones of the earth had more than once desired to possess the treasure, but the monks had hitherto stood firm in their declaration that no price should ever buy it from them—yet for money was it ultimately sold, and in so much was the Republic—then triumphant, for this took place in the year 1773, or 4—in so much was she shorn of her glory. Let us suppose that unwonted pressure must have been exercised on the

* See "Painting and the Fine Arts," by B. R. Haydon and W. Hazlitt, p. 171, et seq.

† Schools of Painting in Italy, vol. II. p. 443.

‡ This picture is universally considered to be Titian's masterpiece. See "Briefe in die Heimath, aus Deutschland, der Schweiz und Italien," Breslau, 1818. Vol. II. p. 163.

§ See Art-Journal for January.

* Ernst Förster "Briefe über Malerei," whose words are as follow:—"Für diese hatte er, im benachbarten Mailand, ganz andere Mitstreiter, ja sein eigener Lehrer konnte ihn zu solchem Beginnen durch seine Werke herausgefordert haben."

† "Jedenfalls, zeigte uns den Meister der Venezianischen Schule auf einer zweiten Höhe, die kein Anderer erreicht und auf die er sich selbst nicht wieder begeben hat. E. Förster, ut supra."

‡ Lanzi, "History of Painting," as quoted by Northcote.

§ Life of Titian, vol. II. p. 107.

|| Kugler's Handbook of Painting, 2nd ed., p. 440.

See "Kunstwerke und Künstler im Erzgebirge und in Franken," vol. I., letter I.

* See "Lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," English edition. Vol. v. p. 388.

owners; or rather—and why forget the fact so long?—let us be certain that their sense of duty to the head of their church alone had power to prevail over every other consideration,—for the purchaser was no less sacred a personage than Pope Clement XIV., and the place of the exiled picture's destination—and remembering that circumstance, many would hesitate to say that of its banishment—was no other than the pontifical palace of the Vatican.

Here it was that the present writer first made its acquaintance—here that in subsequent visits the beauty of its many admirable parts seemed ever to become more beautiful, while such defects as more profoundly informed observers have discovered in the work, eluded, in almost every instance, the perceptions of this writer, although so much may be admitted as that the St. Sebastian is not an attractive portion of the picture, however fine. But even this would scarcely be granted by good judges; and the writer, conscious of a weariness of the figure of San Sebastian, which meets you everywhere and in all galleries, has seen cause for attributing that amount of imperfection in the pleasure conveyed by the work to a prejudice in the beholder rather than to failure on the part of the master.

And here, in support of the last observation, let us add what an Italian once remarked to the writer, as regarding this very figure. "It justifies the eulogy of your countryman," he said; who declared that "the flesh of every other great painter is but paint, while that of Titian has a real circulation of blood under the skin." It was of Haydon the Roman was speaking, in whose "Treatise on Painting," the passage, not then known to the present writer, will be found.* Another Italian, speaking of the same figure, assures us that in this Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, Titian has taught us how the nude should be treated—"Sfuggendo le masse degli scuri gagliardi e le ombre forti che giovano al rilievo, ma diminuiscono la morbidezza della carne."† Northcote, describing this picture, declares the figure of St. Sebastian to be that of "a most beautiful young man, heroically sustaining the extreme pains of approaching death;" he proceeds to describe the whole with a perspicuity that would render his Life of the master truly valuable, had he bestowed some portion of that quality on his arrangement of the excellent materials he has collected. But, woe the while, what confusion worse confounded have we here! Take with you the very largest measure of patience when you consult his pages—nay, press it down and heap it up, or the very largest shall prove insufficient. The work is otherwise a fair and good one; competent authorities have been consulted, and a large mass of useful matter has been collected industriously, from sources where it was most likely to be found—Vasari and Ridolfi principally, perhaps, but others also have been consulted, and in sufficiency. The sole defect is that "most admired disorder" before alluded to; but for this we say again "take patience," and take enough.

Northcote's description of the St. Sebastian is as follows:—"On a bright cloud, illumined by the rays of the setting sun, is seated the Virgin, with the Divine child on her breast; before them are standing, in most devout attitudes, two handsome boys just emerging from childhood. A ruined edifice occupies the bottom of the picture, in which is seen the titular saint [St. Nicholas] absorbed in a pious ecstasy, and keeping his eyes fixed on the heavenly mother. * * * * * At the side of the Virgin is standing, with an air of modest dignity, St. Catherine, a woman of great beauty. The complexion is somewhat dark, the grand forms and contours, as opposed to the delicacy of the Virgin mother and the Magdalen, show her capable of enduring the most exquisite tortures of martyrdom. The figure of St. Peter assists wonderfully in giving harmony to the picture, to which the sober colour of the dresses of St. Francis and St. Anthony also contributes."

St. Francis, if the recollection of the writer be correct, bears a cross, and is represented as in ecstasy. St. Anthony of Padua has the lily; St. Ambrose is also present.

* See "Painting and the Fine Arts," p. 172; this is the reprint of articles written for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," by Haydon—who, with some heresies, mingles valuable truth—and by Hazlitt, whose acquaintance with his subject is by no means so profound.
† See "Galleria de Quadri al Vaticano," p. 41.

"But what is most wonderful of all," adds Northcote, "and where the flesh is executed most naturally, is in the figure of St. Sebastian. This figure alone would be sufficient to confute the old calumny of those who, allowing Titian the palm of colouring, deny him that of design."

"Perhaps," he continues, "the remark of some one else would be more reasonable, about his having united saints of different ages and countries, who never met while they lived. But besides that such an anachronism would in part be justified by the will of him for whom the work is done, it is also lessened (P) by the skill of the painter, who makes a glory which collects round him all those who are called to participate in it."

This last proposition is not very clearly argued, but it is rightly felt as regards the master, and that shall suffice us: in a note, Northcote further says, "It is proper to mention that Titian was much pleased with this performance, having written in large letters '*Titianus faciebat*.'" "Of this work," writes the anonymous author, "being of supreme excellence, he was himself quite enamoured, and contrived that it should be seen by all the world by means of a print taken of it." P. Guglielmo della Valle, in a note to an edition of Vasari prepared under his inspection at Sienna, says, "This stupendous picture, obtained by Clement XV., is to be seen in the pontifical gallery of the Quirinal,† and every one finds in it that beauty with which Titian himself was so enchanted."‡

THE PANORAMA:

WITH MEMOIRS OF ITS INVENTOR, ROBERT BARKER, AND HIS SON, THE LATE HENRY ASTON BARKER.

MANY of our readers will have derived so much pleasure from viewing the panoramas in Leicester Square, that in recording the recent decease of Mr. Henry Aston Barker, the former proprietor and painter of the panoramas, we cannot but think that a brief account of that particular kind of painting, and of the invention of it by the late Mr. Barker's father, with some biographical notices of the inventor and his son, will be generally acceptable. We, therefore, avail ourselves of a memoir of Mr. Barker in the *Obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine* for October last, to which we are able (by favour of the family) to add some interesting particulars from the late Mr. Barker's own memoranda.

Henry Aston Barker was born at Glasgow, in the year 1774: he was a younger son of Mr. Robert Barker, a native of Kells, in the county of Meath, by his wife, a daughter of Dr. Aston, a physician of great eminence in Dublin.

Mr. Robert Barker was the ingenious inventor and original proprietor of the panoramas in Leicester Square, which invention originated in the following manner:—Mr. Barker, who was a man possessing much inventive talent and unwearied perseverance, was a portrait and miniature painter, and had invented a mechanical system of perspective, and taught that art at Edinburgh, where he was resident. He was walking one day with his daughter (the late Mrs. Lightfoot) on the Calton Hill, when observing her father to be very thoughtful, Miss Barker asked him what was the subject of his thoughts. He replied, that he was thinking whether it would not be possible to give the whole view from that hill in one picture. She smiled at an idea so contrary to all the rules of Art; but her father said he thought it was to be accomplished by means of a square frame fixed at one spot on the hill: he would draw the scene presented within that frame, and then, shifting the frame to the left or right, he would draw the adjoining part of the landscape; and so going round the top of the hill, he would obtain the view on all sides: and the several drawings being fixed together, and placed in a circle, the whole view might be seen from the interior of the circle, as from the summit of the hill.

This idea he forthwith put in execution, having no one to assist him but his son Henry Aston, then only about twelve years old. Mr. H. A. Barker says:—"I was set to work to take outlines of the city only, from the top of the Observatory on the Calton Hill. I have no idea now what sort of drawing was made by me, no doubt it was wretchedly bad,—but it answered my father's pur-

pose; and from the outlines he made a drawing upon paper, pasted on linen, which gave a rather rude representation of 'Auld Reekie.'"

But the greatest difficulty remained. The drawings being made on flat surfaces, when placed together in a circle the horizontal lines appeared curved instead of straight, unless on the exact level of the eye; and to meet this difficulty Mr. Barker had to invent a system of curved lines peculiarly adapted to the concave surface of his picture, which should appear straight when viewed from a platform at a certain level in the centre. This difficulty, with many others of a similar nature, which may more easily be imagined than described, having been surmounted, Mr. Barker "took his picture up to London, where, being introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, then President of the Royal Academy, the new invention was exhibited to him, put in a circular form, and shown by candle-light; but whether (says Mr. H. A. Barker) the drawings were so bad, or Sir Joshua did not comprehend my father's idea, he, with great politeness, said the thing would never do, and therefore recommended him to give it up! Here was a disappointment, but my father was too confident of success to be thus dissuaded from following up his plans, and he therefore took out a patent for the invention under the title of '*La nature à coup d'œil*.'"

"To Lord Elcho (son of the Earl of Wemyss)," Mr. Barker continues, "I believe my father was indebted for pecuniary assistance, as well as for introductions to persons of rank in London. Thus was he enabled to follow up and extend his plans for bringing out a view of Edinburgh on a complete circle, for which purpose I was sent again to the Observatory, and began to take outlines of the entire view; of course it was a long time before the painting could be commenced, for I worked slowly. The circle on which my father painted the first view of Edinburgh was twenty-five feet in diameter; canvas, with paper pasted on it, formed the surface, and the picture was painted in water-colours, in the Guard Room of the Palace of Holyrood, and being at last finished, was opened to the public in the Archer's Hall, at Holyrood, from whence it was removed to a lower apartment in the Assembly Rooms, George Street, New Town, and was subsequently exhibited at Glasgow."

So much was thought of the discovery of its being possible to take a view beyond the old rule of forty-five degrees, that Mr. Barker was induced to exhibit his picture in London; and in the month of November, 1788, he quitted Edinburgh, taking with him his son, Henry Aston, and came to London, where, in the spring of 1789, the View of Edinburgh was fitted up in a large room, at No. 28, in the Haymarket, and was opened to the public early in the summer of that year.

Mr. Barker then determined to exhibit a picture of London, for which the drawings were made by Henry Aston Barker, from the top of Albion Mills, near the foot of Blackfriars Bridge, on the Surrey side. The scene on the Thames was the Lord Mayor's procession by water to Westminster on the 9th of November. These drawings were afterwards etched by H. A. Barker, and aqua-tinted by Birnie, and published in six sheets, 22 inches by 17.

This view was more than half a circle. It was painted in distemper, and was exhibited in the spring of 1792, in a rough building at the back of No. 28, on the eastern side of Castle Street, Leicester Square, where Mr. Barker then resided.

"This view was very successful. Even Sir Joshua Reynolds came to see it, and gratified my father much, when, taking him by the hand, he said, 'I find I was in error in supposing your invention could never succeed, for the present exhibition proves it is capable of producing effects, and representing nature in a manner far superior to the limited scale of pictures in general.'"

In the year 1793 Mr. Barker took a lease of a piece of ground in Leicester Place and Cranbourne Street, where he erected the large exhibition-building in which the panoramas have been ever since, and are still, exhibited. The large circle is ninety feet in diameter, and the small upper circle is constructed within it, being supported by the centre column. The entrance to the small circle is over the top of the picture in the large circle. While the building was proceeding in Leicester Square, Mr. Barker and his son, Henry Aston, went to Portsmouth, to take a view of the grand fleet then lying at Spithead. When the walls of the panorama were completed to their full height, and before the roof was put on, they began to paint the picture in a temporary building of wood, in the centre of the circle, so that by the time the building was finished the work was much advanced; and "in May, 1793 (Mr. Barker says), I think it was ready for opening," but it must have been 1794, as the agreement for taking the ground is dated the 16th of September, 1793.

* Of the writer so called, and not certainly known by any other name, we shall have more hereafter.

† It has been removed to the gallery of the Vatican, as aforesaid.

‡ Life of Titian, vol. II. p. 115, et seq.

"The king, queen, and princesses, came to see the picture before the public were admitted: Lord Harcourt was the lord-in-waiting. I (Mr. H. A. Barker) exhibited the picture to the royal party, whose easy affability soon removed the alarm I felt in having to attend upon them. The king asked many questions; and when answered, turned round to Lord Harcourt, to whom he gave the answer verbatim, always beginning with 'He says' so-and-so. His majesty had a large gold-headed cane, which he pointed with, and sometimes put into my hand, making me stoop down in a line with it, to be informed of an object so small that I could not otherwise understand him." Queen Charlotte is reported to have said that the sight of this picture made her feel sea-sick.

As a good name was considered essential to the success of the novel experiment on the public taste, Mr. Barker applied to his classical friends, who furnished him with the very expressive and appropriate name of *Πανωραμα*.

Mr. Barker's panorama was not, however, without rivalry even in its early days; Mr. Robert Ker Porter (afterwards Sir Robert) painted and exhibited at the Lyceum three great historical pictures of the storming of Seringapatam, in 1799, of the siege of Acre, and of the battle of Alexandria, March 21, 1801. The printed descriptions and outline sketches of Seringapatam and Alexandria are now before the writer. These three pictures were three-quarters of the circle. He afterwards exhibited at the same place a great historic and panoramic picture of the battle of Agincourt, which picture he presented to the Corporation of London, and it is still in existence, we can hardly say preserved, at Guildhall.

In the year 1802 Mr. Barker's eldest son, Thomas Edward Barker, who was not an artist, but had been an assistant to his father in the panorama, and Mr. Ramsay Richard Reinagle, afterwards R.A., who had painted at the panoramas for Mr. Barker, entered into a partnership, and erected a rival panorama-building in the Strand.

In Knight's "London," vol. vi. 283, it is said that the process of painting the panoramas is distemper, but that is an error, except as to the original picture of Edinburgh and that of London: the panoramas are oil-paintings, and the canvas was used for several pictures, one being painted over the other as long as it would last, except some of the pictures of the small circle, which, after having been exhibited in London, were sold for exhibition in the provinces. The panorama of Athens (1822) was sent to Hartford College, Connecticut, N.A., where it may yet be in existence.

After much patient energy and perseverance, Mr. Barker, ably assisted by his son, Henry Aston, succeeded in establishing the panorama in the favour of the public; and at his death, which happened on the 8th of April, 1806, at his house in West Square, Southwark, at the age of sixty-seven,* he left a comfortable provision for his widow and family.

There are two portraits of Robert Barker: one engraved in 1802, by J. Singleton, after a picture by G. Ralph, 8vo.; and another engraved by Flight, from a picture by Allingham, folio. A memoir of Robert Barker will be found in the "Biographical Examiner," by Theophilus Quin, 1814.

The house in which Henry Aston Barker resided with his father, in Castle Street, Leicester Square, was nearly opposite the house of the celebrated anatomist, John Hunter, whose habit of early rising was an object of observation and emulation to Henry Barker; but rise as early as he would, there was John Hunter poring over his anatomical preparations. At that time, several other subsequently distinguished persons resided in the same street; and in the immediate vicinity lived Anna Maria and Jane Porter: to the latter Henry formed a boyish attachment, and was frequently seen escorting her to the parks, &c., where she, being then very handsome, attracted great attention, which induced Henry Barker to resign the fair one to the more dashing pretensions of a certain captain in the Guards.

Soon after coming to London, Henry Barker became a pupil at the Royal Academy, where, among his fellow-pupils and intimate associates, were John Wm. M. Turner (afterwards), R.A., and Robert Ker Porter, the cousin of his fair friends Anna Maria and Jane: the three were great companions and confederates in boyish mischief.

Henry Barker continued to be the chief assistant of his father in the panoramas until the death of the latter in 1806, when, being his father's executor, he took the panorama into his own hands, and, by his eminent artistic taste and skill in his particular branch of Art—by his energy, perseverance, and good judgment in selecting and placing before the public what was agreeable to them,—he succeeded

not only in paying off some incumbrances which had been left by his father, but in realising the handsome provision made by his father's will for his mother and sisters, and making a moderate and well-merited provision for himself and his own family.

Mr. Barker frequently travelled, to take his own drawings for his pictures, which were always remarkable for faithfulness and truth. His first journey was in 1799, to Turkey, to make drawings for the Panorama of Constantinople. We resume Mr. Barker's memoranda:—"On the 26th of August, 1799, I quitted home for Portsmouth, to join the vessel then lying off the Motherbank, that was to carry me to Palermo. December 6th I entered the harbour of Palermo. The next day, I went with our captain to call upon Sir William Hamilton, the English Ambassador at the Court of Naples. Sir William was not at home when we called; however, we saw Lady Hamilton, who kindly invited me to dine with them that evening. I cannot forget her appearance in the evening—her fine commanding form, dressed in a kind of robe, trimmed with roses from her neck to her feet—her beautiful countenance, with lovely dark eyes. I was introduced by Sir William Hamilton to Lord Nelson, who took me by the hand, saying he was indebted to me for keeping up the fame of his victory in the battle of the Nile for a year longer than it would have lasted in the public estimation. At the dinner, Lady Hamilton placed me on her left, while Lord Nelson sat on her right hand, and she cut his meat for him." During his stay at Constantinople, Mr. Barker had the opportunity of saving from destruction part of a portfolio of beautiful drawings by Tweddel, the traveller, which had been recovered from the wreck, and had lain rotting in the wet: this he did for Lord Elgin, who was very kind and attentive to him during his stay at Constantinople.

The Panorama of Constantinople was exhibited in 1802. A picture from the same drawings was exhibited by Mr. Burford in 1829. These drawings were engraved and published in four plates.

In 1801 Henry Aston Barker went to Copenhagen, to obtain a view and particulars of the battle. There he was kindly received and treated by Lord Nelson.

In May 1802, during the peace of Amiens, he went to Paris, and drew a panorama of it. He was on that occasion introduced to, and noticed by, Napoleon, then Premier Consul, by whom he was addressed as Citizen Barker.

The naval victories at the end of the last and the commencement of this century afforded admirable and most popular subjects for the panorama; and Henry Aston Barker's knowledge of nautical matters, and accurate representation of shipping, &c., made him a great favourite with Lord Nelson. The Peninsular campaign also furnished admirable subjects for pictures of the battles of Badajos, Vittoria, and others, of which Mr. Barker presented such able and spirit-stirring representations to the British public.

The drawings for these pictures were made chiefly, if not entirely, by Mr. Burford; but Mr. H. A. Barker went to Malta, where he made drawings of that port, exhibited in 1810 and 1812; of the latter of which the writer has a vivid recollection, being the first panorama he ever saw.

An incident is related of a Newfoundland dog, which being brought to the panorama, was so deceived by the natural appearance of the water in the harbour, that he leaped into the picture, to enjoy a bath in the briny element.

After the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, Mr. Barker also went to Elba, where he renewed his acquaintance with Napoleon, by whom he was graciously received. And after the battle of Waterloo he visited the field, and went to Paris, where he obtained from the officers at head-quarters every necessary information on the subject of the battle. A set of eight etchings, by Mr. J. Burnett, from Mr. Barker's original sketches of the field of battle, were printed and published. His drawings of Gibraltar were also published in two large sheets.

He went to Venice with Mr. J. Burford, to take views for a panorama which was exhibited in 1819. His last grand panorama was the coronation procession of George the Fourth, exhibited in 1822. The panorama of Waterloo was very successful. It had been painted on an older picture, but was not painted out, being laid by and re-exhibited some years later.

The rival panorama in the Strand was purchased, in 1816, by Mr. Henry Barker and the late Mr. John Burford, who paid a considerable sum to Mr. Reinagle, and secured an annuity to Mr. T. E. Barker and his wife for their lives, as the price of their interests in the Strand panorama, which Mr. Barker and Mr. John Burford then kept open in partnership, Mr. Barker retaining to himself the

panorama in Leicester Square. But the panorama of Waterloo had fortunately been so successful as to give Mr. Barker the opportunity, which he then required, of retiring from the labours and anxieties ever attendant on exertions to please the public; and in, or previous to 1826, he transferred the management of both panoramas to Messrs. John and Robert Burford, who had been the able and much esteemed assistants of himself and his father for many years.

Mr. John Burford dying however, in 1827, was succeeded by his brother, Mr. Robert Burford, the present able and indefatigable proprietor of the panorama in Leicester Square, which still continues its interest and attraction for the public, although the rival exhibitions of the Colosseum and the Diorama, in the Regent's Park, have not been able to hold their ground.

In 1802 Mr. Barker married Harriet Maria, the eldest of the six daughters of Rear-admiral William Bligh, commander of the *Bounty* at the time of the celebrated mutiny during a voyage to transplant the bread-fruit from the Society Islands to the West Indies, and subsequently Governor of New South Wales. By that charming and most amiable lady Mr. Barker has left two sons and two daughters: his eldest son, the Rev. Henry Barker, is vicar of Weare, Somersetshire, to which church Mr. H. A. Barker presented an organ on his son's institution; his second son, William Bligh Barker, was brought up to the medical profession, but preferred the Arts; his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was the wife, now widow, of the late William Glenie, Esq., R.N., and civil-engineer, who died a few months since; and his youngest daughter, Mary, is wife of North Pritchard, Esq., of Willsbridge.

When all Britain was filled with military enthusiasm, Mr. Barker enrolled himself as a defender of his country from foreign invasion, and he bore a lieutenant's commission in the Princess Charlotte's regiment of Loyal Southwark Volunteers.

While carrying on the panorama, he lived at a house in West Square, St. George's, Southwark, next door to that in which his father had lived, and which was still inhabited by his widowed mother, behind which was his painting-room; and he built a home for himself in Lordship Lane, Dulwich; but, on giving up the panoramas to Messrs. Burford, he went to reside at Cheam, Surrey, and afterwards removed to Park Street, Bristol, from thence to Willsbridge, and lastly to Bitton, both near Bristol.

Mrs. Barker died on the 26th of February last, and was soon followed by her husband, who died at his house at Bitton, on the 19th of July, at the age of eighty-two: they were both buried at Bitton.

The distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Henry Aston Barker were firmness, neatness, and precision in whatever he did. In his works, in his writing, in his conversation, and in his dress, those characteristics were remarkable. His pictures, although on so large a scale, were highly finished; he bestowed perhaps too minute pains on them; but hence the almost magical appearance of reality which they possessed. He seemed to be imbued with a determination that whatever he did should be done as well as he could do it; and consequently he never did anything in a hurry or carelessly. His letters are very indicative of this, being examples of neatness of writing and expression; and he always wrote his signature at full length, in a large, upright, square hand. His manners and bearing were those of a polished gentleman, and his conversation was full of liveliness and anecdote, and was most particularly interesting from the observations he had made, the countries he had visited, and the people he had known.

The following is a chronological list of most of the panoramas painted and exhibited by Mr. Robert Barker, and his son, Henry Aston Barker:—

Edinburgh, exhibited at Edinburgh and Glasgow, 1788, in the Haymarket, London, 1789; London, at 28, Castle Street, Leicester Square, 1792; Spithead, at Leicester Square (where all subsequent panoramas were exhibited), 1794; Lord Howe's Victory, 1794; Bath, 1795; Windsor, 1798; Bridport's Victory; Margate, 1798; Plymouth; Cornwallis's Retreat; Dover; Battle of the Nile, 1799; Ramsgate, 1800; Constantinople, 1801; Copenhagen, 1802; Paris, 1803; Gibraltar, 1804; Trafalgar, 1806; Edinburgh, 1806; Bay of Dublin, 1807; Weymouth, 1807; Grand Cairo; Flushing, 1810; Brighton; Malta, 1810; Messina, 1811; Lisbon, 1812; Harbour of Malta, 1812; Badajos, 1813; Vittoria, 1814; Elba, 1815; Battle of Paris, 1815; Waterloo, 1816; St. Petersburg, 1817; Algiers, 1818; Spitzbergen, 1819; Lausanne, 1819; Naples, 1820; Berne, 1821; Corfu, 1822; Rome; Athens, 1822; Coronation of King George IV., 1822.

Each of the large circle pictures averaged 10,000 square feet of canvas; the small circle, 2700 feet.

* See Gent. Mag. vol. lxxvi. p. 389.

THE EARLY FLEMISH PAINTERS.*

No school of Art has ever attained to such a degree of excellence as the early Flemish school, and yet remained in obscurity. The fame of the Renaissance turned all eyes to Italy, and her prestige in Art eclipsed for centuries the rising claims of the schools of all other nations. Lightly, however, as the southern schools may have esteemed that of Flanders, Vasari does ample justice to the success of the northern painters. When we think of the early Flemish school, we think only of the Van Eycks; to us they constitute the early school. But they were preceded by one or two others worthy of mention. These were attached to the court of Philip the Hardy, Duke of Burgundy, being entertained as "*pointres et varlets-de-chambre*." It is of little interest to inquire relative to their duties in the latter department of their twofold capacity; but we learn that as "*pointres*," their duties were multifarious—such as designing and ornamenting banners and pennons, and painting heraldic equipments; but the works which assign them places among the painters of their school are their efforts in religious Art, of which some altar-pieces survive. The names of the "*varlet*"-painters that have come down to us are Jean Malouel, Melchior Broederlain, and Jean de Haesett. Of the works of the first and last little remains to testify of their quality; but in the Museum of Dijon there is a remarkable production by Broederlain, consisting of several compartments, in which are represented the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Presentation, and the Flight into Egypt. The book before us contains an outline engraving of this work, which is characterised by the executive infirmities of its time—the last years of the fourteenth century. The artists and varlets above-mentioned, with a few others of minor note, were the predecessors of the Van Eycks.

The Van Eyck family had its origin in the Duchy of Limburg, on the banks of the Meuse; but such was the obscurity of the family, that there exists no record of it before it became famous by the works of the brothers Hubert and John. By some writers it is supposed that a certain Joes Van Eyck, a member of the Guild of Painters of Ghent, was the father of the Van Eycks. Very little of the life of Hubert van Eyck is known previously to his admission to the Guild of Painters of Ghent; but subsequently to that it is ascertained that he painted more than one picture in *tempera*, and perfected the education of his brother John; and the discovery attributed to the latter was effected, according to Vasari and Van Mander, in 1410, when John was yet in his youth, and Hubert was in the vigour of manhood. In the respective associations and manner of life of the brothers there was a remarkable difference. Hubert was independent of courtly patronage—there is no mention of his having been numbered among the varlets of any reigning seigneur; while, on the contrary, John was the creature of courtly favour. The value of the discovery of oil-painting seems to have been at once understood by the good Flemish burghers, and they seem also to have comprehended with equal readiness the injury accruing to simple oil and colour by the introduction of experimental media. They in their days, as we in ours, had seen works of Art ruined by ignorance and caprice. Reynolds exhausted the possible and impossible arcana of vehicles; and the results are open to us—the surfaces of some of his best works are in rags. Of this fact, "*Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*" is a sad evidence; but yet, even of late years, the search for the lost medium of the old masters has been again revived, but only again to subside in disappointment. We discover only too late the value of simplicity in all things. Reynolds was bewildered by belief in some enchanted compound, as were also his followers: this was his and their weakness. Only nine years after the discovery of oil as a vehicle for colour, the sagacious burghers of Ghent, in contracting for the execution of certain works of Art, prohibited the use of anything but oil. "*Wilhelm Van Axpoile*," says the text of the book under notice, "*and John Martens, licensed painters (vrie schilders)* were employed, in 1419, '*to paint in good*

oil-colours, unmixed with any corrosive substance,' several important pieces for the Town-hall; John Van Coudenburg and Marc Van Gestele to adorn, in 1430, the church of Roslede with four great prophets '*à vif*,' with '*The Death of our Lady*,' '*Our Saviour in the Sun's Rays*,' '*The Last Judgment*,' and '*The Baptism of Christ*,' all which aforesaid pictures the said John and Marc were bound to finish for eleven livres." It may be assumed that in those days painters had been endeavouring to improve upon oil as a vehicle, and had failed; hence the terms of the contract. If these works still exist, their condition would at once be an evidence for or against the simple medium. To Hubert Van Eyck was confided by Jodocus Vydt, a wealthy citizen of Ghent, the execution of an altar-piece for a chapel founded by him for the reception of the mortal remains of himself and family. When Hubert received the commission for this really great work, he was formally admitted to the honours and the privileges of the fraternity of the Guild of Painters. Hubert, however, died before he completed this work: the upper portion only is by him, the rest having been painted by his brother John. He died at Ghent in 1426, and was buried in a crypt of the chapel, we believe, which he was decorating. The epitaph inscribed upon his tomb is remarkable, it runs thus:—"Take warning by me ye who walk over me; I was as you are, but am now buried dead beneath you. Thus it appears that neither Art nor medicine availed me. Art, honour, wisdom, power, affluence, are spared not when death arrives. I was called Hubert Van Eyck. I am now food for worms. Formerly known and highly honoured in painting, all this was shortly after turned to nothing. It was in the year of our Lord one thousand four hundred and twenty-six, on the 18th day of September, that I rendered up my soul to God in suffering. Pray God for me, ye who love Art, that I may attain to his sight. Flee sin; turn to the best (objects), for you must follow me at last." As a memorial of the living man, the right arm with which he had so successfully employed the brush, having been severed from the body, was suspended in a casket above the portal of St. Bavon, where it still remained in the sixteenth century. It is supposed that John Van Eyck was born between the years 1382 and 1386, at Maaseyck, where his brother Hubert was his instructor, from whom also he acquired a knowledge of drawing, painting, and chemistry. In considering the probabilities in relation with the means employed by the Van Eycks, Vasari theorises at some length on the probable causes of their successes, but especially in reference to John Van Eyck, who is considered the greater genius. But to quote again from the book before us—how far was John Van Eyck the discoverer of these improvements, and what share had Hubert in them? The desiderated means of producing pictures in such materials as should withstand the changes of such a climate as that of the Netherlands, was probably an early subject of study with Hubert Van Eyck. The question was agitated in Germany and Flanders long before it became a matter of interest in Italy. This can be readily understood, from the perfect preservation of very early works of Art in Italy. It would appear that those writers who assign to John Van Eyck the employment of oil as a medium in Fine Art, have formed their conclusions on unsatisfactory evidence, for assuming the earliest employment of oil in Fine Art to have taken place in 1410, we find at this time Hubert Van Eyck with an established reputation as a painter, while John, not more than nineteen years of age, and perhaps only fifteen, must have yet been a pupil of his brother. It was not until 1420 that fame connected John Van Eyck with the discovery of oil painting: it was in that year, and not before, that he was present at an assemblage of painters at Antwerp, where he exhibited, in triumph, a picture of the Saviour, on the colour and character of which were pronounced the most lavish encomiums. It is probable that ten years had sufficed for a perfect knowledge of the new method of working, and that as his brother's practice was known to him, the honours of the discovery were awarded to him. In the works of the elder brother his superiority is manifest, and it was not until the decease of Hubert that John was regarded as the most eminent of his craft. This was the conviction of John himself, as

is evidenced by an inscription on "*The Mystic Lamb*," the work commenced at Ghent by Hubert, and finished by him. The work respectively of the brothers presents a contrast unfavourable to the younger. "*The Mystic Lamb*" was completed in 1432, six years after the death of Hubert: it was finished at Bruges, and as the panels were perfected they were sent, it may be supposed, to Ghent. The panels of this work are now separated, some are yet at Ghent, the rest at Berlin. It is to be regretted that the results of study so profitable, and the fruits of a mind so noble as that of Hubert Van Eyck, should be so inconsiderable—"The Mystic Lamb" being the only remnant of his work. In its finished form this altar-piece merited the great and lasting admiration which it excited; it formed not only in itself a splendid harmony, but having been executed for the place in which it stood, it harmonised with all around it. Chapels and churches were then furnished very differently from what they are now or were some time earlier. The walls were covered with tapestries and stuffs, and enriched with votive pictures and costly offerings to the patron saints. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, was the friend of John Van Eyck, who was treated with the highest consideration by the duke, inasmuch that he served him not only as his principal painter, but also in the capacity of ambassador on missions of confidence and importance. His death took place at Bruges in 1440-41. The powers of the elder Van Eyck are thus very fittingly described in the book before us:—"Hubert Van Eyck was sacrificed for centuries to the fame which John Van Eyck succeeded in engrossing by final improvements in the oil medium and varnishes. No neglect was more unjust than this, for Hubert transcended in genius John Van Eyck, and every other painter of the Netherlands. His grand characteristic, as chief of the Flemish school, was serenity and nobleness of expression: his great quality was colour, but he failed in idealism. The gravity and pensiveness which marked his saints, were not in every instance coupled with a sentiment of holiness and that elevated type which Scripture would impress; and though he never proved himself a trivial or a vulgar painter, his mind was not above some weakening conceits. Had he possessed the entire gift of simplicity, he would not have laden the broad and sweeping folds of his drapery with the superfluous ornaments which profusely cover them: with these exceptions nothing is wanting in the pictures of Hubert Van Eyck. Few men of his time in Italy, none in the Netherlands, have proved themselves as perfect as he was in anatomy and in the perspective of the human frame; but that in which he excelled was, as has been already said, colour."

The book contains a curious history of "*The Mystic Lamb*," with some account of the influence exercised by the work upon contemporary schools. The pictures which are attributed to Hubert Van Eyck neither support that attribution by any approach to the quality of the panels of "*The Mystic Lamb*," which were finished by him, nor can they be traced to his hand by any pedigree of proprietorship. It is probable that any works executed by him may have been destroyed by the iconoclasts of 1566, or in those military forays to which the cities of the Netherlands were so long exposed.

The works of John have survived the calamities which have, from time to time, devastated the Low Countries. It is remarked that the quality of his work declines in proportion to the remoteness of its date from the lifetime of his brother—an evidence strongly in favour of the superior intellect and power of Hubert. The picture in our National Gallery, absurdly called "*A New Married Couple*," we have long regarded as presenting portraits of John Van Eyck and his wife, notwithstanding the professed dissimilarity of the features from those of the portrait in that portion of the Ghent picture which is at Berlin.

The successors of the Van Eycks were Cristus, Van der Meire, Van der Goes, Justus of Ghent, Roger Van der Weyden, Antonella da Messina, Hans Memling, &c.; but the Van Eycks and their works are of paramount importance, and we feel that as we might have justly extended our notice of them far beyond the limits we assign it, we could in nowise do justice to painters whose names are more or less illustrious in the annals of Art by a simple record of dates and titles.

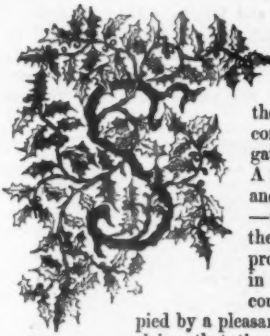
* "*The Early Flemish Painters; Notices of their Lives and Works*," by J. A. Crowe, and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Published by J. Murray, London.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART II.



SOON after we leave the valley in which the Thames is born, and where its infant wanderings are but promises of strength, the river becomes well defined, and of no inconsiderable breadth and depth; its waters have gathered force, and are turned to profitable uses. A mile or so of pleasant walk along its banks, and we reach THE FIRST MILL ON THE THAMES—the earliest effort to render it subservient to the wants of man, ministering to industry and producing wealth. The mill is sufficiently rude in character to be picturesque: it is in an open court, fronted by an old pigeon-house, and occupied by a pleasant and kindly miller, who reasonably complains that the engine of the canal frequently leaves him without water to move his wheel. He was, however, busy during our visit, and seemed well pleased to aid the artist in his efforts, apparently much interested in the progress of his work.

While the artist was thus employed, we had leisure to rove about the adjacent meadows, and to examine the numerous wild flowers and water plants which, in this vicinity, assume forms more than usually large. Among the most prominent was the Comfrey (*Symphytum officinale*), which appears in great abundance on the river-bank, rearing its bold form above the lowlier herbage. When in blossom—every branch decorated with clusters of pendant bell-shaped flowers, varying in every shade of colour from white to deep purple—the comfrey is one of the most ornamental among the many floral beauties that grace the water-side, and it once held a high place in the herbal of our forefathers for its great healing virtues: but its reputation for these qualities, whether deserved or not, has passed away, in common with that of most of our native medicinal herbs, to make way for the drugs of foreign lands, which, if sometimes less efficacious, are at least more novel and costly.



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THE COMFREY.

Hence a turn in the road (or through a pleasant meadow, if we prefer to cross it) leads to the village of SOMERFORD KEYNES, with its beautiful and graceful little church. It is covered with flowers—roses and honeysuckle intertwined with green ivy—from the base to the roof; and is lovingly cared for by its present incumbent; it is a model of cheerful aspect and simple beauty. It consists only of a nave and chancel, with a small side chapel. There is a small piscina by the altar; but the most curious features within are the fragments of paintings that once decorated its walls, and portray legendary histories of the Romish church. Thus, opposite the door is a gigantic figure of St. Christopher bearing the Saviour across an arm of the sea, his passage being assisted by the lantern held by a monk. So great a value was attached to the intercession of this saint in former times, that it was believed no peril could happen to him who during the day had offered a prayer before his image. Erasmus alludes to this superstition in his "Praise of Folly."*



THE CHURCH, SOMERFORD KEYNES.

From the church we traverse the river-bank; again through meadows, until we arrive at a graceful gravel walk overarched by trees, in the grounds of the ancient manor-house; and soon we reach the village of ASHETON KEYNES: the river here obtains a picturesque character by being arched over in numerous instances, forming footways to the various pretty cottages that skirt its bank. The church is old, but by no means picturesque—the interior being thoroughly modernised, and thus forming a contrast to the Church of Somerford Keynes. There are in this village the sockets of three ancient crosses.

Thence our path lay to WATERHAY BRIDGE, and then across several sloping fields laden with corn, from the elevations of which, above the river, are obtained many fine views:—and so we enter the ancient market town of CRICKLADE, in Wiltshire. It presents no feature of interest, except that at the bridge—a new bridge, outside the town—the rivers Churn and Rey† meet, and mingle their waters with the Thames. Its church-tower is, however, a "landmark" for many miles round. It was a famous town in old times, and is said to have been inhabited by learned monks, from whom it derived its name of *Greeklade*, corrupted into *Cricklade*—another fanciful invention of the poets; and Drayton, following ancient historians, makes this town the predecessor of Oxford, where—

"To Great Britain first the sacred Muses sung."

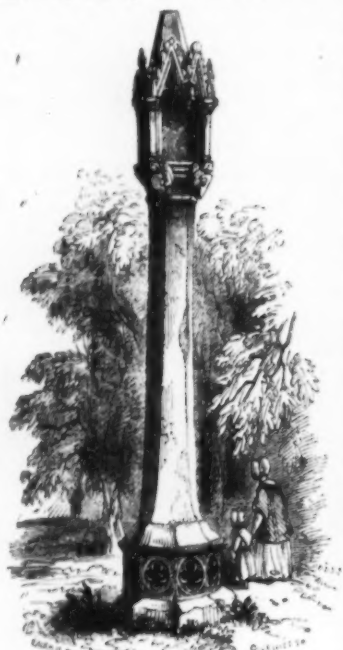
Its name is probably derived from the British *cerigwald*, a stony country; it has two churches, dedicated to St. Sampson and St. Mary; neither, however, advance any pretensions to architectural grace or beauty. The two crosses still preserved in Cricklade are unusually fine specimens of those sacred mementoes in England. That in our first engraving now stands beside an avenue of trees in the church-yard of St. Sampson's, but it formerly stood

* His legendary history declares him to have been a pagan giant of evil propensities, who used to destroy travellers by pretending to carry them across a river; but the Saviour appearing to him as a little child, miraculously surprised him by the almost immovable weight he was upon his shoulder. Christopher, astonished, inquired of him the reason, and was answered, "You bear now the whole world, and also its Creator." With much difficulty and fear he crossed the water; and, being christianised, performed as many good deeds as he had previously done evil. Our little engraving displays the ordinary manner in which this very popular saint was represented by mediæval artists, who in all instances worked to conventional rule; hence in England or upon the Continent there is a complete similarity of treatment for this saintly legend; in the same way the Greek Church at the present day preserves in its pictures the conventional forms of the tenth century unaltered. We constantly find traces of similar representations of the saint in old English churches; but in continental ones they abound: nor is it unusual to encounter gigantic statues of him at the gates of cities (as at Treves, on the Moselle), as if to cheer the parting traveller, or welcome him home on his return.



† The river Rey is of small account, although of some importance as one of the earliest tributaries of the Thames: it rises below Swindon, in Wilts. The Churn, however, demands especial notice, inasmuch as it advances claims to the honour of being the source, and not a tributary, of the great river. It has its rise at "Seven Springs," about three miles south of Cheltenham, and its course is above twenty miles before it loses itself in the Thames—"Thames Head" being not more than ten miles from the junction of the two waters. The Churn has changed its name but little—it is the *Chwyrn* of the British, signifying rapid. Drayton calls it "the nimble-footed:" it passes through the villages of Cowley, Colesbourne, North Cerney, and Baunton; then waters Cirencester, passes through Siddington and South Cerney, and so joins the Thames at Cricklade.

in the High Street of the little town. The finial has been broken, and the figures which once occupied the canopied niches have disappeared. Our second engraving exhibits the more perfect cross in St. Mary's church-yard, nearer the Thames. This remarkably graceful example has figures of saints in the niches, as well as a representation of the Crucifixion. Both appear to be works of the fourteenth century—a period when religious foundations flourished. It was at this time the custom in England (as it still is upon the Continent) to erect these sacred emblems not only near churches and in cemeteries, but by the road-side, to aid the devotions of the traveller,



CROSS AT CRICKLADE.

or ask his prayers for some other wayfarer who may have met death by accident or violence. They were also occasionally used to mark great events; such were the crosses erected to commemorate the places where the body of Queen Eleanor rested; or to signify where important battles had been fought. The town of Cricklade is about ten miles from the source of the Thames. "Thames Head," though in the county of Gloucester, is so near to its southern border that the river, after meandering a mile or two, enters Wiltshire—the village of Kemble being in that county: and it is in Wiltshire the great river first assumes the character of a perennial stream—for the meadows between that village and the source, are, as we have intimated, usually dry during the summer months; soon, however, the river re-enters its native county, which it continues to fertilise during many an after mile of busy toil and tranquil beauty.

Having rested awhile at Cricklade, we pursue the river on its course, and arrive at EISEY BRIDGE. At this bridge the traveller will pause awhile to examine the church, which, standing on a gentle acclivity, overlooks the stream, that here assumes a bolder aspect, and is navigable at all seasons for boats of small draught. A mile or two farther along its banks, and we reach CASTLE EATON—a village now, but once a place of size and strength: "the grete ruines of the Lord Zouche's castle" exist no more; but, here and there, some venerable walls bear records of "hoar antiquitie." A school, so aged as to have been the seat of learning of the great-grand-



CROSS AT CRICKLADE.

fathers of the urchins we found within; and a church, very old and very curious; with a pretty bridge, more than sufficient for its traffic—these are the only points that demand notice in this secluded and most pleasantly situated spot, where the "busy hum" is rarely heard.

The church is picturesque, but exceedingly simple in plan, consisting merely of a nave and chancel; the chancel arch is early English; but the general structure and the principal doors are Norman. The walls have recently been denuded of a thick coat of whitewash, and many of the ancient paintings that once covered them are again brought to light. They appear to be works of the fourteenth century, and to illustrate scripture history or saintly legends. The font is early English, with a simple wreath of foliage boldly carved around the basin, which is supported on a central pillar of carved stone. The church has boasted a fine cross at one period, but only the stone grooves now remain. Upon one of the bells is inscribed, "God prosper this place." The bell-turret is the most remarkable feature of the exterior; it stands upon the junction of the roofs of nave and chancel, and is entirely constructed of thick slabs of stone, the bell swinging on a massive beam within.

Our readers will have perceived that while we conduct them on their voyage down the Thames, we desire to "gossip" with them now and then, believing that "matters of fact" are rendered more impressive by indulgence in those "fancies" which are suggested by scenes and incidents described. Our visit to the school

at Castle Eaton naturally suggested a comparison between the venerable adjunct of the village in old times, and that by which it is now-a-days usually "adorned."

There are few things so changed in character throughout England, both internally and externally, as its village schools, which, in days not long gone by, were nearest in picturesque effect to the village church—simple, contemplative dwellings, covered with climbers, coroneted with flowers, a many-paned window at either side of the door, which was shaded by a covered porch, sometimes solid and thatched, or else open and matted with woodbine—this terminated the path whose line was carefully marked out, and guarded by a border of thrift or a box edging; while within the sanctuary flourished all kinds of "poseys"—wall-flowers, and stocks, and sweet-williams, and riband-grass, a white rose, and a red rose-bush; and, mayhap, a flaunting York-and-Lancaster, or tower of white lilies—the gift of sweet "Miss Mary," who married, and had children five, and now is in the church-yard underneath a marble tomb; "herb rosemary" grew there, and woody lavender, and lavender cotton—

"The tufted basil, pan-pro-voking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marigold
of cheerful hue,"

and streaky pinks, and rich crimson cloves, and sage (a leaf in tea to make it wholesome), and feathery fennel, and such hot turnip-radishes, and little onions, whose silver bulbs disdained the earth, and shot their waving green and narrow leaves above their heads; the row of double parsley was a green banquet to the eye—all was in harmony with the sweet low-roofed house,

from which came the hum of young voices, sometimes low and sweet, sometimes shrill and troubled. The low palings, which divided the garden from the road, were green from age, and had, as it were, taken root and grown their own way, some remaining upright in their rectitude of purpose, others, like weak-minded persons, leaning to the right or left, and having no will of their own. Often a blackbird or a thrush hung in a wicker cage beneath the porch; an old cat on the window-sill winked at the sunbeams; and beyond, close to the yew hedge, whose centre was clipped into some monstrosity called a "peacock," or "flower-pot," lay a shelf of bee-hives, more than half concealed from public gaze by a row of broad-beans, or blossoming peas, upon which the bees under the straw that came to banquet. Now the school-house is generally a new, clean, trim two-storied house, of no particular order of architecture; but upon the external ornamentation of which enough has been spent to clothe, as well as educate, a rising generation. Money, it has been said, is not wealth, neither is size or elaboration beauty—and as yet our national schools look hard and dictatorial. When the softening hand of time passes over those seats of embryo learning—when the bright red brick, or the pure white stone, is toned down by the weather, and ivy and Virginia-creeper clasp the gables, and take off the sharpness of those corners—when, in fact, the new becomes old—the schools of the present time will better harmonise with the character of our beloved English scenery.

But, if the change is so apparent in the schools, what is it in the teachers? Shenstone has drawn with fidelity the picture of the "dame," in the old times of dames' schools:—

"Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dyed in grain—as blue, I trow,
As in the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays."

She was old, and mild but firm; the nod was her help, the rod was her argu-



FONT AT CASTLE EATON.



BELL TOWER, CASTLE EATON.

ment; the shake was her warning, the foolscap her disgrace; a kind smile or word, accompanied by a gingerbread-nut on rare occasions, her reward. We cannot but wonder how those bright, clever-looking women, sent from normal schools to diffuse education in our country parishes, would look in close mob-caps, "whiter than the driven snow," linsey aprons, and "russet stoles and kirtles!" Alas! for the back-headed bonnets and gay muslin—or mouseline—dresses, that sweep the school-room floor, and the air of superiority with which our simple questions, born of domestic wants, are often answered—making us sigh for the days when girls were taught by dames to mend stockings, darn invisibly, sew on buttons to remain on, and piece linen or broadcloth so that the rent became a myth.

Some twenty summers have come and gone since we were much interested by an aged woman, who for many years had kept a dame's school in a quaint little village not a long way from the Thames—indeed, you could see its placid waters from the school-house door, shining and shimmering through the trees. She was called "Dame Madam," or, sometimes, "Madam"—people said that was not her real name, but the "real name" nobody knew. She combined the calling of nurse with that of schoolmistress; but she would only engage to "nurse" at night, as nothing could prevail on her to neglect the charge of "her children." The school outside was like a garland, a tangled mass of clematis and all kinds of climbers; it was built on a knoll facing the south; the ground had never been levelled, so the school-room stood on an inclined plane—the "top" form being considerably elevated over the rest. The Dame said that was an advantage, as, her seat being on high ground, she could at a glance overlook every little urchin, creep he where he would. The children, and, indeed, the villagers, held "Dame Madam" in great respect. There had been a rumour, when she first took the little cottage—consisting of two rooms and a shed—a quarter of a century before our acquaintance with her—that she had been "somebody," who was "whispered about and watched;" but the rumour faded away. She would rise in the night to attend the sick poor—if they could pay her, well, if they could not, that was well also; and the most incorrigible of village children did her bidding without birching. The time of her coming seemed so long past that it had become a legend; and although her delicate frame was worn and bent, and the dimples round her sweet placid mouth had grown into wrinkles, no one ever thought the time of her going was drawing near. She never had much to give, and yet, when in the summer's evening she sat knitting under her great rose-tree, the labourers or wayfarers never passed her door without a greeting or a blessing; she said she liked that seat in the gloaming, when there was no call for her elsewhere, because she could hear the children's voices, as they played and shouted to each other on the green; one would have thought she had had enough of those "sweet voices" during the day; but no, she would listen and exclaim, "There, that's Jimmy Grey; what lungs he has! and that's Peggy Lloyd; how she screams—she will hurt herself by screaming; and that's Bat Thompson's growl—Bat is so like a lion." The cottagers declared that Madam, under the rose-tree, was "quite a picture"—and so she was. Her mob-cap, of spotless white, was tied beneath her chin with a bow of soft white muslin, a white "Rockspun" shawl folded over her bosom, the ends concealed by a white muslin apron; she wore an open dress of brown stuff, and a quilted black petticoat: there was certainly vanity in those neat-fitting Spanish-leather shoes, peeping out daintily on the straw stool. One thing I had nearly forgotten to mention—the dame always wore a green silk over her eyes, like a pent-house; so that, between the shade, and the wide border of her mob-cap, and the great soft bow under her chin, you caught only glimpses of her pale face, except her mouth and the dignified tip of a nose decidedly aquiline; yet nobody ever heard her complain that she was short-sighted. For some time past Dame Madam felt the "shadow of coming events," which is surely the shadow of an angel's wing; she became more silent and thoughtful, and the Bible had almost usurped the place of her knitting; her fame as a nurse continued, and though she was unable to do much, yet the doctor said Dame Madam's head was worth five pair of hands. The first sweet month of summer had passed, the evening of the first of June closed in, and the dame had vacated her seat under the great rose-tree, and gone into the cottage; the birds had ceased to rustle among the leaves—the stars were made visible by increasing darkness—there were bright phosphoric lights glancing over the placid river, giving an almost unearthly interest to the scene; the ray of Dame Madam's candle threw the shadow of stems, and leaves, and tendrils across the path; she heard her little gate "click" and open, and a step struck upon the pavement of "pretty stones," which her scholars had laid down, that their beloved Madam's path might be always dry. She closed her Bible, repeating the last words she had read therein—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

"Dame Madam," said a rough voice at the window, "a gentleman at the inn be taken bad, and missus says please come up, for doctor wants ye."

"Has the gentleman no servant of his own, Giles?"

"Yes, his wife and a black-a-moor; but missus says they be fools—so come up, Madam, you're bad wanted."

The dame tied on her black hood, threw her scarlet cloak around her, and, having extinguished her candle, hastened to the inn. She found the poor lady-wife nearly as ill and worn out as the sick gentleman. She prevailed on her to go to bed, received the doctor's instructions, and took her seat by the bed-side. The patient slept: when he awoke, his voice shook the dame as if she had been galvanised, and when he asked her to move his pillows, he thought she would have fallen on the bed. With trembling hand she gave him his medicine—and then some instinct prompted him to ask her name; and that told,—as it never had before been told in the village,—it became his turn to tremble. Excited beyond all power of self-control, he entreated the wife he had married and abandoned in the days of their youth to have mercy on him; he swore that some years after his desertion he sent from India, and heard she had disappeared, believed her dead, and again married. The dame heard him with seeming calmness; she had recovered her composure; she knew his excuses were untrue, but still her heart yearned to the white-headed, attenuated old

man who had been the love of her youth. "He would make her rich," he continued, "give her gold"—anything so she would keep silence, and not destroy the mother of his children, and brand his sons with the name that blanches the cheek of honourable manhood. He would have crawled from the bed to her feet for pardon and mercy if he could. All this time she spoke not.

"If their child lived he would provide for it."

Then her mother's indignation burst forth—if her child *had* lived, she would have broken her vow of secrecy, and spoken out her honour to the world. No; her child watched for her in heaven!

The excitement and alarm was more than he could bear; he lay back gasping on his pillows, face to face with the woman whose peace and happiness he had destroyed; his hands clasped in supplication; every limb quivering with strong emotion. The Dame withdrew from beneath the folds of her handkerchief—where they had been concealed day and night during years of anguish—the certificate of her marriage, and sundry letters, yellow from age, and spotted with tears; one by one she opened them, and held them with her small transparent fingers before his bloodshot eyes—well he knew them,—and from his parched lips came the prayer, "Mercy, mercy! for HER and our children!" but he did not dare again to offer her gold. One by one she held those evidences of his dishonour and of her honour—those treasures of her life—over the candle, and saw them flutter and fall, in dark transparent flakes, upon the snowy sheets. She then drew out a riband, which passed round her neck and through a wedding-ring; she tried to break it—it would not yield. The man's heart was touched—"Noble, generous woman!" he faltered forth, and tears, hot scalding tears of remorse, if not of penitence, came from his eyes: "Not that—it is enough! Not that!" She fell on her knees by his bed-side, and her cheek, if not her lips, were pressed upon those yellow hands! There were no more words spoken between them; and when in the grey light of morning the lady, enveloped in her cashmere dressing-gown, stole gently into the room, she thought her husband's fever increased, and the old nurse, looking so ill, that she pressed a gold coin into her hand, and entreated her, in a soft low voice, to go home and sleep. When she turned from the bed, a ray of early sunshine was sporting with the coin upon the floor; and the nurse was gone. What power sustained her trembling steps until she arrived at her fragrant home, where every leaflet bore the wealth of jewels that Nature pours upon the sleeping earth—who can tell? She never shut the door, but laid her on her bed and died. The "gentleman" recovered, and, much to the amazement of the village, erected a monument to her memory; the text upon it is there still—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

In the meadows that lead by a somewhat steep ascent to Cricklade, our attention was attracted by a number of bright green insects flitting over the long grass: on capturing one, we recognised it as the moth known to entomologists as the Green Forester (*Ino statice*), by no means a common species in most localities, but here were thousands, either on the wing or at rest among the grass. The prevailing colour of this pretty moth is a very unusual one among the British lepidoptera—the whole surface, except that of the lower wings, being of a lustrous golden green, while the body glitters like a gem. The caterpillar feeds on the cardamine, dock, and some other semi-aquatic plants which everywhere abound in this humid district; we may thus account for the great abundance of the moth in this locality.

The perfect transparency of the water, with its uniform shallowness, gives great facility for studying the zoological, as well as the botanical curiosities of this well-stocked aquarium. Several species of fresh-water shells (*lymneus*, *planorbis*, &c.) were plying about in great abundance on the sandy bed, or adhering to the herbage that fringed the water-side.

Again the river flows onward—again waters flat, but fertile fields—again affords a rich supply of water-plants, but undergoes no change of character; yielding no food for thought until re-entering Gloucestershire, the county of its birth, it passes under the beautiful church, and washes the foundations of KEMPSFORD—a palace of the Plantagenets long ago: of this there are some interesting remains, but of the dwelling of their Saxon predecessors there exists only a vague tradition, confirmed, however, now and then, by evidence gathered from adjacent earth-mounds.

The manor of Kempsford was the property of the great Harold; the Conqueror gave it to one of his Norman soldiers; it passed from him to the family of Chaworth; and from them, by marriage, to Henry Duke of Lancaster, who, in the year 1355, presented it to "the Church;" at the Dissolution, the crown granted it to the Thynnes, ancestors of the marquises of Bath; by whom it was sold to Lord Coleraine, whose tomb is in the church; by him the ancient mansion, erected by Sir Thomas Thynne in the reign of James I. (a quadrangular structure of large dimensions, of which two engravings exist), was dismantled and sold for the value of the materials, the trees were cut down, and a host of "fair memories" destroyed by the recklessness of one bad man. The place is, notwithstanding, full of rare associations; the foundations of the castle may yet be traced, the battlements being in some places unbroken.

The church is a noble structure, remarkable for the grand windows which light the junction of nave and chancel, and above which rises the tower. It was chiefly erected at the expense of Henry Duke of Lancaster, in the fourteenth century, whose arms, and those of other noble families, are conspicuously displayed amid the spandrels within. There are many fragments of fine painted glass in the windows, one of the most perfect delineating St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read. There is also a characteristic altar-tomb of a priest in the chancel, upon which is sculptured the Rood, and the Virgin in glory; but they have been grievously injured by the hands of iconoclasts. The floor is remarkable for its early English tiles, and the roof for its timber-work. The



THE GREEN FORESTER.

porch is early English, forming a framework for the earlier Norman door within it.

The vicar's garden, adjoining, was originally known as the Provost's Garden (probably the garden of the provost-marshal), and, until the year 1800, the road went to the ford across it. The level field on the opposite side is still known as "the Butts,"* and marks the site of the ground appropriated to the military exercises of the soldiery who once garrisoned the castle. "The Butts" were mounds of earth, marked with a ring like a target, and were used in practising archery. A strong arrow with a broad feather was necessary to be



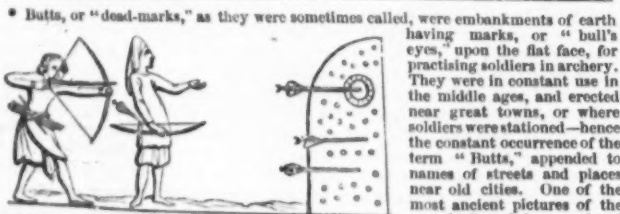
THE CHURCH AT KEMPFORD: AND THE GUNNER'S ROOM.

used; such bows and arrows as gave "immortal fame" to the archers of the English army at Crecy and at Poitiers.

Of the castle itself but a few fragmentary walls remain, and a portion of a tower, which is traditionally known as "the Gunner's Room." The windows command the river, and the embrasures defend the castle at an exposed angle, which seems to have received an additional amount of attention from the architect. The walls are very massive, and now afford abundant room for wild plants and bushes, overshadowed by patrician trees; we may almost imagine we are in the gloomy room of him who guarded the approaches in days long past, when security depended more upon stone walls than on "even-handed justice." A horse-shoe nailed to the church-door continues to sustain the legend that when Henry Duke of Lancaster was quitting it for ever, his steed cast a shoe, which the villagers retained as a memorial, and placed where it is found to-day. However much we may lament over scenes of grandeur passed away, it is a rare consolation to see the church, the rectory, the grounds, and the whole neighbourhood kindly thought of, and well cared for, by the incumbent, who preserves what time has left, and restores where restoration is desirable.

A few miles further, but with little to detain the traveller,—unless he linger awhile at Hannington Bridge, and hence obtain a view of the distant church of Highworth,—and we approach LECHDALE; but, within a mile or so of the town, we pause at a place of much interest; for here the Coln contributes its waters to the Thames, and here terminates that gigantic undertaking—the canal which unites the Severn with the Thames, and which, when steam was thought to be a day-dream of insanity, poured the wealth of many rich districts into the channel that carried it through London to the world.

The Coln—a river which the angler loves, for its yield of trout is abundant—rises near Withington, in Gloucestershire, and, passing by Foss Bridge, Bibury, Coln, St. Aldwin, and Fairford—a town rendered famous by the painted windows in its church†—runs its course of twenty-three miles, and finishes by joining the Thames at the place we have pictured, the terminus of the canal being close to "the meeting." The nearest village, that of INGLESHAM, has a very ancient church, small and rude in character, and strangely isolated in



* Butts, or "dead-marks," as they were sometimes called, were embankments of earth having marks, or "bull's eyes," upon the flat face, for practising soldiers in archery. They were in constant use in the middle ages, and erected near great towns, or where soldiers were stationed—hence the constant occurrence of the term "Butts," appended to names of streets and places near old cities. One of the most ancient pictures of the exercise is copied on a reduced scale in our woodcut. The original is a drawing in the famous psalter executed for Sir Geoffrey Loutrell, who died in 1348. It exhibits an archer aiming at the butts, his arrow drawn to the head, several others are stuck in his girdle. His companion points previous to trying again, for which purpose he already holds his bow and arrow.

† Fairford is but three miles from Lechlade, and will amply repay a visit. The windows are in number twenty-eight, and are said to have been painted from the designs of Albert Durer; they are certainly of his period, and are not unworthy of so illustrious a parentage. They are all allegoric, the more remarkable of them exhibiting the person-

position, being at considerable distance from any cluster of houses. It consists of a simple nave and chancel, a bell-tower crowning the roof, somewhat similar to that we have already pictured at Castle Eaton. Beside the porch there is inserted in the wall the very curious piece of sculpture we here engrave. It represents the Virgin seated, and holding in her lap the Infant Saviour, who rests his left hand upon a book, while his right is extended, giving the benediction, as still practised in the Latin church. A similar benediction is given by a hand above, which is evidently intended for that of the first person of the Trinity. It is surprising how this sculpture (which may be a work of the thirteenth century, or earlier) has escaped the destruction awarded to so many monuments of early faith; but it is worthy of observation that these old villages on the Thames' banks retain many vestiges of a past age still unmolested: thus the steps and shaft of an old stone cross stand close to the porch at Inglesham, and we have already noted several such relics of the Romish faith in the earlier part of our tour.

The Thames and Severn Canal was commenced in 1782, and opened in 1789; but, so far back as the time of Charles II., the scheme of thus uniting the two great rivers of England had been entertained; and Pope mentions that to effect this object was a cherished thought of Lord Bathurst, "when he had finer dreams than ordinary." In 1782 Mr. Robert Whitworth, an eminent engineer, "formed plans and estimates," and, in the following year, an act was passed for carrying them into operation; it was complete within seven years, the first boat passing through on the 19th November, 1789. "This navigable canal [we quote from Boydell] begins at Wallbridge, where the Stroud navigation ends, and proceeds to the immediate vicinity of Lechlade, where it joins the Thames, taking a course of thirty miles seven chains and a half. From Stroud to Sapperton comprehends a length of seven miles and three furlongs, with a rise of two hundred and forty-one feet three inches; from Sapperton to Upper Siddington, including the branch to Cirencester, nine miles eight chains and a half, and is perfectly level; and from Upper Siddington to the Thames near Lechlade, it continues a course of thirteen miles, four furlongs, and nine chains, with a fall of one hundred and thirty feet six inches; the general breadth of the canal is forty-two feet at the top, and thirty feet at the bottom."



JUNCTION OF THE THAMES, THE COLN, AND THE CANAL.

"THE ROUND HOUSE,"—for so the lock-house is named from its form,—the lock, and the two rivers, at their "meeting," are pictured in the appended cut.

enters of the Church, surmounted by demons; and its upholders and protectors associating with angels. Although some of them are much injured, chiefly by hail-storms, they are for the most part in a good state of preservation. The history of these windows is curious:—a sea-captain, named Tame, took them on one of his piratical voyages, and, his conscience not permitting their personal appropriation, he built this church for their reception.

BOTANY,
AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.
BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,
LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF
SCIENCE AND ART.

PART II.
ADAPTATION TO PURPOSE.

THE first question which presents itself to our minds relative to this important subject is, What are the circumstances in which the various vegetable structures are to be placed?

First, we notice that plants are to be situated on a globe of a certain magnitude, the matter of which is of a given density. Without entering into details relative to this part of our subject, we notice that this consideration is one which must have been of high importance in the original creation of vegetable objects, as adapted to our earth. The conditions which were hereby rendered necessary were, that the various vegetable structures should be of a given strength, and that their weight should not exceed their strength; or rather, that the cohesion of the particles composing the structure should be greater than the attraction of the earth should be able to overcome. Though this consideration may appear trifling, it was one of paramount importance in the adaptation of vegetable products to our globe; for were the magnitude of our earth greater, and the matter composing it of the same density, then our structures would be incapable of supporting themselves,—for the attracting power of the body increases with its magnitude, if the density is not decreased; therefore, what we commonly call the weight of the body, is the degree of influence which the attraction of the earth exerts upon it, and is governed by the magnitude and density of the sphere. Or were our planet to possess the same mass of matter, but be condensed into half its bulk, the attracting power would be greater—as this influence is exerted in an increased ratio as the attracted body approaches the centre of the attracting mass; and consequently the vegetable structures which now grow on our globe would not be adapted to such circumstances. Thus the organisms which are appropriate to our planet, would not be appropriate to certain other planetary worlds. In this point, therefore, we see clearly adaptation to purpose, as we know from daily observation that the strengths of the objects forming the vegetable kingdom of our earth precisely accord with the mass and density of our globe, therefore, with its attracting force.

The next condition of our earth which we shall notice is, that its temperature is not uniform throughout its entire surface, but is variable in various latitudes, and at different altitudes. This necessitates the vegetable products which inhabit it to be variously organised, in order that they may cover the entire globe: some must endure heat to a given intensity, while others shall require a very small amount of this agent. This is also beautifully carried out in the vegetable products of our globe, for some can, and do, endure much heat, while others flourish in the colder zones. Thus the vegetable products of our world are perfectly adapted to this necessity.

Moreover, this sphere is one composed of land and water, and if both are to be the occupants of vegetable life, plants must on this account be diversely formed. Both are to be cheered with vegetable forms, therefore some are adapted to form a mantle for the wide-spread plain, some stud the parched rock, some clothe the woodland's floor, while others are wrapped in the bosom of the ocean; some are to garb the shallow rill, and therefore, after fixing their roots at the bottom, as if to secure themselves as by an anchor, develop their gay foliage, leaf after leaf rising from out the limpid waters; others are to mantle the deeper lake, and are therefore furnished with aerial floats, and thus the little plant, like a tiny bark, undulates on the rocking wave, fearless of the depth of the dark blue waters: thus are plants adapted in this particular, also, to their destined purpose.

Again, the planet which they are to occupy is one which has periodical intervals of light and darkness, and these are variable in most latitudes. That the plants of our globe are so organised as to be

perfectly adapted to this condition is at once obvious. Go forth and wander in your garden, and as night approaches you observe flower after flower closing up its blossoms, plant after plant folding up its leafy arms; yea, Nature is retiring—behold, she sleeps, for—

“Night, sable goddess! from her ebony throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre.”

But soon the sable goddess Night brings forth a son, a spark of light and joy. He wakes, and, flapping his downy pinions, rises on the wings of the morning, and, smiling on all nature, takes his place on his mother's throne. The birds arise to sing his song of welcome and of praise, all nature wakes; the flowers unfold their arms and raise their drooping heads, for the season of repose is again past; and so beautifully intimate is this relation between the physiological constitution of plants and the seasons of light and darkness, that it is probable, yea, certain, that if these periods were materially altered in duration, that death must ensue to a great portion of the vegetable world. And so precise is the harmony existing between the members of the vegetable world and the constitution of our sphere in this respect, that Linnæus, the immortal Swede, even ventured to propose a *floral clock*, which entirely rests upon this harmony. Thus the Day-lily opens at five in the morning, the common Dandelion at six, the Hawk-weed at seven, and so on; the closing of the blossoms marking corresponding hours in the afternoon. And Mrs. Hemans, in her homely verse, takes up the strain:—

“’Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.”

“Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup or bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.”

The earth is also visited by periods of cold and heat, which are variable both in duration and intensity in various climates. To this condition of our sphere the products of the vegetable world are likewise adapted, for not only is nightly rest required by these structures, but a season of continued repose is also demanded, or a period in which a given work shall be completed internally, and the outer and more active life laid aside. This necessity is provided for by the existence of a period of cold, which is to vegetation a time of repose, or a period in which the outer and more active work of the organism is laid aside, and in which an internal work may be accomplished. The intensity of this variation of temperature being variable with climate, certain plants are adapted for given districts which may be exposed to the maximum or minimum of these variations: thus Lichens can flourish near the poles, Exogens in temperate zones (as our common trees), and Endogens in the tropics (as palm-trees).

The globe is also furnished with an atmosphere; hence with winds, clouds, rain, and snow. Therefore it follows, that as plants are exposed to winds, they must either be elastic or sufficiently strong to entirely resist its influence; to meet this requirement plants are possessed of elasticity, which is even so obvious in these structures, that elasticity is ascribed to the cell—which is the unit of the vegetable—as one of its particular attributes; therefore as the unit is elastic, the structure, which is a mere aggregation of these units, must be elastic also: but no system of reasoning is required in order to reveal fully this fact. See how the boughs yield to the whistling wind; they are rocked about by the storm, yet are not broken: this, therefore, is conclusive. However, another condition is hereby rendered necessary, namely, that if the vegetable structures are to proceed from the ground, and to occupy a vertical position, they must be in some way united with, or bound to the earth by some secure tie: this is beautifully accomplished in many ways by the various roots which are possessed by those developments which occupy this position. But time would fail us to examine the ways in which this is brought about, for nothing but a due examination of the diverse structures of this organ could fully reveal the manners in which this is accomplished: and as we must hereafter allude to this, we shall pass on,

receiving the fact, taught by daily experience, that plants do rise vertically from the earth to which they are bound by some peculiar means of attachment, and that sufficiently securely to resist (as a rule) the influence of the wind. As clouds are casual, but still natural and frequent phenomena, and intervene between the sun and the earth, and hence exclude the direct solar rays, plants must also be adapted to this contingency,—and so they are in every particular: but it is probable, yea, certain, that clouds play an important part in other atmospheric operations, but for their every phenomena the vegetable race is suitably adapted. But these clouds are also the reservoirs of rain, and from them it is poured forth on nature; therefore are vegetable structures formed of such substances as are insoluble in this medium, and receive no injury from momentary contact with it. The action of snow would be somewhat similar to rain, though of a more chilling character; but so beautifully has nature adapted her vegetable structures to its influence, that they not only sustain no injury from contact with it, but it is to them an ermine dress to protect from the biting frosts of the bitter Boreas. Thus we see that the vegetable products of the earth are beautifully adapted to these varied circumstances.

Vegetables are also required to be produced on a world the surface of which varies geologically, therefore its chemical composition is not the same in every part. To meet this emergency, nature has designed that some should grow on clay, some on chalk, and others on varied soils. Thus one race of plants flourishes on one soil and one on another, and so the whole earth becomes covered with these lovely gems.

The last condition which we shall name under this part of our subject is, that it is a world to which nothing shall be hereafter added. This necessitates one generation to make way for the next; and how beautifully is this carried out in the vegetable world! at a given, though variable period, the life of plants terminates, and as soon as the active principle of vitality deserts the organism, decomposition commences, it is resolved into its elements, which are again to unite, and form the coming generation. Thus there are no after additions required: the circle being once formed is now endless, and will continue to revolve till it is snapped asunder by Him by whom it was formed. Thus beautifully do we see that not only in one particular, but in all, are the members of the vegetable kingdom accurately adjusted and beautifully adapted to the existing conditions of the globe. And not only are plants so formed as not to sustain injury from the varied circumstances in which they are placed, but from nearly, if not quite, all of these varied conditions they reap congenial aid.

We next notice whether the globe on which these structures are to be placed is to be inhabited by animals, and if it is, what are their characters. The sphere which is to be the abode of these various vegetable structures is to be inhabited by an animal race, the members of which are variously organised and differently constituted physiologically; but the only difference which it is necessary for us to notice is that some are wholly herbivorous, some binivorous, while others are carnivorous. The fact that some live wholly, and others partially, on the vegetable products of the world, requires that a certain number of the members of this kingdom should be composed or formed of those materials which should not be poisonous or injurious to those whom they are destined to feed: nor is this all, these edible herbs must also exist in sufficient quantities to supply the demands of the entire race of vegetable eaters. How beautifully is this carried out in the vegetable creation—for not only are numbers of these products not poisonous or injurious, but they are nourishing and invigorating; and, added to this, they are precisely adapted to the taste of the various creatures which they are destined to feed. Also the quantity is in the strictest harmony with the requirements of the herbivorous races, or at any rate there is no lack, but enough and to spare.

Not only are plants called upon to supply a large portion of the animal kingdom with congenial nutriment, but they are also destined to fulfil other conditions. The result of the respiration of animals

is the presence in the atmosphere of a large quantity of carbonic acid gas; now as this gas is poisonous to animals, and its presence in more than a given quantity in the air is detrimental to their well-being, it must be removed. This duty is devolved upon the vegetable race. In order to this, plants have been so organised as to absorb this fluid greedily; and it even forms a part of their food. Also, the principle of animal life contained in the atmosphere is the gas named oxygen; therefore plants are not only called upon to purify the air by absorbing the carbonic acid, but likewise to decompose this latter gas, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, to retain the carbon, to exhale the oxygen, and thus continually furnish the air with a fresh supply of the stay of animal life. Not only do they furnish land animals with oxygen, but they also supply this element to marine creatures: thus upon the presence of these beautiful structures in the bosom of the deep, as well as upon the land, rests, to a great extent, the well-being and life of animals.

Another question relative to the physical constitution of animals may here be noticed: it is, that animals are the subject of diseases, whose energies, if not diverted, will terminate their existence. As antidotes to these maladies, many of the members of the vegetable race were formed, in whose system are accumulated those secretions which will alleviate many a woe, mitigate many a pain, and even defer the blow of Him who terminates the earthly existence of all animal beings. Thus beautifully are these requirements also fulfilled. We next notice the susceptibilities of these creatures for pleasure, and whence this enjoyment is derived: here we must confine our remarks chiefly to man, the masterpiece of creation. Experience teaches the fact, that man is susceptible of enjoyment of the purest and highest nature, which may be derived from various sources; thus certain forms, combinations of colour, odours, &c., yield enjoyment to this intellectual organism. Nature, that is the God of nature, in accordance with this fact, produced certain of the various constituent members of the floral world of such forms as should convey to man a maximum of delight when beholding them, and of such colours and such combinations of colours as should seem to him most beautiful and gorgeous; and also imparted to them such odours as should be most cheering and reviving: thus the vegetable race having to charm man by its forms, colours, and odours, is adapted to these requirements.

One other point relative to this part of our subject suggests itself, viz.: that as the animal race is to be perpetuated, and the life of each vegetable structure is limited, the latter must be endowed with the power of reproduction, in order to supply the wants of the higher races which they are to feed. This requirement is also beautifully fulfilled, for not only do plants reproduce themselves in embryo in the form of seed, which they have the power of scattering and setting, but diverse means of propagation are furnished by nature, which are too numerous to be here mentioned: provision is hereby fully made, not only for the perpetuation of the race, but also for its non-annihilation by the ravages of the herbivorous and binivorous races.

Thus beautifully do we see the varied products of the vegetable world adapted in every particular to the necessities of those animals, the life of which they have to sustain. Some, however, may object to this latter argument, as animals were formed subsequent to vegetables; to this we reply, by asking the question, whether it is at all probable that the greater was formed to suit the lesser? is it not much more reasonable to suppose that the lesser was formed for the greater. Again, it may be objected that, owing to vegetables being formed before animals, and therefore before their characters were developed, it was impossible to adapt them to the then unknown characters of future animals. To this we merely reply, that the Creator had a perfect knowledge of what he was about ultimately to form, and He prepared the world by clothing it in living vegetation for the reception of its more noble guests.

We next notice, that although the varied structures of the vegetable kingdom are so beautifully and perfectly adapted to their varied positions, nevertheless the constitution of this sphere is such

as must necessarily prevent them (in certain cases) from occupying the position which they were especially designed to fill, therefore they must be adapted to these contingencies.

This point, though of great interest, we shall not dwell upon, but will merely view those circumstances which are of primary importance to the ornamentist.

First we notice, that although a plant may be designed for, and specially adapted to a given position, when its station is altered, hence the surrounding circumstances, it will even modify its manner of growth in order to adapt itself to this contingency.

For example, take a tree, and view it when situated in an open position, in which case nature appears to feel that it can, and is to be viewed equally from all sides, it is developed as a perfectly symmetrical structure, extending its arms equally in all directions. Now let a similar tree, when young, be placed close by a wall, and you have not the same result, for it is obvious that branches cannot be protruded in the direction of the wall without meeting with such an interrupting cause as would altogether mar the beauty of the structure; also, there is no necessity for the development of those branches which would protrude in that direction, for a wall being opaque cannot be seen through, therefore the buds thus situated remain undeveloped, the development taking place exclusively in the direction of the spectators, who must be on the same side of the wall as the viewed object. Thus, in this instance, we notice that the normal development of the structure is departed from in order to secure the greatest amount of beauty in the given position—for doubtless there is far more beauty displayed by that portion of the structure which is external being regularly developed, and the other portion being undeveloped, than in all being protruded and thereby forming a confused irregular mass.

Having now noticed that plants will modify their



Fig. 17. GOOSE-GRASS.—*Galium aparine*.

normal developing energy in order to adapt themselves to those stations in which they may be called casually to exist, we proceed to notice that the organs developed will also deviate from their normal

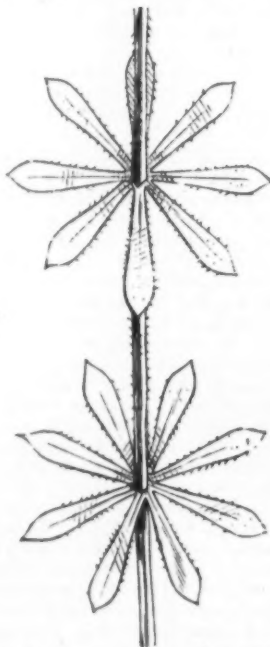


Fig. 18. GOOSE-GRASS.—*Galium aparine*.

positions, in order to perfectly adapt themselves to their particular stations. Thus, if we wander by a "border" (a strip of ground running in front of a wall), and gaze on the varied vegetable structures

there situated, we observe that each leaf and every flower is turned outwards, or towards us, the spectators; now the normal position of most leaves is that in which one surface faces the sky and the other the earth, but here they are more or less oblique, which is certainly the most beautiful position when in this situation. Again, this variation in the direction of the leaves in some cases produces a modification which is well worthy of notice; thus the verticillate leaves of the Goose-grass—*Galium* (which was figured in our last paper, Fig. 2)—proceed at a given angle from the stem, each member of the whorl leaving the stem at the same angle; but this only takes place when the plant occupies a vertical position, which it gains by climbing hedges, &c., and this it can readily accomplish by means of the little hooks with which it is furnished. In some cases, however, it is compelled to remain prostrate, its stem being too feeble to support it, and no kindly friend offering its aid, in which case it has to become an horizontal decoration; it now no longer develops its leaves, so that each member of the whorl forms with the stem the same angle, but some form with it an angle which is very acute, and others remarkably obtuse; in fact the whorls of leaves, instead of being more or less at right angles with the stem, are almost parallel with it (Fig. 17), appearing from above as a series of circles connected by the axis (Fig. 18).

But more than this, the normal arrangements of leaves is departed from, as well as their primitive directions. Thus, if a spray of the Ivy be examined which has grown in an open space, and hence is an object to be viewed on all sides, it will be seen that the arrangement of its leaves is spiral, two revolutions of the spiral thread encountering five



Fig. 19. IVY.—*Hedera helix*.

buds, as was delineated of the Oak in a figure in our last paper (Fig. 6); but let us now take a branch of the Ivy which has grown against a wall, where it is an object to be viewed on one side only, and we no longer find the leaves disposed in a somewhat complex spiral manner, but they assume simply the alternate disposition, one being at the right, the other at the left of the stem (Fig. 19). Again, if a spray is taken from a plant of Jasmine which has

grown in an open space, its leaves will be found to be *opposite* and *decussate*, two proceeding from the same point of the stem in opposite directions, and each pair crossing those both immediately below and above them (Fig. 20); but take a spray from a plant which has grown close to a wall, and you will find that each successive pair is over those both immediately below and above it, and does not cross it (Fig. 21); this also occurs with the flowers. Thus we see that nature will adapt herself to her position. We must here justify ourselves before proceeding: we have said that the leaves of a plant, the arrangement of which is opposite and decussate (that is in pairs, each of which crosses the pair both immediately below and above), cease to form right angles with each other when placed against a solid background; also, that leaves have in their axils (the angles formed between leaves' stalks, and the stem) buds which, when developed, are branches; and yet that plants, whether their leaves be opposite and decussate, or otherwise, do not develop those buds which face the wall; this apparent contradiction arises from this, that plants with very strong stems will not often alter their leaves, if decussate, from the cross to the parallel series, whereas those with thinner stems readily do; also, if a young plant is moved to such a position (as against a wall) after the buds are formed, say just after the fall of the leaves, those buds only which are exterior will develop.

Having now examined, at as much length as space will permit, the manner in which the products of the vegetable kingdom are adapted to their varied positions, it only remains for us to make one or two general remarks upon this subject. First we notice that, in order to the perfect adaptation of the structure to its destined purpose, each part must perform its particular duty, and each part must be adapted to its particular office; for if one part is not adapted to its particular purpose, the beauty of the whole is sacrificed. Without entering into further detail, we proceed to apply these preliminaries to our purposes. Noticing first that we have dwelt longer on this point than we otherwise should, believing it to be one of those considerations which are most overlooked in the aggregate productions of the present day, and therefore deeming it necessary to dwell rather longer upon it, and also being a point of such high interest it demands due meditation. Need we say in the outset that all vegetable structures are relief decorations, and must necessarily be such, as a living structure demands a circulating system of fluids, &c., and that this necessitates thickness or rotundity; also, as these beautiful structures are destined to break the monotony of the plain, they must have magnitude, and therefore must be relief decorations? A permanent decoration, or one which is never to increase in magnitude or alter, may be without thickness, but a growing ornament must be relief. Nature, then, appears to have started upon this principle, and first, having taken all circumstances into consideration, produces a series of vegetable structures which harmonise, or form a beautiful contrast with all surrounding objects, and which are in every particular adapted to the varied positions in which they may be placed, as well as possessed of capabilities for performing their every duty: to accomplish this, she, knowing that rotundity was necessary, instead of trying to disguise it, fully reveals it; therefore every marking on the stem, and other members of the vegetable, go to express more definitely their solid forms. Need we go further to apply our subject? need we throw out the hint to all who are engaged in the lovely art of original composition, do as nature did?—first duly consider the purpose of the required

object; secondly, the material at disposal for its formation; thirdly, the circumstances with which it will be continually surrounded; and lastly, let there be no shade of hypocrisy about any part of the production, but let every line go to express and give force to the intention of its every part, and this will be found advantageous rather than otherwise, if, having duly considered what was necessary, the most fitting forms have been em-

plane, the beauty of which is its evenness, or why form it of smooth boards? why, then, should not the decoration carry out this delightful feature, and not convey the idea of a rough and rugged stony path; fully persuaded are we that, if Nature were assigned such a task, she would accomplish it in the above described manner: in this statement we are supported by all markings in flowers of various colours, as Sweet-williams, &c., for none are relief.

Some may, however, argue that grass, which is the natural carpet of the great floor of nature, is relief: we reply that that grass, which is congenial for this purpose, is short, and gives merely a texture, as the velvety pile of some carpets, which none could condemn; and those plants which are large enough to cast bold shadows we gladly avoid.

Having now worked out the principle of adaptation to purpose, as set forth in the vegetable world, we proceed to notice one or two points in this subject which refer to form only, carrying out our original division of plants, as destined for vertical or horizontal ornaments. We have noticed that a principle of symmetry is carried out in the developments of the vegetable world, but that this symmetry varies in quality or extent. Thus the Violet has only its two halves corresponding with each other, while the Stonecrop is composed of a series of similar units. Now it is obvious that where the structure is composed of a series of similar units that it is equally well adapted for an horizontal or a vertical ornament—say to adorn a wall or a floor; and this is carried out in nature, for the Primrose has an horizontal position, while the Cowslip has a vertical—that is, in the

former case we view it from above, as a floor decoration, in the latter laterally, or as a wall decoration. On the contrary, those flowers the two sides of which only are alike, are solely adapted for a vertical position, such as a wall decoration, &c. However, though individually such flowers are adapted for such positions only, and are employed by nature when solitary only in such situations, nevertheless, it is obvious that when aggregated in a certain manner that they are perfectly adapted for an horizontal position. Thus the flowers of the Candy-tuft (Fig. 22), as well as those of most umbelliferous plants, are so formed that the two halves only correspond, nevertheless they enjoy an horizontal station, but here there are a number of flowers, arranged round a common centre in the most rigid order, and the smaller portion of each flower points to the centre of the aggregation:—thus does Nature beautifully adapt her varied structures to their particular purpose. Although we have said that a composition composed of a series of similar units is equally adapted for an horizontal or a vertical position, nevertheless, there is a slight modification in these structures oftentimes brought about by nature when placed in these diverse positions; thus, if the flower is to stand erect or be horizontal, the central organ, or rod of the

flower (the pistil) is usually erect, and is surrounded by a series of awl-shaped members (stamens), which are situated equidistant from it at all sides, whereas, if the flower occupies a vertical position (as adapted for a wall decoration), this central rod, with its accompanying members, usually recline on the lower portion of the flower, as in the Cactus.

These considerations we deem amply sufficient to fully establish the fact that the various vegetable structures are adapted in every particular to their fixed destiny.

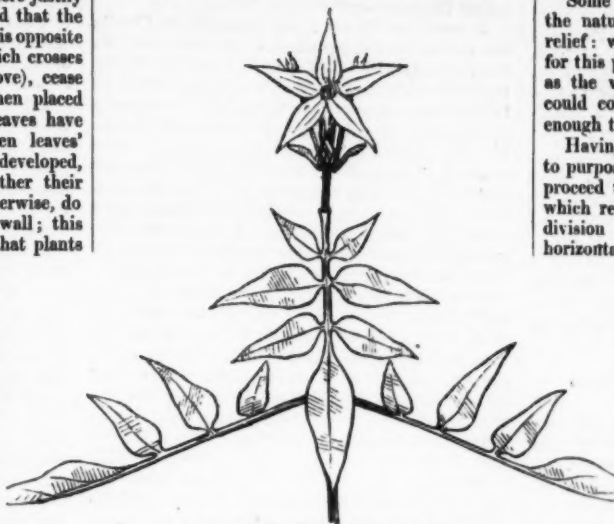


Fig. 20. JASMINE.—*Jasminum officinale*.

ployed, whether relief or otherwise, varying according to circumstances. If we have duly learnt the lesson of consistency, which has been the object of these paragraphs, we shall pardon their tediousness, and, we think, acquiesce in the proposition of Vitruvius where he says—"The perfection of all works depends on their fitness to answer the end proposed, and on principles resulting from a consideration of Nature herself."

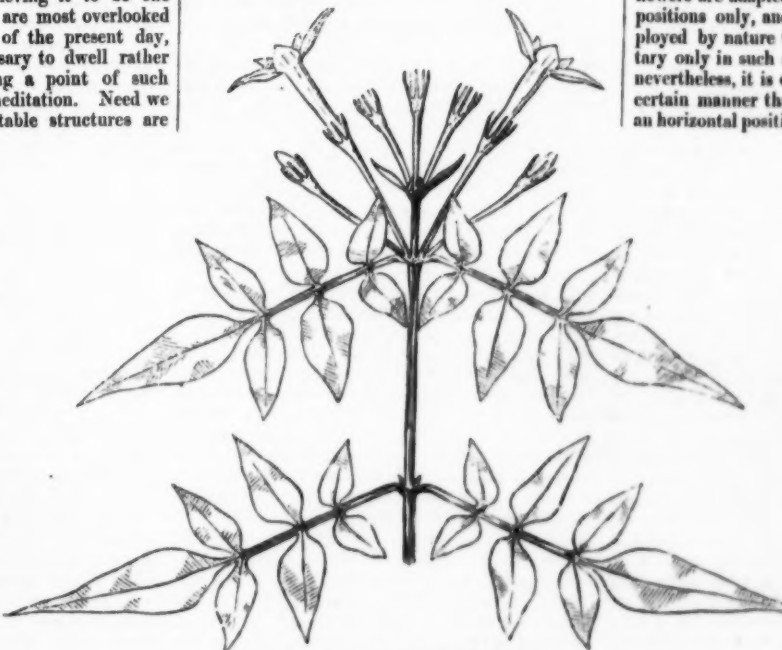


Fig. 21. JASMINE.—*Jasminum officinale*.

We need not say that all the products of the vegetable kingdom, being relief ornaments, furnish no proof that all ours should be such; on the contrary, the very fact that nature has employed relief decorations only, which were the only ones which would be adapted to her requirements, proves to our mind that we should in certain instances employ those decorations which are not only minus relief, but also the very appearance of such, as they, and they alone, can carry out, in certain cases, the principle of adaptation to purpose—for example, a floor is a



Fig. 22. CANDY-TUFT.

RAMBLES IN ROME.

No. I.—THE MODERN ROAD TO ROME—FIRST IMPRESSIONS THERE—THE FORUM AND ITS MONUMENTS.

How much of truth, as well as poetry, is conveyed in the phrase by which we generally designate Rome—"the Eternal City!" Its interest is indeed immortal; the very earth upon which its palaces once stood is eloquent with history, and has inspired poets with their richest imaginings; while the relics of "the masters of the world" draw from all lands pilgrims as devoted as those who travelled in the past ages to Jerusalem. The student of history finds here the very monuments which make part of its records; the antiquary studies here the fragments which aid him in reconstructing its ruined temples and its past life, by which we may the better understand the historian's pages. The artist in his youth yearns towards the great old city—it is the hope and earnest struggle of his life to visit it, and in maturer age the memory of the sojourn there is ever present among his happiest experiences. The poet dreams amid its ruins, or rather, sounds his rhyme like a trumpet-call to the civilised world, gathering other devotees:—

"With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

But yet let us not, while worshipping the past, forget the greatness of the present age, nor do it the injustice of not feeling its own peculiar power. It is not our necessity to construct a Coliseum, but our great commercial works are often as noble, and aid the march of civilisation in a manner unknown to any previous era. Thanks to "the iron road," and the power of steam, time, wind, and tide, are partially subdued, and their rule, once absolute, rendered more amenable to our necessities or pleasures. "Distance" has resolved itself into "time," and thus Rome is very much nearer now to us than it ever was before.

If the traveller be fond of classical antiquities—and it is not very likely that he would guide his steps to Rome without being so—he will find much to interest him on his way thither. The artist, also, who may have the Eternal City in view for its Art-treasures only, cannot fail to be interested by those *en route*; which will, in fact, prepare him for the grander ones he has to see. Less striking in quantity, the old Provençal cities contain some few antiques equal to those in Rome—nay, the *Maison Carrée*, at Nîmes, is the most perfect Corinthian temple existing. If he be a lover of landscape, the banks of the Rhone are as grand as those of the Rhine; while the view from Orange across the fertile olive gardens of Provence toward Mont Ventoux has been compared to the scenery of Greece by travellers of taste and discrimination. To those for whom the mediæval era has charms, and the pages of Froissart delight, we would suggest a stay at Montelimart, Rochemaure, or Tarascon, where René of Anjou kept court in the old troubadour taste. All travellers of mind, be they artist or amateur, author or student, must own the influence of such scenes; and, while flying through them by the express train, regret that the passing glance should not rather be the leisurely survey. We whirl through life so rapidly in the present day that youth and old age are the only resting-places of "the fitful fever" we have made out of its great middle course. Let the traveller arrange for a due knowledge of the country through which his journey lies—it will well repay him. Avignon may detain the poet. Here Petrarch lived, and here first met his Laura; his classic home at Vaucluse is but a few hours distant, and is reached by travelling over a country of truly poetic beauty. Where the poet leads, the artist may safely follow, and if he be not detained by the grandeur of the old city of the popes, or the castle-crowned rock of Villeneuve opposite, the magnificence of the scenery around him, and the beauty of the home of Petrarch, cannot fail to charm. Its climate has been happily described in the proverbial words:—"Avenio ventosa, sine vento venenosa, cum vento fastidiosa."

But now let us imagine the dangers and difficulties of the journey over, and the traveller safely within the walls of Rome. He has settled the last extortion of the last conductor of the diligence, and may go to St. Peter's, and return thanks that the *genus* is

extinct where railways are laid down. The misery and expense of the old diligence travelling has made these "institutions" a greater blessing to the tourist abroad than among ourselves—but in Italy railways are comparatively unknown. A short line from Rome to Frascati, a distance of about seven miles, is all that is to be met with in the Papal States, and the visitor to Rome must be prepared for a city far behind in the race of improvement which characterises the great capitals nearer home.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to describe the conflicting feelings which crowd the traveller's mind on a first visit to Rome. The most indifferent experience this, the most enthusiastic are bewildered in expressing them. Conflicting they necessarily are—feelings of satisfaction or disappointment continually chase each other through the mind. Some celebrated things do not come up to a preconceived idea of them, others surpass expectation. Rome, as a city, is not striking, particularly on approaching it over the desolate campagna. A wearisome plain stretches from the sea, a few elevations occasionally break the monotony, but they are of no significance, nor do they present picturesque features. High walls shut in the city, above which is seen the dome of St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo; but the view is disappointing, the scene has little to interest the stranger, or give him a realisation of preconceived ideas of imperial Rome. The historic localities, the ruins which are part of the world's history, lie some distance on the other side of the Tiber, and away from the modern, or fashionable localities, where the richer classes reside. The city of the popes lies northward of the city of the classic Romans, and the column of Antonine marks the boundary of interest to the archaeologist.

Upon the Capitoline Hill is a square of palaces, sacred to Art and Science. Here the ancient sculptures are enshrined, and modern *savants* hold their meetings. The noblest equestrian statue in the world occupies the pedestal in its centre: it is the bronze of Marcus Aurelius, which Michael Angelo worshipped with an artist's enthusiasm. Let us ascend the grand staircase, whose easy gradient was formed for the convenience of Charles V. of Spain, and passing the statue, mount the steps of the central palace beyond, known as the Palace of the Senator, which is built on the oldest structure in Rome, the "Tabularium," believed to have been formed in the days of its republic. High above this building rises a tower, which, when ascended, furnishes the best panoramic view of Rome. Immediately beneath us lies the Forum, "the heart" of the ancient city, but now nearly the southern boundary of the modern one. You still look upon the irregular masses of stone which paved the road, winding from the arch of Septimius Severus between the temples of Saturn and Vespasian, to the summit of the Capitol. The ruts of the Roman chariot wheels deeply impress these stones, and invest them with an almost sacred interest when we recall the history of past ages, and the scenes of triumph and glory enacted by the masters of the Old World in the classic ground beneath us. The rows of trees across the Campo Vaccino lead in a direct line to the Arch of Titus, famous for its bassi-relievi commemorating the conquest of Judea. To the left, close to the Capitol, and below the Church of Ara Cœli (where Gibbon first conceived the idea of his immortal work) is the little Church of St. Pietro in Carcere. It is built over the famed Mamertine prisons, completed by Servius Tullius 578 years before the Christian era. Opposite this stands the Church of St. Luke, where the far-famed Academy meet, and in which is the noble figure of the Saviour by Thorwaldsen; and this is separated by a small street from another church, the brick front of which belonged to the Temple of Hadrian. A short line of plain modern houses leads to the centre of the Forum, and here we perceive the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, partially converted into the Church of St. Lorenzo. It was consecrated to their memories as deities by the adulation of the Roman Senate, and the inscription recording the act is still upon the frieze. Opposite is the walled garden of the Villa Farnese, bounding the Palatine Hill, and enclosing the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. In front of this stand the three solitary columns of a temple, which has already received as many names as learned men have contended it should do. The deep excavations recently made beside them reveal

the marble floors of many noble buildings which once crowded the Forum, and so bring us back to the solitary column of Phocas, in the foreground of our view. If we carry our eye beyond the Arch of Titus, we shall see the vast circle of the Coliseum, and the gigantic arches of the Basilica of Constantine, rising far above the puny buildings around them; while gardens, churches, and houses, cover the rest of old Rome. Turning the other way, modern Rome, with its crowded houses, spreads to the foot of the Pincian Hill; the columns of Trajan and Antonine, the dome of the Pantheon, and the Castle of St. Angelo, being the only striking remains of ancient labour we detect in the midst of modern work.

Let us descend, and walk to the Arch of Titus, which bounds the view in the modern forum. How noble are the fragments (alas, that they are fragments!) which the artist of his day sculptured to commemorate the fall of Jerusalem. Little did the vainglory of old Rome consider that the representation of the half-despised spoils of the Temple should give one chief point of interest to their city, when the hated Christianity should flourish on the ruins of classic heathenism. The Coliseum could only be effectually preserved by consecrating it to the early Christian martyrs. How powerful are the lessons which history teaches! But let us not leave these damaged bassi-relievi without an acknowledgment of their artistic beauty; it is an acknowledgment that we do not remember to have hitherto seen rendered to them—their great historic interest has absorbed all attention:—yet note the glorious beauty of these horses' heads, as they bear along the triumphant Cæsar; their eyes glow and nostrils dilate as if conscious of their charge. They are as fine as the Elgin marbles; nor will the chaste beauty of the heads of the attendants who crowd the scene suffer by a comparison with these glorious works.

We will pursue our way down the inclined plane of the *Via Sacra*, which Horace relates he used to make his favourite walk; and then let us study the older parts of the Arch of Constantine. These older parts are portions of the Arch of Trajan, which the unscrupulous Constantine "appropriated" to his own glory. They all represent events in the life of Trajan, with that fidelity of detail, that perfect *vraisemblance* so conspicuous in the finer works of antiquity, and which never injures the grandeur of their conception, or the breadth of their treatment. They are true pictures, and noble works of Art at the same time. Criticism has not yet done justice to the admirable figures of Dacian captives that surmount its columns. They look down upon you in dignified silence, erect and kingly, though bound by their conquerors; it is as if the Roman sculptor felt obliged to respect and express the innate nobility of the despised barbarian, and magnanimously accorded to their stony representatives the expression which was their due. They seem now rather placed to claim respect and pity, than to swell the glory of a conqueror.

Time has dealt leniently with these ancient works: to a northern eye, the cleanness and perfection of monuments which have been exposed to the weather during so many centuries, are most surprising. Age has merely tinged them with a warm rich glow; but has "written" no "strange defeatures on their brow." It is the barbarism of man alone which has done mischief; and the deep indents we perceive so constantly between the stones are the works of the old Goths, who chipped down to the clamps which held them together to get at the metal. Since their period, the popes and nobles used the monuments as stone quarries, and constructed from them palaces so enormous, that they have become a trouble to keep up. But the Roman people, however poor and debased, have never destroyed their monuments. We see now the finest works of ancient and modern Art fully exposed and unscathed. The old Roman Janus Quadrifrons, which gives the name to the Ponte Quattro Capi, is unprotected; so is the beautiful modern sculpture on the road up the Pincian Hill. Hundreds of other examples might be given of the most valuable works freely exposed night and day. The people are familiarised with them, and respect them as public property; they are the treasures of the poor in Rome, who jealously guard them, as the noble may his own works in his own palazzo. Let us be taught the lesson thus offered.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

OBITUARY.

MR. FREDERICK CHRISTIAN LEWIS.

We regret to have to record the death, from an attack of apoplexy, of this excellent artist and most inestimable man, which occurred on the 18th of December, at Enfield. Mr. Lewis was in the 77th year of his age. He was born in London, in 1779, and was placed by his parents at an early age with an engraver of some celebrity, named Stadler. Subsequently he became a student of the Royal Academy, and a most diligent one; he here formed friendships with most of those great artists, his contemporaries, who were then his fellow-students, and whose esteem he had the satisfaction to retain during life. At the commencement of his profession on his own account, he contracted an intimacy with Girtin, and engraved his "Views of Paris." Shortly after this the late William Young Ottley, who was publishing his "Italian School of Design," engaged him to engrave *facsimiles* most of his celebrated collection of drawings by Michael Angelo, Raffaele, &c. He now felt that his sympathies were excited, and admirably did he perform his task, for it is admitted that no modern engraver has ever produced such transcripts of such great works. While thus occupied, he lived for five years at Enfield, and when the *burin* was not employed, he was sketching early and late from nature. Returning to London, Sir Thomas Lawrence, who thoroughly recognised the talent which had reproduced "Ottley's Raffaeles," &c., placed in his hands some of those exquisite chalk drawings of portraits, so celebrated for their delicacy and refinement, and which then no engraver had succeeded in imitating. But here Mr. Lewis was at home, and until the death of his friend Sir T. Lawrence, in 1830, he was almost wholly occupied in engraving from his works. Mr. Lewis had the honour of being appointed engraver to H.R.H. the late Princess Charlotte, and successively to their majesties George IV., William IV., and the present Queen. Mr. Lewis, in addition to his talents as an engraver, was a landscape-painter of no ordinary excellence. Till within some few years, he exhibited at the Royal Academy regularly, and frequently at the British Institution. His engravings from his own sketches of Devonshire rivers will be well recollected by many of our readers. Nothing could exceed his delight when, in conjunction with the "Sketcher" of *Blackwood's Magazine* (the Rev. John Eagles), he was exploring some Welsh waterfall, or Devon moorland.

He has left three sons: the eldest, John F. Lewis, President of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours; the second, Charles G. Lewis, the well-known engraver of some of Landseer's most important works; and the third has pursued his career as an artist in India. Two daughters are also left to deplore the loss of their venerable parent.

MR. FREDERICK NASH.

We are now enabled to give our readers some account of this artist, whose death was announced in our last number. Mr. Nash was the son of a respectable builder, and was born in Lambeth in 1782: he early displayed a taste for drawing, which ripened into an unconquerable desire to become an artist, steadily rejecting the advantages that were offered him by a wealthy relative to pay all the costs of a legal education, and to advance him in the law. The boy "thought to be an artist was greater than to be a king;" and his parents, finding him bent upon following his favourite pursuit, yielded to his desire, and placed him with an architectural draughtsman, of some reputation in his day, of the name of Moreton, under whom he acquired a thorough knowledge of perspective, and received the bias for architectural subjects, to which, in after life, he devoted himself. As a young man, he was occasionally employed by Sir Richard Smirk, and other eminent architects, to make drawings from their designs. In 1808 he was elected into the Society of Painters in Water-Colours at the same time with Copley Fielding and Dewint, and soon after was appointed architectural draughtsman to the Society of Antiquaries, which office he retained for many years, and executed for the Society some important works; one of the principal being a series of drawings of the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey,

York, afterwards lithographed by himself for that Society's publications. In 1810 Mr. Nash commenced his work on St. George's Chapel, Windsor, which obtained for him an introduction to his late majesty George III., who received him most graciously, and presented the young artist to the queen and the princesses; conducting him through the rooms, to show him the works of Art which graced the walls of the palace. In 1819 he executed the drawings for the work well known as "Nash's Paris," for which he received five hundred guineas: these drawings were afterwards purchased by Sir Thomas Lawrence. In 1824 he visited France, to execute a series of views of the "Environ of Paris" for a gentleman of fortune, and for which he was paid three hundred guineas; and in 1825 he was again in Paris at the urgent request of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was there painting the portraits of the French king and royal family, to assist the court painter in the accessories of his work. The throne in perspective, and certain other parts that came within the speciality of Mr. Nash, were painted by him. In 1837 he narrowly escaped destruction whilst at work upon his picture of Arundel. A heavy stack of chimneys being thrown down by a hurricane, broke in the roof of his painting room, burying him in the ruins, from which he was with difficulty extricated.

Switzerland, Normandy, the Moselle, and the Rhine, were successively visited upon sketching tours: sometimes Mr. Nash was accompanied by his amiable wife, who read to him, or recorded in her journal the passing incidents, whilst the painter sought to fix in varied colours the beautiful scenes that lay spread out before them. An ardent lover of his art, he lost no time in seeking to make himself acquainted with the diversified aspects of nature. An early riser, he might be constantly seen between five and six o'clock in the morning, portfolio under his arm, wending his way to some favourite scene that had attracted his attention, and where he laboriously worked out the day. His practice on such occasions was to make three studies of the same subject, under the different effects of "early morning," "mid-day," and "evening," a habit that might be beneficially followed by landscape-painters generally. But it is upon his architectural subjects that his reputation will mainly rest; and we may judge of the estimation in which his works of this class were held by the character of the purchasers, and the high prices that were paid for them. So early as 1811, a hundred and fifty guineas was paid by Mr. Wheeler for the drawing of "The Inside of Westminster Abbey, with a Funeral Procession." A few years later Mr. Allnutt purchased another drawing of the "Interior of the Abbey, with Monks," for one hundred and twenty-five pounds; and Sir Thomas Lawrence a third "Interior" of the same edifice for one hundred and fifty pounds. These were sums rarely realised by artists in water-colours at that period. Turner is reported to have pronounced Mr. Nash the finest architectural painter of his day—a high compliment from one who had given no little time and study to the examination of the monastic remains of this country. To judge fairly of the merits of an artist, we must look to the works of his best period, and not to those executed in declining years and failing health. Those who have only seen the recent works of Mr. Nash can ill judge of his talents. Of his industry it may be stated that, from 1810 to 1856, he exhibited no less than 472 drawings in the Water-Colour Society's exhibitions alone.

Devoted to his profession, which he loved above all things, he used to say that he should die with a brush in his hand, a prediction in some measure realised,—for in the delirium that accompanied his last illness, his hand moved as though at work, and he complained of the fatigue which he had undergone by painting upon his picture all night: exhausted with the effort, he gradually sank, and calmly expired on the 5th of December, 1856, at his residence at Brighton, to which place he had retired from London in 1834.

A good husband, amiable and upright in all the relations of life, we are not often called upon to record the death of one who leaves a worthier name behind him.

MR. JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A.

This veteran antiquarian and architectural artist is among those whose death it is our melancholy duty to record in our pages this month. Mr. Britton died on New Year's Day, at his residence in Burton Street, Burton Crescent, having nearly reached the advanced age of eighty-six, and retaining almost to the last his mental and physical qualities in an extraordinary degree of vigour: he has gone down to his grave like a shock of corn fully ripe. Only a few weeks prior to his death we were in his company, enjoying his animated and kindly conversation, and witnesses of his constant desire to afford pleasure, and to promote the happiness of others.

A remarkable man was Mr. Britton. Born at Kingston St. Michael, Wiltshire, in 1771, the first few years of his life were passed either at the village school, or in assisting his father, who carried on a sort of general business, and also cultivated a small farm. In 1787 he was brought to London by an uncle, who apprenticed him to the then host of the Jerusalem Tavern, Clerkenwell, where his chief employment seems to have been in the wine cellars. He spent nearly six years of his life in this ungenial occupation, and then engaged himself as cellarman at the London Tavern. His next employment,—as we learn from the *Builder*, in an article written, we presume, by the editor of that publication, who, like ourselves, had for many years the pleasure of enjoying the friendship of Mr. Britton,—was with a hup-merchant in the Borough, to which succeeded a three years' service with an attorney in Gray's Inn. Notwithstanding the obstacles which these various occupations offered to mental improvement, Mr. Britton continued to find a few opportunities for reading. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Essex, the bookseller, father of the well-known enamel-painter, and also had become intimate with Mr. E. W. Brayley, who was afterwards connected with him in some of his publications. "He was now able," says the writer referred to, "to give time to reading at booksellers' stalls and shops, and he frequented debating societies, where he attained a fluency of speech which never failed him."

In 1799 Mr. Britton was engaged by a Mr. Chapman, at a salary of three guineas per week, "to write, recite, and sing for him, at a theatre in Pantion Street, Haymarket." This engagement brought him into association with theatrical persons, and was probably the origin of most of his early literary productions, pamphlets, song-books, &c. We must pass over these matters, however, to others of more importance.

Mr. Wheble, a publisher in Warwick Square, persuaded Mr. Britton to undertake an illustrated work on the "Beauties of Wiltshire." With the aid of Mr. Brayley, it was completed in two volumes, and published in 1801. This was followed by the "Beauties of Bedfordshire," and, in succession, by the "Beauties" of all the other counties; the whole embracing twenty-six large volumes, occupying twenty years in their production. Mr. Brayley and Mr. Nightingale were associated with Mr. Britton in the production of this work, but the last-mentioned author had by far the largest share of the labour.

In 1805 he engaged with Messrs. Longman to publish his "Architectural Antiquities of England," a work extending to five quarto volumes, containing 360 engravings. It was followed by his "Cathedral Antiquities," in fourteen volumes, folio and quarto, with 300 engravings. It was commenced in 1814, and completed in 1835.

We have no space even to enumerate the numerous publications of minor importance to which Mr. Britton's name was attached, either as author or editor: it must suffice to say that his contributions to the antiquarian literature of the present century are a library in themselves: it is wonderful how much his energy and perseverance accomplished.

From 1845 to nearly the last day of his life, he was occupied in preparing his "Autobiography;" we believe it had almost approached completion; and there is little doubt of a very curious and entertaining volume resulting from the experience of so long and so chequered a history as that of Mr. Britton's life.

About a fortnight after his death, the Institute of Architects voted unanimously that a tablet should be erected to his memory in Salisbury Cathedral, provided the Dean and Chapter will give their assent—of which there can be no reasonable doubt.

THE SOULAGE COLLECTION.

THIS Collection of Works of Decorative Art (*Art mobilier*) has been brought into public notice in this country under very singular circumstances; and, as a consequence of these circumstances and apart from its intrinsic merit and value, it is calculated to exert a peculiar influence upon Art-teaching among us. It becomes necessary, therefore, to subject this Collection to the most searching critical examination; and, in order to place it in its legitimate position, we have both to deal with it carefully and candidly as it is, and also to investigate the causes which have led to its having acquired a special character.

This Collection was formed by M. Jules Soulage, an advocate of Toulouse, chiefly during the period between 1830 and 1840, and it was the result of repeated tours through Italy, made with the express purpose of acquiring specimens of the Art-productions and manufactures of the Renaissance style. Originally located in Paris, the Soulage Collection was afterwards removed to Toulouse, where it enjoyed a high reputation amongst the artists and antiquaries of France. From time to time offers were made to purchase portions of the Collection, but M. Soulage resolved not to part with it except in its entirety. Representations were afterwards submitted to the English Government, by some gentlemen interested in the progress of Art in England, that this Collection might constitute a most important addition to the National Museums, which, having been formed at Marlborough House, have now been for the most part removed to Kensington Gore South; the time, however,—it was during the continuance of the war,—was considered to be unfavourable; then was the plan formed which eventually brought the Collection into this country as English property. It having been determined to make an effort to effect the purchase of the entire Collection, a number of influential persons associated themselves together for that purpose, and guaranteed the necessary funds. Three gentlemen—Mr. D. C. Majoribanks, M.P., Mr. M. Uzielli, and Mr. H. Cole, C.B.—were deputed to act for the subscribers, and in their name the purchase has been concluded. The Collection has been again offered to the Government by its present proprietors at the cost price, with a certain additional sum for interest and contingent expenses; but, should the nation fail to accept those terms, the whole will be offered for sale by public auction, having first been exhibited, under Government authority, at Marlborough House, and subsequently having been deposited for a time for a similar purpose amongst the other Art-treasures at Manchester.

The taste, the discrimination, and the judgment of M. Soulage, have thus received a very extraordinary sanction. His collections have been purchased by an association of judges of Art, and they have been purchased in this manner with the express view of securing them for the nation as a possession of too great importance not to be obtained if possible. They make their first public appearance under the same roof with the Turner pictures; they at once command, in an unusual degree, the interest and attention of the community at large; a place of honour awaits them in a great provincial city, at such a gathering of Art-productions as probably will never have been before witnessed; and their eventual destination is matter of anxious speculation in very high quarters. The questions which hence necessarily arise are—Do these collections really justify all this, and are they found to realise such high expectations? It will be requisite, in order to reply to these inquiries, to examine into what was the aim of the French collector in his researches, and how far the objects which he was enabled to bring together may be considered to have accomplished the purposes he had proposed to himself. The Soulage Collection may be classed under the four following sections—majolica, Palissy and other earthenware, Italian bronzes, cinque-cento furniture, and miscellaneous articles, including Venetian glass, some enamels of Limoges, a series of 106 medals, chiefly Italian, of the quattro and cinque-cento periods, with some Della Robbia ware, knives, forks, &c.; in all there are 756 pieces. Without attempting to enter upon the subject of the decorative pottery which was produced in Italy at the time of the revival of Art in that country, we

may remark that the examples contained in this Collection illustrate all the most important and the most esteemed varieties of majolica, and that the greater number of the examples are favourable specimens of their respective classes. The specimens of the celebrated metallic crimson lustre of Gubbio are unusually numerous and very fine. There is also a highly interesting and characteristic group of earthenware, the production of Bernard Palissy, and of other artists of the south of France. The several specimens in the other sections of the Collection may be generally described as being, for the most part, good of their kind; so that, on the whole, M. Soulage was unquestionably successful, and that in no ordinary degree, in the accomplishment of his object. But such success is far from determining in the affirmative that the Soulage Collection merits the position in which it has been placed, and that its possession is essential to the National Art-museums. The character of the Art of the Revival period, in Italy, is the grand consideration to be brought to bear upon this question, and we do not hesitate to pronounce upon this point an opinion, differing very widely from the views entertained by the cinque-cento enthusiasts of the day. That an earnest and truthful feeling for Art, in the purest acceptance of the term, combined with a truly wonderful technical knowledge, was exhibited in their works by the majolica *maestri* is evident from the works themselves; yet, as the same evidence declares, they found themselves fettered by the vitiated taste that overshadowed the period in which they flourished, so that we are constrained to consider the present estimation of this ware to be extravagant, and altogether to be deprecated. There also prevails a similar tendency to exaggerate the Art-character, and proportionately to enhance the value of every other production of the period. Now we would have all these works, whether components of the Soulage Collection or not, dealt with on their real merits—their real merits as productions and examples of Art, as illustrating historically a remarkable epoch, and as being in themselves models and teachers to artists. Thus regarded, and also with special reference to the national museums, we should desire about half the Soulage Collection to become the property of the nation; but for such a selected moiety we should consider a half of the sum which has been guaranteed rather to exceed than to fall short of the value of the objects chosen for purchase. We have a vivid remembrance of the rejection of the Faussett Collection by the trustees of the British Museum; and we entertain very decided views relative to the comparative worth of the labours of the Kent clergyman and the advocate of Toulouse.

ALNWICK CASTLE,
AND ITS DECORATIONS.

WE have watched with deep interest the controversy that has arisen upon the character of the interior fittings and decorations which have been adopted by the Duke of Northumberland, as the completion of his restorations of Alnwick Castle. His grace is himself a learned antiquary, an accomplished scholar and experienced student of Art; and he has taken into his councils men whose names rank high as "authorities" in their profession. The fine old feudal fortress has been thoroughly restored, yet it is a fine old feudal fortress still; and we know no form of higher commendation for the work of the restoration. But pass through the massive entrance archway, and enter the actual apartments within the castle, and all is changed! You can admit no one association of the Scottish Border. You are looking up from that heavily mullioned window for the deep blue sky of Italy, and around for all that encircles and identifies a Roman palazzo. Your own language surprises you—you ought to be speaking and thinking in that softened Latin, which is Italian.

The Duke of Northumberland has decided that the interior of such modern or Renaissance palaces as are familiar to him at Rome are the fittest, and, indeed, the only fitting models for the interior of his own Border castle, now that it has become the residence of an English noble family of the

highest rank—hence the controversy of which we have spoken. Some of our most distinguished architects have resolutely supported the decision of the duke; while others of at least equal celebrity have denounced the decision as involving a direct violation of every sound principle of Art, and as establishing a precedent calculated to produce most prejudicial consequences. On one side it is argued that the architecture of the middle ages can appeal to original examples, which render the work of such a restorer as Mr. Salvin at once comparatively easy and certain to be correct and truthful; but that the Romanesque and Gothic know nothing of such interiors as in a modern dual residence are imperatively required, neither do they furnish any analogy from which original designs for such interiors could be devised; and it is further added that attempts of this kind have been made, and have failed—and hence it has been concluded that Romanesque and Gothic edifices of dual rank can have no interiors of equal rank which shall also be Romanesque or Gothic. It is but a single step in the argument which leads from this point to the inference, that since a modern Italian palace has been proved to contain rooms suitable for a princely family, which rooms are in their character faithful to the Renaissance style of architecture and general Art—the Renaissance is the style for interiors when the exteriors are Romanesque and Gothic.

The opposing argument strikes at the root of this theory, and maintains the entire capability of the mediæval styles to provide their own details, and to adapt themselves to every possible contingency of circumstance and use.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the cause of Art, as a working impulse and a living agency amongst us, must be very seriously affected by the issue of this controversy. In the first place, if the Duke of Northumberland and his professional supporters are right, certain great and noble forms of Art stand convicted of being utterly powerless beyond the requirements of mere construction and exterior decoration; and again, in this case, it is a proved fact that there exist no such things as congruity and uniformity in architecture and its accessories; and, once more, thus the capacity of the Renaissance is demonstrated to be superior to that of the Gothic, both in the general case of being able to complete itself, and particularly in the important condition of adaptability to the highest requirements of civilised life. Now all this may be very specious, and both professors of architecture and the Duke of Northumberland and the public may accept and believe it all; but does not the entire matter resolve itself into such a proposition as the following? Modern (or Renaissance) Italian palaces are fit for dual residences; while Gothic castles fit for dual residence do not exist. It does not follow as a consequence of these facts, that a Gothic castle must, to become fit for a dual residence, be fitted up like an Italian palace. Nor does it follow, because Wyattville and Barry have not produced perfect palaces from the Gothic, that that great style cannot produce a palace. Yet such is the train of argument which has brought the works of the lamented Canina and his Italian carvers to Alnwick Castle. We are prepared to admit the excellence of all that the Commendatore has done, and that Professors Cockerell and Donaldson have approved—their excellence in Italy, and for Italy, and in a Renaissance palace; but we cannot sanction the actual association of these works with Alnwick Castle. It is an absolute and a most unfortunate fallacy which has brought these Italian excellencies into a position, in which their own high merit serves to render their unsuitability for that position the more glaring and the more conclusive. We do not now touch upon the question of the intrinsic merit of the Renaissance; our reasoning is simply directed against the introduction of this style into Alnwick Castle. We claim for Gothic Art free range as well as cordial sympathy in association with Gothic Architecture. The Gothic may not have put forth its full powers, as we now may require their expression: this, however, may not be from any shortcomings in the powers, but because they have not been brought fairly and fully to the test of experiment. And, in this very matter of interior fittings and decorative accessories, the Gothic has accomplished a wonderful advance.

Surely there is enough in the Palace of Westminster, if not to serve as a model for the Palace of Alnwick, to give abundant promise that the Gothic style can now produce a palace worthy of its own traditional fame; worthy also of the present condition of Art in its loftiest developments, and of refinement under its most elaborate forms; and not unworthy of an English duke, even though he bear the time-honoured name of Percy.

That the Renaissance works at Alnwick are a mistake, and worse than a mistake, we are convinced; at the same time, we believe that such a mistake as this, was needed in order to bring the capabilities of Gothic Art suitably under discussion; and, consequently, we anticipate to the general cause of Art ultimate results of a most advantageous character from the controversy to which the Duke of Northumberland has given rise.

OBITUARY.

THE COMMENDATORE LUIGI CANINA.

The archaeologists and architectural artists of Rome have to deplore the sudden death of this distinguished professor, which took place October 17th, at Florence, as he was returning to Rome, after a prolonged stay in this country. Canina was pre-eminently and exclusively a classic archaeologist: devoted to the architecture and Arts of antiquity and the Renaissance, he refused to recognise the works of that great Art-epoch which intervened between them. In his own department of Art, he was a high authority; and his acquirements and judgment were regarded with the utmost respect by those who, really knowing him, really knew his worth. In the opinion of the mediævalists, Canina necessarily occupied a very different position: this was the inevitable result of his not being content to devote himself to one great form and expression of Art, without ignoring altogether another of equal nobleness. A systematic, laborious, and also an enthusiastic worker, Canina has left behind him a series of volumes, unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled, in their peculiar department, by the productions of any other single individual. Like Piranesi, and other Roman authors, he had the whole of the branches of publication carried out in his own house: in one room worked engravers, and in an adjoining apartment the plates were printed off: it was the same with the preparation and actual production of the type of his printed volumes; and, with one or two exceptions, the whole were issued at his own expense. His first important work, in three folio volumes of plates and nine octavo volumes of text, is a history of ancient architecture, and comprises the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman. The ancient Basilican churches of northern Italy next attracted his attention; and, after these, he proceeded to devote his studies to the edifices of ancient Rome and the Campagna—the Forum attracting his special regard. "Researches upon the Architecture of the Ancient Jews and of the Temple of Jerusalem," preceded a second series of Roman works, which, in their turn, gave place to equally important treatises upon Etrurian remains, upon domestic architecture, and upon the antiquities of the Via Appia, all of them being profusely illustrated with engravings of the utmost value. Canina had travelled much throughout Europe, and had studied on the sites themselves the monuments of Sicily and Greece proper. His recent visit to England was the second that he had made to this country. "His researches and labours," writes his friend, Professor Donaldson, "were appreciated by many princes and sovereigns; and he was decorated with a profusion of orders of various countries. But the distinction which he valued most was the position he held as Director of the Museum of the Capitol, which, with the title of Commendatore, ranked him among the forty nobles of Rome. This gave him just pride, as did also the Royal Gold Medal conferred upon him by the Institute of British Architects in 1849, with the approval of Her Majesty and Prince Albert." The Commendatore was a man of early habits, and singularly energetic in the prosecution of his labours. He was punctilious in his correspondence, and obliging in his disposition. He formed friendships slowly, but was a

firm and faithful friend. He was most liberal in his dealings with all persons; and Art he loved for its own sake. "He was very susceptible of criticism and opposition of opinion, and deeply resented the strictures of the German *litterati* who disputed his scholarship, and the critiques of the French who called in question his taste. He was not free from the superstitious sentiments common to so many of his countrymen, and, from an intuitive dread of consequences, would never allow his portrait to be painted, nor his bust to be modelled." By a friendly stratagem, Professor Donaldson obtained a photographic likeness of his friend; but it did violence to his feelings, "and, in order to avoid the '*malocchio*,' he arranged (as he thought, unobservedly) the fingers of his right hand, as a charm against the evil consequences that he feared—a presentiment which the sad event of his death so soon after almost seemed to realise. The photograph faithfully represents the serious character and deep thoughtfulness of the scholar; but his expressive features, however, in moments of familiar and social relaxation, were often lighted up by a most pleasing smile. . . . It is a striking and a touching coincidence that Canina and Braun, the leaders of the rival systems of the two schools of archaeological research at Rome—the Italian and the German—should have died within a few weeks of each other; and thus left the field open to other, but it would be bold to say to nobler or more zealous, minds."

MR. FREDERICK NASH.

This gentleman, one of the oldest members of the Water-Colour Society, died at his residence, at Brighton, on the 5th of December. We may at a future time—for intelligence of his decease only reached us when we were on the eve of going to press—be able to give some account of his life; at present, we can only refer to him as a painter of architectural subjects and marine views, whose drawings were held in very general estimation.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM; ITS REMOVAL TO KENSINGTON GORE.

So numerous and so important are the additions which have of late been made to the contents of this Museum, that it has assumed both the proportions and the character of a national institution. Mr. Ruskin has deposited here his very valuable collections of casts from Venice; from Notre Dame, some noble specimens from the triforium of the nave have been acquired by the Committee of the Museum; Mr. G. G. Scott, Mr. Burgess, with many other gentlemen, have been contributors; and various groups of casts, of greater or lesser extent, and obtained from different sources, might also be specified amongst the recent accessions: and, in addition to casts, the Museum has become the depository of many original examples of architectural details, which, from whatever cause, have ceased to possess any secure resting-place of their own. This increase in the number of its contents has, however, served to place in a more prominent position that great drawback, as well from the general estimation of this Museum as from its practical utility to architectural students—want of space. Not only are the premises occupied by the Museum too limited in extent to enable the Committee suitably to classify and display their collections, but it has now become necessary to pile up specimen in front of specimen, until many parts of the Museum have almost ceased to be available for examination and study. Under these circumstances, and finding that even their present premises would sooner or later be absorbed in the proposed new government official buildings, the Committee have wisely adopted a proposition which was submitted to them, for forming such an arrangement with the Government Department of Science and Art as would enable them to obtain for the Architectural Museum a part of the new national Museum Buildings at Kensington Gore South. It might be objected to such an arrangement that the situation of these new buildings would be far less convenient than the present Gallery in Canon Row for architectural students, and also for the general public who might be disposed to visit this museum,

and to seek from its varied collections some authoritative teaching upon the great art now almost universally regarded with such deep interest. To this objection the reply is both ready at hand and in itself conclusive—it is no longer an open question whether the great Fine-Art Museums of the nation should be concentrated at Kensington Gore South; this has been decided in the affirmative—whether wisely or not, the decision has been made. Consequently, for the Architectural Museum *not* to be in this selected locality would be to place it in an exceptional condition, and to cut it off both from contributing its own beneficial influences to the general Art-capital of the country, and from sharing, in its turn, in the advantages to be derived from association and comparison with other collections devoted to other departments of Art.

In the new buildings ample space will be afforded to do justice to the collections which have been actually buried at Canon Row; and there also the Museum may expect to acquire such further additions as will render it complete in itself, and of infinite value in its capacity of a practical teacher of architecture. While subjected to certain general regulations in common with the rest of the establishment, the Architectural Museum will remain, as heretofore, dependent upon its own resources, and under the control and direction of its own Committee. Its infinitely greater capabilities for advancing the best interests of architecture amongst us will not fail, we are persuaded, to be recognised by the subscribers to the Architectural Museum, who will feel that upon them devolves the charge of strengthening the hands of the Committee, and, indeed, of securing for a public institution their all-important services. For this will be a peculiar feature in this Museum, as a department of the general Art-establishment, that the most eminent members of the architectural profession voluntarily make themselves responsible for its character, and bestow upon it an amount of personal attention which it would be impossible to purchase. Doubtless the government both understand and appreciate the worth of the Committee of the Architectural Museum, as well as the intrinsic value of the Museum itself in connection with their Art-establishment: it is well that it should be thus—that these really wonderful collections should find, provided for them at the public cost, a becoming dwelling-place, and that the nation should acquire the reciprocal advantage of having both an architectural museum already prepared for it, and the most able architects, as a committee of management, willing to render their voluntary services.

It is expected that the Architectural Museum will be established at Kensington Gore South in time to admit of its being open to the public, with the other Art-collections there to be assembled, in the month of March. In the course of this present month of January, the Committee of the Architectural Museum will have secured to themselves a fresh claim for public gratitude and support from a second award of prizes to Art-workmen for the best productions after their own designs, upon specified subjects. We shall not fail to record the particulars respecting a decision which bears, so directly and under so practical a form, upon both the advancement of true Art and its recognition in its true capacity.

THE

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

It would seem as if a sort of contest had arisen between Mr. Kean and his critics. No sooner has the critic made an effort to do justice to the former's principles of management, and their results, than the manager seems as if he had made a new and determined effort to justify his critic. In our recent remarks on that series of illustrated dramas which must hereafter form a chapter in the history of our English stage, we described Mr. Kean as constantly competing successfully against his own success; we have now to describe him as competing more than successfully against the praise that records it. In answer to our acknowledgment of variety, he breaks up for us a fresh field:—for our admission of archaeology made poetry, and which we can seize

by its archæologic points for description, he gives us a poetry so refined and essential, that the prosaisms of descriptive criticism cannot reach it.

We will frankly confess, that, for our own part, we were under the impression that Mr. Kean had here ventured on a dangerous attempt. In most of his previous versions he leaned on a variety of well-defined aids, to which he could point incontrovertibly as his vouchers,—where learning could be appealed to as giving its authority to the witcheries of Art. In the present instance, in all that makes the essential character of the piece to be represented, Mr. Kean was committed to the spiritualities alone; and to fail of their expression, was to fail altogether. For this one night the manager was to be a poet—and a transcendental poet,—or the circle of his successes was here to be broken up. If he could not take his audiences into dream-land, then he would have done wisely to abide by the old historic paths. If he could not give them a glimpse of the fairies in their own charmed atmosphere, ever remote “from the presence of the sun,” and “following darkness like a dream,” he should have stuck by the dim yet recoverable outlines of ancient fact. If Prince Theseus and his earthly court should loom too prominently through the haunted haze of that midsummer’s night, then the closing appeal of his spirits was to be in vain, and his “shadows had offended.” There are, we must avow, certain of the Shakspeare dreams which we have always felt unwilling to see submitted to the ordeal of stage presentment;—and this wild and wondrous creation is one of them. The fancy that, left alone with the poet, and in its own “witching hour,” has followed again and again the moonlight wanderings of the fairy queen, or looked in upon “her deep repose, won by no mortal music,” has almost made it a part of its own religion that “no mortal eye may gaze upon that bower” wherein the slumber of Titania is watched by “the moon, her playmate of a thousand years.” Against this sort of poetical reluctance Mr. Kean has, in his present revival, had to contend, in addition to his other difficulties; and his triumphs of fact are all the greater, that he has had likewise to triumph over a sentimental opposition.—For, a triumph this revival is:—and such an one as has not, in its kind, been achieved on the stage before.

As we have hinted, we know not how to describe the charm of this piece. We have never dreamed that so much of fairyland could be put on the stage. The manager has so contrived, that we are under the express Shakspeare spell. All through the hours of a midsummer night, won out of mid-winter, we are consorting with the elves. The world into which we are introduced teems with “these beings of the mind;” and the moon that lights them is the moon of fairyland. Everywhere these spirits of our old English poetry are about us, they, and their fairy music. They glide over the green sward, trip in the moonlight, “dancing their ringlets to the whistling wind,” float through the night air, lie rocked on the stems and shaded by the calices of flowers, dart away on the message of the fairy king, leaving a trail of light behind like that of a falling star, or swarm on the marble stairs of the house of Theseus, giving the “glimmering light” of their countless fairy lanterns, and the wild music of their chanted fairy blessing.—For ourselves, we, the spectators, are of the party of the fairies. We are within the charmed circle,—and have no relations with that outward world which is represented by Theseus and his court, save such as the elves have themselves. They and their fortunes are seen by us, too, through the mists of dreamland; and we look with a sort of wondering bewilderment and puzzled pity on those strange wild entanglements of a midsummer night, wrought by the benignant but blundering interference of a power only half immortal with the threads of destiny,—forgetting for the nonce the portion that we ourselves have in all such errors, and half inclined, in our “midsummer night’s” privilege, to echo the comment of Puck—“Lord! what fools these mortals be!”—And so, Mr. Kean has contrived that we shall read these Shakspeare transcendentalisms on his stage in the same faith in which we read them in the closet, but with the heightened effect of the illustrations which he throws on the poetry that embodies them from all the other Muses.

Nevertheless, although Mr. Kean’s art has thrown

into their due subordination and perspective the human interests involved in this wondrous poem, yet on the figures which represent these interests he has bestowed as careful editing as on any one other of his productions. Left to the expedients of his own fancy for the realisation of fairyland, the Greek element of the play furnished him once more with the opportunity for grappling to archæology;—and this resource he has used, as on former occasions, with that intelligent latitude which substitutes one fact not suited to his purpose by another that yields him a beauty. It is no part of Mr. Kean’s office, with such a text-book as Shakspeare before him, to comment on that mixture of two mythologies which transfers the supernaturalisms of romantic lore to classic ground; but he knows, that in a chronology already so wild and irregular, it would have been the mere pedantry of adherence to attach importance to what Shakspeare had deemed of none, and go implicitly back to the time of the quasi-historic Theseus, when its Cæropian forms and modes would have matched—or contrasted—ill with the other poetic embodiments of this marvellous piece. So, keeping the play on its Athenian ground, Mr. Kean took for his classic background the Athens of Pericles; when, to use his own words, “it had attained its greatest splendour in literature and art,—when it stood in its pride and glory, ennobled by a race of illustrious men, and containing the most beautiful objects the world had ever seen.” Out of the material features of this matchless city Mr. Kean gets his first picture. And what a picture it is! From a terrace adjoining the Palace of Theseus, the spectator looks on Athens, with its Acropolis and Areopagus (the council-room of a Greek people, and the pulpit of a Christian apostle)—the temples of Minerva and of Theseus—the Erechtheum and the Pandrosium—the columns of Jupiter Olympius—the Agora, the Clepsydra, the Academy, the Pnyx, the Museum and the Stadium—the Ilissus and the Cephissus—the mountains and the sea!—It may mark Mr. Kean’s careful mode of annotating, to add, that in the scene which succeeds to this, and which exhibits the interior of the workshop of Quince, the carpenter, the furniture and tools introduced are copied from discoveries in Herculaneum.—And, while dwelling on this Greek portion of the play, there is one other matter to which we are strongly tempted to allude;—both as illustrating incidentally the wholesome teaching, of so many kinds, which these revivals of Mr. Kean’s afford, and for the sake of enforcing the particular lesson on our own account. Let us join the happy bridal groups, escaped from the crosses and bewitchings of the wood, and seated in the hall of Theseus, to witness the “most lamentable comedy” and “very tragical mirth” which make a portion of the nuptial revels. We will entreat our fair readers to cast their eyes over this Greek saloon, and then around their own English hemisphere of the house,—and honestly ask themselves which nation had caught the secret of beauty in dress. Amid the eccentricities and extravagances and distortions of present costume, the exquisite draperies here presented are positively felt as musical phrases yielding their distinct and appreciable contribution to the harmony of this matchless piece.

With the exception of these few Greek scenes, all night, as we have said, we are wandering with the fairies in the wood:—now lost in its floating mists, now emerging in its moonlit glades,—and everywhere listening to such fairy song as Mendelssohn and Beethoven knew. One of the charmed scenes to which these wanderings bring us we may report here, as an instance, for our readers:—and then bid them thread the haunted forest for themselves. In this scene, we come upon an opening where the moonlight falls white upon the forest floor,—bounding itself by a circle of shade which shows that it is a dancing ring for the fairies:—and into this circle, accordingly, the fairies glide, throwing their shadows before them. This dance of the elves, with each her own dancing shadow for a partner, is a thing of preternatural beauty,—itself a poem.—And, after this fashion, scene by scene, does Mr. Kean interpret Shakspeare’s “Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

* For the power to render this beautiful scene with so much accuracy,—so as indeed to become a “pictured lesson.”—Mr. Kean is, we believe, indebted to his valuable ally, Mr. George Godwin, whose assistance has been so useful to him on all the occasions of his revivals.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

CHARITY.

J. Van Eycken, Painter. P. Lightfoot, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 3½ in. by 1 ft. 1½ in.

Of the many excellent artists who, during the last few years, have been included within the schools of Belgium, John Van Eycken is one of the most distinguished. He was born at Brussels in 1810, and, after studying some time under M. Navez, pupil of David and a painter of high reputation, he entered the Academy of Brussels, and in 1835 carried off the first prize in painting. He made his appearance the same year in the exhibition at Antwerp, by exhibiting a picture of St. Sebastian, which obtained for him considerable distinction. To the exhibition of the Brussels Academy, in the following year, he sent “Christ crowned with Thorns,” and “The Young Tobias restoring his Father to sight;” these two works, of which the former is characterised by purity and harmony of colour, and the latter by forcible and truthful expression, completely manifest the style of his master Navez.

In 1850 Van Eycken sent two pictures to our Royal Academy Exhibition—one entitled “The Vintagers,” the other “Calvary;” they attracted but little notice here, and were returned to the painter unsold; he never attempted a second time, we believe, to bring his works before the British public. In his own country they were always duly appreciated; nor from the fact of his “Charity,” and another very charming composition, “Abundance”—now in the hands of our engraver—being found in the Royal Collection, would it seem that the merits of this painter were unrecognised here in high quarters.

Van Eycken died at Brussels in December, 1853, under somewhat melancholy circumstances, the particulars of which were narrated a month or two afterwards in the *Art-Journal*, when a short notice of this artist appeared.

The works of Van Eycken are chiefly religious subjects, or episodes of life treated allegorically. His “Charity” belongs to the latter class, and we must therefore examine the subject as a composition only; for, if we test it by the laws of nature or truth, it will be found contrary to both, and almost incomprehensible. The subject divides itself into two classes, or groups—the givers and the receivers, the principal of each being respectively the two mothers; but it is quite clear that the five children surrounding the figure on the right cannot be all her own—they are too nearly of an age; and, moreover, it is most improbable that children would be so circumstanced in a cornfield without any covering: nor could wheat, either cut or growing, be forced into such a sheltering canopy, as that which bends over them. The painter has throughout sacrificed truth to fancy; but this must almost always be the case in works of an allegorical character, and Van Eycken has only followed in the footsteps of the great masters of ancient Art when they handled such subjects; and, indeed, very often when they assumed to paint historical facts—instances of which are so numerous as to require no special allusion to any one of the old painters to confirm the statement.

But, looking at the picture for what it professes to be, there are beauties in it which cannot but elicit much commendation. The destitute mother and her child are expressed with a reality painful to witness—the countenance of the woman is not, indeed, attenuated like that of one starved, but it is most suggestive of woe and misery, and her sickly infant is an absolute embodiment of disease and want. The group to the right forms a brilliant contrast to its wretched companion—here we find health, enjoyment, and everything that conveys to the mind “the luxury of doing good.” The three central figures are very charmingly composed; but the head of the child in the lap is not good—the forehead is unnaturally prominent, and the drawing of the leg resting on the wheat-leaf is bad. The chief merits of this work lie in the charming sentiment conveyed in the composition, and in its rich and truthful colouring: a little more attention to drawing would have made it a fine example of allegorical painting.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.



J. VAN EYCKEN DEL.

CHARITY.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

P. LIGHTFOOT, SCULPT.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, on the 10th of December (the eighty-eighth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy), silver medals were awarded to the following artists:—

To Mr. Philip Richard Morris, for the best painting from the life, and also for the best painting from the living draped model.

To Mr. Victor Boutellier, for the best drawing from the life.

To Mr. George James Miller, for the best model from the life.

To Mr. John Simons Constable, for the best architectural drawing.

To Mr. Alexander Glasgow, for the best drawing from the antique.

To Mr. John Constant Worman, for the best model from the antique.

To Mr. Francis Trimmer Gompertz, for a perspective drawing in outline.

To Mr. George M. Atkinson, for the best drawing in sciography.

There appears to have been no gold medal given; and we presume the above includes all the intelligence which the Academy have to communicate to the profession and the public.

THE "TURNER" MONUMENT.—Our readers will not have forgotten that, under the will of the late J. M. W. Turner, R.A., whereby he proposed to give effect to his presumed English privilege of bequeathing the money for which he had toiled, to whom he pleased, a sum of £1000 was left to be given as the price of a monument in the testator's own honour, which he proposed should be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral. Somehow or other, an idea had got abroad that this particular bequest had been swamped, amongst other of the great artist's testamentary intentions, on one of the many shoals that lie sunk in the great sea of Chancery; and the sum in question has been supposed to have disappeared in that distribution of the property which the salvors had made amongst themselves, under the term compromise,—the dead painter's directions notwithstanding. We are glad to know, that the provision in question has been picked up somewhere since the wreck in Chancery,—and the fund reappears in the following Resolutions, come to at a meeting held during the past month, and which our readers will like to have in the language of the Resolutions themselves:—

That the Executors and Trustees consider the most desirable mode to adopt for carrying into effect the wishes of the Testator, as regards the erection of the monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, will be, that the sculptors who are Royal Academicians, be requested to submit to the trustees and executors a design for the monument, either by a statue or otherwise, and by a drawing or a model to a scale of one inch to a foot, the expense of the monument not to exceed the sum of £1000 (as provided by the will), including its erection and all expenses whatever attendant thereon.

The site for the monument is intended to be on the east side of the south entrance into the Cathedral, corresponding with the position of the monument erected to the memory of the late Sir Astley Cooper.

It being intended that the artist whose design shall be accepted shall be entrusted with the execution of the work, the Executors regret that they have it not in their power to make any remuneration to the other gentlemen whose designs may not be adopted, and therefore they have no wish to have submitted to them any elaborate drawings or models, &c.

The drawings and models to be sent to No. 47, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, the residence of the late Mr. Turner, before the 17th day of January, 1857.

Now, the sculptors who are at present full members of the Royal Academy (a deduction having recently been made from their body by the death of Sir Richard Westmacott) are five in number,—Mr. Baily, Mr. Gibson, Mr. MacDowell, Mr. Westmacott, and Mr. Marshall. Mr. Gibson is in Rome; and, as the drawings and models are to go in on the 17th of the present month, he is out of the question, and the competitors are reduced to four. Without pausing to question, as we very well might, why an artist so great and unacademic as Mr. Turner might not have had such larger chance of fitting illustration as an appeal to the profession generally would have conferred,—we may say, at any rate, that, as the Royal Academy contains in its body one, and only one, other sculptor—Mr. Foley,—an artist of great eminence, and second to few in Europe, though as yet he has not got beyond the list of Associates,—to leave him singly out of this competition will be felt as a grievance and an offence:—and we think this commission might have been given amongst the members of the Academy, instead of amongst the Royal Academicians. We suppose, however, that it is an affair of rank, and that none but a Royal Academician is fit to effect a Royal Academician's monumental apotheosis.—One thing rejoices us exceedingly,—though, as yet, we get it only in the form of an inference. As the monument has turned up, so also, we trust, will the almshouses for his aged and decayed brethren of the pencil which form so noble a feature in the testamentary dispositions of the late Mr. Turner. The receipt by the Royal Academy of £20,000 out of his property becomes, then, intelligible,—in a sense which should do them great honour, if it may be so read. Perhaps it is their intention to appropriate that sum in carrying out the benevolent purpose of the illustrious testator:—a purpose which, in the confidence of Art-brotherhood, he had committed to their keeping, in the character of trustees.—Let us remark, however, that the scale of an inch to a foot, prescribed to the competitors, is wholly inadequate to convey any notion of such a work as that by which one great sculptor should illustrate another.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. SHEEPSHANKS.—The *Times* of the 8th of December contained the following announcement:—"We understand that Mr. Sheepshanks has munificently presented to the nation the whole of his collection of paintings and drawings, for the purposes of public instruction in Art. Mr. Sheepshanks, disapproving irresponsible management by boards like the trustees of the British Museum and National Gallery, has made it a condition that the responsibility for his collection must rest with an individual minister—the minister for education. Mr. Sheepshanks considers that a crowded thoroughfare is not a suitable site for quietly studying works of Art, and has stipulated that his collection must be kept in the neighbourhood of its present locality, at Kensington. He is willing that the pictures, &c., should be lent to those provincial towns which provide suitable places to exhibit them. Upon these conditions, which we believe Lord Palmerston has cordially accepted on behalf of the government, Mr. Sheepshanks has signified his readiness to hand over immediately the whole of his very fine collection, which is especially rich in the best works of Mulready, Landseer, and Leslie, and contains fine examples of the principal modern British painters in oil. The value of the collection may be estimated at about £60,000." It is impossible to overrate the worth of this acquisition, or to express in sufficiently strong terms the gratitude of the country for a gift of such magnitude. It is of acts such as these that the people may well be proud, and which must be monuments for ever to the honour and glory of the giver. It has been long believed that the intention of Mr. Sheepshanks was to bequeath his collection to the nation; but he does infinitely more—he presents it to his country during his lifetime, so removing all possible chance of dispute for its possession. Long may this admirable man and munificent benefactor live to witness the beneficent effects of the boon he has conferred on his country and the world!

TO THE TURNER COLLECTION at Marlborough House the following six pictures have been added:—
Sea-Piece. Painted about 1802.
Calais Pier—Fishing-boats preparing for Sea—the English Packet arriving (1803).
Bacchus and Ariadne (1840).
The Exile and the Rock Limpet (1842).
Undine giving the Ring to Masaniello (1846).
The Angel standing in the Sun (1846).
It is probable that, until more space can be obtained "somewhere," no other pictures will be exhibited. Enough, however, have been shown to convince the public that a proper National Gallery has become an imperative necessity.

THE EARL OF ELCHO has written a letter to the *Times*, in which he complains, in regard to the proposed site of the new National Gallery, that although on the 27th of June last the House of Commons ordered an address to be presented to Her Majesty, praying Her Majesty to issue a "royal commission" on the subject, nothing has yet been done, that, in fact, the matter remains where it was, the public not being a whit nearer to the attainment of an object in which they are deeply interested, and the necessity for which becomes daily more and more apparent. His lordship concludes his communication as follows:—"I know it is said that the question of the National Gallery site is one of extreme urgency, which admits of no delay, in consequence of the

Turner bequest and the recent purchases which there are no means of exhibiting; but this is a difficulty which is far from insuperable if Government will have the courage to do their duty and give the Royal Academy notice to quit that portion of the present National Gallery to which they have not even a parliamentary title, but which the nation has generously allowed them to occupy for twenty years."

It is understood that a royal commission is about to issue, appointing Lord Broughton (formerly Sir John Cam Hobhouse), the Dean of St. Paul's (the Rev. H. H. Milman), Mr. Ford (the historian of Spanish Art), Professor Faraday, Mr. Cockerell, R.A., and Mr. George Richmond, "to inquire into and determine the site of the new National Gallery, and to report on the desirableness of combining with it the Fine Art and Archaeological collections of the British Museum." We confess to a belief that the wisdom of this "selection" will be very generally questioned: and can as yet scarcely have faith in its accuracy. The matter, however, will very soon be "settled."

MR. MORRIS MOORE's longing for "notoriety" must have been amply gratified during the past month, for he has been in the custody of the police at Berlin, and has had several letters inserted in the *Times*. It is not our business to inquire concerning the "cause" of his detention: it is very unlikely that he would have been arrested by the Prussian authorities if he had in no way committed himself, and, if we may judge from his antecedents, reasonable grounds may have existed for the outrage of which he complains. His lively imagination, however, and, perhaps, his conscience, attributed the wrongs he endured to the influence of "Waagen and Co." The accusation has called forth an indignant but very dignified protest on the part of Dr. Waagen, who writes of Mr. Morris Moore in terms we do not choose to copy. The character of Dr. Waagen stands too high to be affected by any assailant. There are few men living more esteemed or respected than the estimable German critic; and he may rest assured that if the universal opinion concerning him be destined to undergo a change, it will not be by the testimony of Mr. Morris Moore.

NEW METALS.—We have been of late directing much of our attention to the improvements which have been made in the manufacture of aluminium. The cost of producing this very important metal has been so reduced that it is employed for the eagles which surmount the regimental colours of several of the regiments in the French army; and there are prospects that lead us to expect a yet greater reduction in the cost of producing this metal. Sodium is most necessary in the manufacture of aluminium; and we learn that in this country there is every probability of its being manufactured at the low cost of two or three shillings the pound; if this is accomplished, aluminium will be at once rendered cheaper than silver. Lithium has been produced, by M. Froost, from lepidolite, a mineral which occurs in the granite near Rozena, in Moravia. Whether this remarkable metal is destined to find a place in the arts or manufactures remains a problem which time alone can solve. Its striking characteristic is its extreme levity—lithium is a solid metal which floats upon rectified naphtha. M. Froost and St. Claire Deville are both of them working on this metal. Calcium, the metallic base of lime, has been obtained as a beautiful gold-coloured metal by Professor Benson, of Marburg; but as yet not in any quantity. Since we now know that the clays and earths are all of them reducible to the metallic state, what may we not expect in a few years in Art-manufacture. Solids as durable as silver and less liable to tarnish will be placed in the hands of artisans, from which to produce articles of use or ornament far lighter than cork.

THE SCULPTORS' INSTITUTE have published the correspondence with Sir Benjamin Hall to which we adverted last month, and which leaves the subject of the Wellington Monument in a state far from satisfactory. It is quite certain that much suspicion exists in reference to it; and while confidence is most essential to the production of a great national work, such confidence is not induced by the course adopted by "the authorities."

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, as usual, issues its announcement for the receipt of paintings to form its annual exhibition; and as during the past year there has been no circumstance to direct the attention of

artists elsewhere, we may reasonably hope that in February next the collection in Pall Mall will rightly represent the progress of British Art. As we were among those who urged the Directors to decline pictures with which the public had been previously familiar, we are not justified in complaining if the consequence has been a marked deterioration in the character of late exhibitions as compared with exhibitions of former years. This evil is by no means the necessary consequence of a change that was unquestionably beneficial; neither is it entirely attributable to such change. None of our leading artists now exhibit pictures for sale, as they used to do some ten or twenty years back: they prefer consequently, to keep back their works for the May gathering at the Royal Academy. This is really the cause why the British Institution has of late contained the productions only, or chiefly, of second-class painters. We trust, however, that our masters in Art will see it their duty to assist the Directors here: a few contributions from the higher sources would be assuredly beneficial to the Institution.

THE SCHOOL OF PAINTING (as it is called, but on very insufficient grounds), at the British Institution, has continued this year its annual custom of exhibiting copies of famous pictures, made by students from the works lent to form the exhibition of the Ancient Masters. Several young ladies and gentlemen have here proved their industry, but nothing more. We have always considered this periodical show as prejudicial rather than serviceable to Art: the permission to make copies is in itself scarcely a boon; but their exposure is the opposite of beneficial, either to the copyists, their friends, or the public.

FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE FLEMISH SCHOOL OF THE FINE ARTS IN LONDON.—We have a cordial welcome for this fresh addition to our metropolitan winter exhibitions. Artists of the Flemish school will always be regarded with friendly sentiments in England; and when they come amongst us with their works, and open an exhibition in London, they may feel sure that there prevails a general predisposition to receive them as friends, and to treat their productions with favour. However suitable for the display of their collections, the Pall Mall Gallery, with its recent associations, involuntarily subjects the Flemish artists to a comparison with their brethren and sisters from France—and this is a comparison which they have scarcely strength to endure. Still, though not to be admitted to the same rank with the French collections, there is much to interest and to gratify the observer in this Belgian exhibition. An excess of matter had already crowded our pages when this exhibition claimed our attention, we now are, in consequence, unable to do more than to notice and to welcome its presence in London, and at the same time to invite those of our readers who may pass along Pall Mall to follow our example in visiting the Gallery, and thus confirm our friendly and approving expressions. We purpose next month to write more at length and to enter upon particulars, from which we are now precluded by the narrow limits of the space at our disposal.

THE "NEWTON" MONUMENT.—The amount of subscriptions which the men of Grantham have available for their monument to the late Sir Isaac Newton is £1200; and for this sum,—which is to cover all expenses of erection, &c.,—they have determined on having a bronze statue on a granite pedestal, and have called five sculptors into competition. The artists invited are—Mr. E. H. Baily, R.A., Mr. Campbell, the Baron Marochetti, Mr. Theed, and Professor Rauch.—The men of Grantham, it will be seen, have taken the foreign fever in an aggravated form. Of five sculptors summoned to contend for the honour of illustrating their provincial town, and pocketing £1200 for a big bronze statue reared on granite, one is an Italian, and another a German. We say, a "big" bronze statue, because these Lincolnshire patrons of Art intimate the not very aesthetic intention of getting as much as they can for their money. "The magnitude of the figures," they say, "will be"—by them—"considered an important element in the design." Doubtless, this will be a temptation to Professor Rauch, for instance:—the expected size, *plus* the distance, being among the conditions under which he is privileged to take a fifth chance in a lottery for the execution and erection of a bronze statue and pedestal, cost £1200, in the good town of Gran-

tham! Should he fail them, however, they have Italy to fall back on; and Italy, in this case, is at hand,—as the English sculptors have good reason to know. The models, including figure and pedestal, are not to exceed three feet, and are to be sent in on or before the 15th of next March, to the Institution of Civil Engineers, in Great George Street, Westminster. Mr. Baily has, we understand, declined entering into this competition:—so that, England and the Continent have the chances between them, half and half.

M. CHEVREUL has been for some time engaged in researches upon the composition of the Egyptian statuette of "Serapoum." His analyses indicate the presence of lead, which metal had not hitherto been discovered in ancient bronzes. It is supposed to have acted in the preservation of these little idols by producing on the surface a coating of oxide, which acted as a varnish would have done.

THE BRONZE STATUE of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Charles J. Napier, executed by Mr. G. G. Adams, and recently placed at the south-west angle of Trafalgar Square, though in many parts a bold and spirited composition, is far from being an agreeable work. The singularly-marked features of the hero of Scinde appear, if they are not in reality, much exaggerated; and the head altogether looks preposterously large. If the sculptor has not exceeded the truth with respect to the former, it would have been more politic for him to have reduced these peculiarities of feature, which might have been done without prejudice to the gallant soldier; while, if the masses of hair had been broken, a great advantage, picturesquely, would be gained. The drapery is heavy, and by no means graceful, adding to the apparent weight of the figure, instead of becoming, as it should do, a medium of conveying to it grace of outline and richness of effect. The pedestal, too, is "a mistake": it is too small for the statue, as it is designed: a broader "standing-place" would have lessened the size of the figure.

M. FR. KUHLMANN has published some interesting and important investigations on the power of albumen in fixing and retaining dyes. He shows that fibre of any kind, which has been impregnated with the white of egg, receives and retains with much permanence many colours which are usually evanescent. We shall examine this subject when it is further developed by the author.

GERMAN ART-JOURNAL.—It is announced in the German papers, that an Illustrated Journal of Art is about to be published in Berlin; the capital necessary for so costly a work to be supplied by a Joint Stock Company. Among the principal conductors will be Dr. Kugler and Dr. Waagen. We shall cordially greet such an acquisition to the true "Art-treasures" of the world. It is discreditable to Germany that the Arts have not there been adequately represented by literature.

THE SECRETARY OF THE ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION has received a compliment which no gentleman has ever better merited. Mr. Roper has conducted its affairs for no less a period than *forty years*: it is impossible to rate too highly the value of his services: his heart has ever been in his work. Not only has he laboured with zeal, energy, and perseverance, but the exceeding delicacy with which he administered the funds of the society is above all praise. During the long time over which his task has extended, how many sorrows he has soothed! how many hopes he has encouraged! how many broken hearts he has healed! That which is next best to the consciousness of desert, is appreciation. It is a large reward to this excellent gentleman to find that, in the more immediate circle where he is best known, he is valued as he deserves to be: but the public, at least all who have been in any way associated with him, join heartily in the feeling which induced the Council of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution to present, "by their private subscriptions," a silver inkstand and salver "to W. J. Roper, Esq., as an expression of their personal esteem, and testimonial of the high sense they entertain of his valuable and indefatigable services during a period of forty years as Secretary." Our only regret is that the subscription to this testimonial was not as "general" as the objects of the Institution.

MR. W. SIMPSON, who, as well as the actual combatants, gathered laurels in the Crimea, has exhibited at Messrs. Colnaghi's, a picture to com-

memorate "Kars and its defenders"—a worthy subject for Art, and one to which the excellent artist has done full justice. It is to be engraved.

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS.—Among the most interesting, and certainly the most striking of the many subjects we have lately seen, are a series of six views of cathedrals, executed by Mr. Thomas Greenish; those to which we immediately refer represent the cathedral at Lincoln; but we believe Mr. Greenish is, or will be occupied in thus exhibiting the whole of these beautiful and time-hallowed structures, which ornament and honour England. They are not published, although it is probable they will be so. Mr. Greenish is not an artist by profession, although his works display much artistic skill, and have that degree of perfection which can only arise from a knowledge of the capabilities of Art. He is, however, a chemist, and these views have been obtained chiefly as experiments—in which he has been eminently successful. There has been no theme as yet taken up so likely to be universally attractive as that which this gentleman has made his study—the architecture of the kingdom presents no views of so much interest as those supplied by the English cathedrals.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—A soirée was held at King's College, Somerset House, on the 17th December, at which the members gave their friends a rare intellectual treat. The works exhibited were numerous, very beautiful, and of infinite variety. We regret we can at present do no more than thus briefly refer to an "evening," that was, in all respects, gratifying and instructive.

THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.—The winter season is now expected to bring with it this Exhibition in the galleries in Suffolk Street; and year by year we look for fresh evidences, not only of the firm establishment of this exhibition as a fact of annual recurrence, but also of its increasing value and importance in its own very valuable and important department of Art. Last year the Architectural Exhibition contained much that was good, and gave promise of more that might be better; this year that promise will be found to have been at once realised and repeated. The present collections are decidedly in advance of their predecessors, both as works of Art and as architectural productions; and they also lead us on to expect successive advances in the same noble course which conducts towards perfect excellence. We may particularly notice, as distinguishing features of the present exhibition, the presence of two groups of the designs which were sent in in competition for Lisle Cathedral and the museum buildings at Liverpool. Mr. Allom's and Mr. Street's designs are included in these two series of drawings. The present collections are also remarkable as showing that the practical study of the Gothic style is assuming a more definite and a more strictly and consistently Gothic character, especially amongst the junior members of the profession. There is much that is satisfactory, and, at the same time, suggestive in this circumstance, and more so when it is considered in connexion with a remembrance of the restless wildness which characterised so many of last year's original Gothic conceptions. We are compelled to leave until next month our remarks upon particular drawings and other works in this exhibition; we now record with much gratification its generally satisfactory character.

PRODUCERS OF ART-MANUFACTURE throughout the kingdom should be aware of the altered circumstances connected with the display of meritorious productions at the Crystal Palace. At an earlier period of the management there, a ruinous error was committed by levying an enormous tax upon all exhibitors. It was in vain we raised our voice against an act so suicidal, contending that contributors of good works were the best aids of the establishment, and ought to receive, rather than to make, payments for the spaces they occupied. A foolish policy, however, prevailed; and although for one year the sums demanded were paid,—very reluctantly, and under many protests,—the Crystal Palace, as an exhibition of Art-manufacture, naturally and necessarily dwindled, and its Art-courts became half empty. The directors, however, having seen the folly of this course, by which their project was grievously impaired while the manufacturers were wronged, and the public perpetually disappointed, have resolved on allotting spaces to all meritorious manufacturers of high-class works who

will fill them, charging for them merely nominal prices. We trust, however, that this boon will be accompanied by a somewhat strict surveillance, and that all inferior or even mediocre articles will be suffered to be shown only in the galleries. There can be no doubt that thus rightly and wisely encouraged, all good producers will desire to show their productions here,—for the advantages here presented are obvious,—and they will certainly be augmented next year. We hope and expect to see all the Art-courts full; and believe that before the month of February next it will be more difficult to obtain space than it has heretofore been to procure objects. Early applications will be wise; for, as in most other matters, those who first apply will be the first to receive benefits.

A PICTURE OF ST. SEBASTIAN, presumed to be painted by L. Carracci, has been placed in our hands by a gentleman who has quitted England, and into whose possession it came under circumstances that now render it almost impossible to trace back its pedigree, though competent judges who have seen it throw no doubt on its authenticity. The treatment of the subject differs materially from any pictures of St. Sebastian we know of, though we have the authority of Mrs. Jameson, both orally and in her "Sacred and Legendary Art," as to the existence of similar treatment in one or two pictures she has seen in Italy. The "saint" is not tied to the tree, but is in the attitude of falling from it, the body being held up by the right arm, which is thrown over a broken branch; at the back of the figure the physician supports the head, while a female—one of the "charitable Christian women"—gently draws out an arrow from the side. The whole of the picture is finely painted; but the figure of the martyr is certainly one of the grandest examples of anatomical drawing and painting we ever saw. It has called forth the admiration of all who have seen it, with an expression that such a "study" ought not to be out of our National Gallery. Our chief object in directing attention to this work is to elicit any information our readers may be able to give us respecting it; and for this purpose we shall be glad to allow any to inspect the picture who may desire to do so. On the frame on which the canvas is stretched is the following inscription:—"Peint par Louis Carracci pour le Cardinal Odeard Farnese en 1583, apporté en France en 1806, pour la célèbre Galerie Lebrun." It was remarked by some who have seen the picture, but without having any knowledge of the inscription at the back, that if painted by L. Carracci it must have been done at a comparatively early age, when his drawing was more precise, and his colouring more finished and "fleshy" than in his later period. The date would make him about twenty-eight years old.

RAFFAELLE'S CARTOONS, at Hampton Court, are, we understand, now so hung that, on the least apprehension from fire or any other sudden casualty, they can be instantly removed and taken away. This is effected by a simple machinery that readily "eases them down" from the wall; and the cartoons, having been fitted upon strainers which can be unbuttoned, and instantly detached from the frames, and which are constructed with a joint or hinge in the middle, their reduced size when doubled up facilitates their transport. Writing of Hampton Court reminds us that a contemporary published a short time since a statement to the effect that an original portrait of Raffaele, by his own hand, has recently been discovered there. It was described by Passevent as existing at Kensington Palace at the time of his visit, about twenty-five years since, since which period many of the pictures at Kensington were removed to Hampton Court.

DORCHESTER HOUSE.—In one of our more recent numbers we gave some details respecting this mansion, now building for Mr. Holford in the Regent's Park, but as various statements have lately appeared in the public prints, which, from their incorrectness, are likely to mislead, it is only due to Mr. Vulliamy, the architect of the building, to let the public know that the whole of the internal works, including the decorations, have been executed under his direction. It may, therefore, be anticipated the same harmony and agreement in the several parts of the exterior which have been so much admired will also be found to prevail in the interior, when the whole is completed. The decorations of those apartments that are already finished—namely, the libraries, and other rooms on the ground-floor,

and also the boudoirs on the first floor, &c., have been ably carried out by Messrs. Morant and Boyd, the eminent decorators, under the direction of the architect; the careful and elaborate execution and high finish of these works reflect the greatest credit on the taste and skill of Mr. Morant, who has given his unremitting personal attention to the task entrusted to him.

MR. R. McLAN.—Just as we were closing our sheets for the press, we saw, with exceeding regret, the death of this artist announced in the daily papers, after a protracted and painful illness. We shall refer to the subject in our next number.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—With the return of the Christmas season this established favourite with the public is always ready with fresh attractions, that are impressed with the character of that best species of novelty—new forms of instructive amusement. It is a distinguishing feature of the Polytechnic that it is always in action. Its career is open before it, and it is ever on the advance along its own proper path. It knows no halt—no pause! There is always something to be heard there, and something to be seen, and something to be learned. This "something" is also sure to be just that very thing which the Polytechnic ought to produce. It is sure to be just that very thing which at the Polytechnic we should both expect and desire to hear, to see, to learn. And it requires no slight amount of energy, coupled with no ordinary ability and judgment, to give life to so essentially vital a machine. This is but in an indirect manner to indicate what we are prepared to express after a different fashion when we pronounce Mr. Pepper a very energetic, a very able and judicious person; or perhaps we might leave the inference that, as sole manager of the Polytechnic, Mr. Pepper is "the right man in the right place," to be drawn from the following statement of what he has provided for this present Christmas. It will be seen that the "dissolving views," which have been so long popular, are still employed as a principal method of obtaining illustrations to lectures, or as providing the pictorial representations with which the lectures are associated as descriptive notices. These views now are painted with great excellence, and they are so adjusted to the optical instruments as to produce truly artistic effects. The "Views of Scenery illustrating a Traveller's Portfolio," by Mr. Clare, which take the lead amongst the novelties, fully justify what we have said of the improved capabilities of "dissolving views." They carry the spectator almost round the world; and their pictorial delineations go far to realise scenes replete with individual interest, and differing as widely as possible from each other. Then there comes Mr. Pepper himself, with a lecture on "Remarkable Optical Illusions," profusely illustrated,—and thoroughly well illustrated,—as all Mr. Pepper's lectures are, with curious experiments, and shadowy appearances, and views, so real in their first appearance, that we scarcely believe our own eyes when they would persuade us that they have fairly "dissolved" in our presence, leaving no rack behind. And once more does this same process do good service in the matter of illustration to a new rendering of an "old, old tale" (not Frank Stone's, though it has something in it that just touches upon it), entitled, "YE PITIFULL AND DIVERTINGE HISTORIE OF BLEW BEARD." Finally, under the auspices of Mr. Darby, those delights of boys, fireworks, appear under a variety of forms, which prove that the term "artist in fireworks" is capable of conveying much serious meaning. Mr. Pepper gives a descriptive lecture on the components and the manufacture of these brilliant varieties of "dissolving views;" and as he rises with his subject he introduces the most elaborate pyrotechnic compositions as the full developments of the squib, and pin-wheel, and cracker. We cannot thus direct attention to the amusements which have very recently been brought out at the Polytechnic, without adding a brief expression of warm sympathy with the effort which Mr. Pepper is making to provide solid advantages for young men in the metropolis in the CLASSES which he has established in connection with the Society of Arts.

EXHIBITION OF ART-MANUFACTURE, EDINBURGH.—This Exhibition was opened on the 15th of December; but in an incomplete state—the catalogue not being "ready." We shall no doubt be in a position to refer to it at length next month.

REVIEWS.

THE HAPPIER DAYS OF CHARLES I. Engraved by E. GOODALL, from the picture by F. GOODALL, A.R.A. Published by E. GAMBART & Co.

A beautiful and a true remark is that we remember to have somewhere read,—“The veil which hides from our eyes the events of future years is a veil woven by the hand of Mercy.” Few have had greater reason for appreciating the blessings it expresses than had the unfortunate monarch to whom Mr. Goodall's picture refers; though, it is not impossible, and we seem to mark it even in these “happier days”—happy only in comparison, for troublous shapes tracked early his footsteps to the throne,—he had some forebodings of the evil destiny that awaited him in the estrangement of the allegiance of his people, if not as the victim of their displeasure. We have been so accustomed to see Charles represented by artists as a man on whose forehead misfortune had set an indelible seal, while

“Melancholy marked him for her own,”

that it is quite pleasant, as well as novel, to look upon him basking in a gleam of sunshine, however transient, and to feel there might have been times when he had moments of enjoyment in common with the most humble of those in whose hearts the storm of rebel indignation was then gathering, in a few brief years to hurl the crown from him, and his dynasty—for a season—and to bring him to an untimely, we will not call it an ignominious, death.

Very many of our readers will, we doubt not, recollect this picture in the Royal Academy in 1853, as well as the wood-cut we gave from it, in 1855, in our biographical sketch of the painter. The subject is well calculated to make a pleasing engraving as much from its novelty as from the very agreeable manner in which it is treated. The print is large, yet not too large for the materials of the composition, and Mr. Goodall, sen., the engraver, has put upon the plate some of his best work; this would naturally be expected, however, when engraving a picture by his son. Mr. Goodall's forte being landscape, we scarcely looked for so much delicacy and general excellence as we find in his rendering of this group of royal figures, which are finished with extreme care and great beauty of expression, affording a strong contrast to the bold and vigorous lines and touches presented in the boat, water, and other portions of the composition. On comparing this engraving with our wood-cut—the latter taken from the original sketch—we notice that the artist, in painting the large picture, has deviated from his first ideas, in the form of the clouds, and of the group of trees to the left, and in the figures standing by the archway of the palace of Hampton Court; his second thoughts are decidedly the best, especially those which have reference to the sky; in black and white the alteration here tells with manifest advantage to the large engraving.

EPOCHS OF PAINTED VASES; AN INTRODUCTION TO THEIR STUDY. By HODDER M. WESTROPP. Published by WALTON & MARELLY.

At a time when the ceramic art is exciting more than ordinary attention, and the Ceramic Court at the Crystal Palace has become a leading feature among its numerous attractions, Mr. Westropp's book appears very opportunely. It may seem strange to many that the study of such comparatively insignificant objects as vases should be worthy the consideration of intelligent and cultivated minds; but though we cannot altogether agree with Mr. Westropp in his remark that they may be regarded as “the most curious, the most graceful, and the most instructive remains that have come down to us from ancient times,” we freely admit that “the beauty of the forms, the fineness of the material, the perfection of the varnish, the variety of the subjects, and their interest in an historical point of view, give painted vases a very important place among the productions of the arts of the ancients.” Since they first were thought of sufficient value to be collected and studied, about a century and a half ago, they have been made the subject of discussion with many learned archaeologists and writers upon Art, who have extracted from their study much interesting and instructive matter. We are not, of course, now speaking of what the potters of the middle ages, and those of Dresden and Sèvres have introduced, but of those which Etruria and Greece sent forth, and the latter of which are, to this day, considered as the types of all that is pure in form, and beautiful in ornamentation. Mr. Westropp divides his styles or epochs of painted vases as follows:—“The Early or Egyptian; the ground of these is of a pale yellow, on which the figures are painted in black or brown; the figures consist chiefly of animals, and borders of flowers and other orna-

ments run round them. They date B.C. 660 and 550. Next comes the Archaic Greek, dating B.C. 430; with black figures on a red ground, representing scenes taken from the Hellenic mythology. The Severe, or Transitional style, follows; the figures here are red on a black ground, and similar in subject to the preceding. The forms of these vases have something more elegant than those of the second, though they present great variations in style and size; they date generally from B.C. 460 to 420. A few years later, that is about B.C. 400, we arrive at the "Beautiful, or Greek," when the art seems to have reached perfection as regards form, material, and beauty of design; this style is the more perfect development of the former—all severity and conventionality which distinguish the earlier styles having entirely disappeared. The predominating subjects are Greek myths or representations of Greek manners. Then comes the period of "Decadence," when the vase assumed an enormous size and exaggerated proportions; it was also characterised by a multitude of figures, complexity of composition, inferiority and carelessness of design, superfluity of decoration; while at a still later period we find a yet greater deterioration in the arts of design and more capricious forms; and following these, inferior imitations of the earlier works, both as regards material, form, and ornament.

Mr. Westropp professes to offer only a few general remarks upon the subject of ancient vases, but brief as they are they will afford sufficient information to enable the unlearned to distinguish the various styles, and to create a desire to search into more elaborate treatises. The text is illustrated by a large number of well executed engravings of works arranged in their respective epochs.

LADIES OF THE REFORMATION. By the Rev. JAMES ANDERSON. Illustrated by JAMES GODWIN, GEORGE THOMAS, &c. Published by BLACKIE & SON, Glasgow.

This is a noble and beautiful volume for all seasons, and one of especial interest to the female world. In his preface, Mr. Anderson says that "in countries such as this, where the Reformation has triumphed, its benign influences have descended richly in blessings upon woman. It has abolished the confessional, and no priest may now extort from her the inmost secrets of her breast. . . . In following her convictions she is no longer exposed to the peril of imprisonment, of torture, or of the stake, or doomed to see the field, the scaffold, or her own hearth stained with the blood of her relatives." This is perfectly true—and we may well glory in the Reformation, and the liberty in holiness with which it enriched these lands; but we must not forget that there have been women of other creeds who have exhibited as much heroism and as earnest devotion as any recorded in these pages. We can only regret that their teaching had not a purer source; but their steadfastness in what was right, according to their knowledge, at least, commands our admiration.

Mr. Anderson has taken most exemplary pains with this volume; he has gathered his goodly conclave of heroic Christian women from Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, and Spain, and compressed their acts and deeds into as small a space as could well be devoted to each; he has written a sound historical introduction to each division of his subject, and abstained, perhaps as much as it was possible, from bitterness towards the Church whose dominant spirit has been that of persecution.

The volume contains ninety-six illustrations of varied subject and interest, chiefly from the pencil of Mr. James Godwin, who has displayed considerable skill and power in many of the groups, but he frequently mistakes size for dignity, and drapes his figures so heavily that the beauty of form is altogether lost. There are some ornamental headings and borderings in Mr. Humphries' usual style of excellence; and the architectural "bits," with occasional landscapes,—scenes where the struggles between Romanism and Protestantism took place,—add greatly to the value of the volume, and have been well rendered by Mr. Thomas, Mr. Johnson, and others.

We may wish the book had been called "*Women of the Reformation*" instead of "*Ladies*." The cause is too noble to derive any advantage from the circumstance of birth—it is too highly spiritual to need earthly distinction. We regret that we have not more space to devote to this volume; but it will speedily speak for itself in all Protestant homes.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE. Published by J. M. HUTCHINGS & Co., San Francisco, California.

Amid the clang of the pickaxe of the gold-finder, and the echoes of a multitude of loud, discordant voices that sometimes one fancies he hears sweeping across the waves of the Atlantic, there come now and then

softer and sweeter sounds, denoting that gentle and soothing influences are also at work among the strange community located in the regions of California. We have on our table the first four parts of a monthly magazine, the publication of which commenced in July last. Its object, to quote the introductory address of the editor, is, "to picture California, and California life; to portray its beautiful scenery and curiosities; to speak of its mineral and agricultural products; to tell of its wonderful resources and commercial advantages; and to give utterance to the inner life and experience of its people, in their aspirations, hopes, disappointments, and successes—the lights and shadows of daily life."

We have looked very carefully through these numbers, and can safely say that in matter, illustrations, paper, and printing, the California Magazine would be creditable to a London publisher; facts and fiction are pleasantly told; and occasionally a graceful poem gives evidence of gentle spirits mingling with the rough and stern workers out of the realities of life. Here and there we find sentiments and expressions which would scarcely pass current in a periodical circulating among a more refined people; but as a whole the publication pleases no less than it surprises.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

FOR THE YOUNG.

THE poet Hood was not entirely just in his estimate of the criticism that children exercise over stories intended for their instruction or amusement, when he penned those beautiful lines:—

"A blessing on your merry hearts,
Such readers I would choose,
Because you do not criticise,
And never write reviews!"

Children are happily exempt from "reviewing," and its pains and penalties;—but set a clear-headed child of ten or twelve years old to read a story, and encourage her (girls at that age are much more critical than boys) to say exactly what she "thinks," and you will soon see how the book falls to pieces. Children hardly comprehend sufficiently to understand the bearing of a whole volume; but they dissect admirably. We gave to one of those juvenile critics a very useful story, by the useful sisters Mary and Elizabeth Kirby; the lesson here inculcated is excellent, and the illustrations, by John Absalom, unaffected and pleasing; but our little friend was not satisfied—"Yes, I like Matilda—she is so noble and right; but I do not understand Julia. Proud girls, if well educated, are not vulgar; now Julia is vulgar; here, she talks about riding in a carriage;—I have always heard that people drive in a carriage, and ride on horseback. I do not think there ever could have been a well-educated young lady so rude and vulgar as Julia Maitland." The little girl saw, at once, the fault of this, in other respects clever, story: the character of Julia is exaggerated; no girl accustomed to well-bred society, no matter how proud, could speak or act as she did.

THE EARLY DAWN; OR, STORIES TO THINK ABOUT—by a Country Clergyman†—reminds us, both in matter and manner, of one of Miss Edgeworth's "Early Lessons." Our young friend read the book, from the first story, "Oh, it's such a Trouble," to the last, "It's all in the Dark," with evident satisfaction—shrinking a little at the deer-shooting, and two or three other details connected with the destruction of animal life, which should have been tempered by a few observations to inculcate the principle that the life of the smallest creature must not be wantonly destroyed. The corner of St. Paul's Church-yard keeps up its character; the publications hence issued are well "got up," and Harrison Weir's illustrations to this charming little volume are models worth copying. We cannot too strongly express conviction, that illustrations to children's books should be good in design and execution.

SELF AND SELF-SACRIFICE; OR, NELLY'S STORY,‡ cannot be considered a child's book—and not exclusively a book for the young. The author has portrayed the virtue of self-sacrifice, and urges throughout the story that there is but One strength that is able to nerve us against temptation. Considerable power is manifested in the delineation of the characters, and the good intent of the author commands respect; the progress of the story, however, is unskillfully prolonged; it would have been far more effective if curtailed; young authors are seldom aware of the strength of brevity.

We have seldom seen Alfred Crowquill's versatile talent turned to better account than in a very

* Julia Maitland; or, Pride goes before a Fall. Griffith & Farran.
† Illustrations by Harrison Weir. Griffith & Farran.
‡ Groombridge & Sons.

amusing and instructive brochure sent forth under the Germanised name of GRUFFEL SWILLEN-DRINKEN; OR, THE REPROOF OF THE BRUTES.* If, as we suppose, the story—as well as the most clever and amusing illustrations—are from the pen and pencil of our gifted countryman, not only will he be among the most popular of authors in the nurseries of England, but deserve the brightest of all golden medals from the Temperance Society—they cannot fail to appreciate the value of such a satire upon the huge insanity of England.

GRANNY'S WONDERFUL CHAIR.†—It is now some years since our attention was drawn to sundry poems, appearing at intervals, by "Frances Browne, of Stranolar;" and when we learned that Nature had exchanged gifts with this young girl—deprived of this world's light, and bestowed upon her the light of poetry, we felt still higher admiration for her productions—not that they need "sympathy" or "consideration;" all that she writes stands bravely by itself, and yet is full of womanly tenderness and expression. "Granny's Wonderful Chair" is simply a "chair" to pin fairy tales upon—not "Irish" fairy tales. We suppose Frances Browne thought that Croker, and Keightley, and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and the host of Irish writers, had pretty well exhausted the fairy mythology of Ireland; and so, although "Frosty Face" and "Fairy Foot" certainly belong to the "Green Isle," she gives them all names, but no local habitations, save on the pretty pages of this pretty book, which is announced as illustrated by Kenny Meadows—the very portrait-painter of fairyland. But either Mr. Kenny Meadows repeats himself, or we have seen several of these illustrations in Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Midsummer Eve," which certainly contained the richest and greatest variety of illustrations that ever adorned a single volume. This little book is charmingly "got up," and no prettier Christmas gift could be imagined for any little lady about to enter her "teens."

PICTURES FROM THE PYRENEES.‡—This title is not a thread to hang stories on, but a veritable narrative of places and people. Our young friends may revel in the knowledge that it is "every word true," and visit with "Agnes and Kate" the scenes and places so simply and graphically described. We have, ourselves, read every page with much interest, and believe there could hardly be a better guide to the "Eaux-bonnes," and its beautiful and varied scenery.

HARRY HAWKINS'S "H" BOOK. SHOWING HOW HE LEARNED TO ASPIRATE HIS H's.§—We have given the heading of this pretty little book complete, because we think that all Cockneydom should assemble, and vote a testimonial to the philanthropic firm at the corner of "St. Paul's Church-yard," for such an invaluable publication. No family or school-room, within, or indeed beyond, the sound of Bow bell should be without this merry manual; and were the City authorities to invest a fair sum, so as to distribute the book amongst their public companies, there is no telling how much their pronunciation of the much-slighted letter might be improved by Easter! The construction of the book is ingenious; but the idea may take a wider range, and many of the ill-used letters of the alphabet—S and W for instance—obtain their proper sounds—"victims" be no longer "victims," and "vinegar" no longer "vinegar."

Mr. H. G. Kingston|| is pretty popular by this time with all the boys of England. What boy has numbered twelve years, and not felt his heart beat at the adventures of "Peter the Whaler," or "Mark Seaworth?"—to say nothing of the most charming of them all, "Blue Jackets." The very name, "SALT WATER," is suggestive of the most marvellous perils, and their equally marvellous escapes. We have an inborn affection for "Middies"—little, troublesome, ne'er-do-well rascals on shore—never out of scrapes, never at rest; and yet, at sea, how they grow into the dignity and glory of the "naval officer!" We never see one of those trim "chaps," with his gold-banded cap and ostentatious dirk, without feeling that Jarvis, and Howe, and Blake, and Nelson, were once such as he is now! "Salt Water" rakes up one or two old stories which rather wearied us, as we knew them before; but to the youngsters they will be quite new; so there can be no objection to these twice-told tales. Mr. Kingston has an excellent way of conveying a moral; he never preaches, but he lets, as it were, the lesson of the story show itself. This volume will become as popular as its predecessors.

* Griffith and Farran.

† By Frances Browne. Griffith & Farran.

‡ Pictures from the Pyrenees; or, Agnes and Kate's Travels. By Caroline Bell. Griffith & Farran.

§ Griffith & Farran.

|| SALT WATER; OR, THE SEA-LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NEIL D'ARCY, THE MIDSHIPMAN. Illustrated by Anelay. Griffith and Farran.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1857.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

So long ago as the 6th of June, in last year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained from parliament a vote of £2000, to enable him to take the first step towards the formation of what, we trust, is destined in time to be a great Portrait Collection of the Worthies of Britain. It is right that we should pause at this point, to remark, that when we speak of a collection of British worthies, we somewhat enlarge the terms—we do not say, the intentions—on which the minister founded this claim upon the public purse. It is not unimportant to point out, that a Gallery of Portraits of “the most eminent persons in British history”—certificated, the terms would seem to imply, in something like the spirit of the great collection at Versailles—was what the Chancellor of the Exchequer asked for, according to the reports of the time. Now, we are compelled to say, that history has not always kept her records as fully and faithfully as might be desired; and one express office which we recognise in the new institution proposed, would be, that of making certain rectifications in her written page. Out of the dim places of old French chronicle, for instance, we could drag a name or two whose omission from any assemblage wherein names stand for the figures that make up the sum of the national greatness, is a falsification of the account. There are gaps to fill in the French Pantheon, if the true historic religion were understood—a few inscriptions yet to make in the list of the “*grands hommes*” who receive there the conspicuous homage of “*la Patrie reconnoissante*.” And so it is with ourselves, at home. The Muse of history has not always been most worthily invoked amongst us. Many a man would find a fitting place in a collection of British worthies whom *her* priests have neglected to enrol among the “most distinguished,” and whom Chancellors of the Exchequer—not always working by the lantern of Diogenes—are apt to overlook.—On this head we shall have more to say hereafter; but it seemed desirable, at the very outset, to clear away any possible misunderstanding of the kind from the terms of the argument on which we are about to enter. Let it be distinctly premised, that British worthies have not always been historic worthies in the accepted sense,—that the ground of the national *bene meruit* is a wider one than any occupied by party history. Such a national portrait gallery as we desire to see, would, of course, be an illustration of our national history; but of a history many chapters of which have yet to be formally written,—a

history that sweeps into its scope all the conditions of modern civilisation, and in doing so comes upon figures that the heralds had passed by without perceiving. The spirit of inquiry, it must be conceded, is carrying its lights into many dark and neglected places of the past,—the genius of the age is eminently supplementary and corrective,—and it may be, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer and we both mean the same thing. But if so, it is safer to enlarge the expression to a conformity with the larger meaning,—or, to start by explaining, that the history which we propose to illustrate by the help of this parliamentary vote is a far less partial and more comprehensive one than that which is written by the court historian, or has been commonly read by Chancellors of the Exchequer.

To return, then, from what we scarcely admit to be a digression:—It will be in the recollection of our readers, that this vote, of eight months old, was the consequence of an address of yet older date, agreed to by the House of Lords, on the motion of Earl Stanhope, with nearly unanimity of consent,—and of the ready and cordial acceptance which the project therein suggested received from the Crown. In the House of Commons itself, the sentiment of the grant was scarcely disturbed by those economic murmurs which have a perennial echo throughout that place of approach to the national strong-box, and are the expression of a sound chronic condition in the peculiar atmosphere of the locality:—and, though we Englishmen have been taught by experience not to look for any very rapid action from Chancellors of the Exchequer, save in the matter of taxation, yet, in this instance, we cannot but remember, that the finance minister took the scheme under his express patronage, pledged the government to its earnest fosterage, and promised such an administration of the grant as should correspond to the zeal of the national estates. We think it, therefore, not unreasonable, after this interval of time, and on the eve of parliament’s once more assembling, to inquire what has been done towards giving effect to these intentions on the one hand, and undertakings on the other. Have the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his colleagues laid the foundation of a National Portrait Gallery with the funds entrusted to them for the purpose,—and are they prepared to point to any prosperous result as a plea with Parliament for a further grant? Something, by this time, they should be in a condition to show they have done in the matter:—and, as the subject will doubtless come before both Houses, in some form or another, at an early period of the approaching session, there are certain considerations connected with the due execution of the new scheme on which we are anxious to have a few words with our readers previous to any discussion of the same topics that may take place elsewhere.

In the first place, then, let us express more emphatically than we have yet done our earnest assent to this proposition of Lord Stanhope’s, if it be carried out in the spirit which the very terms imply, and in which we have no doubt whatever its noble promoter conceived it. Unhappily, our readers are not to be told, that no amount of clearness in the terms of a proposition is sufficient to protect its integrity against the genius of jobbery when that monster is rampant in the land,—and therefore a project like this had no chance of successful execution in any other age than one which, like the present, is, among all its shortcomings, distinguished above most others by a conquest over the stormier passions, and an honest desire for an adjustment of the moral balances. This consideration must reconcile us to the past delay in what is one of a series of measures the neglect of which has, whatever the causes, been

so much waste of matchless national means. How rich the past of England is in the men and in the facts that make the materials of history, our readers need not be told; but she is rich, too, incomparably beyond all her rivals, in the documents that record the one and the other. This latter wealth she has suffered to run to waste with the prodigality of a spendthrift. No other country under the sun has such a body of records as England:—at once the witnesses of her glory, and a subject to her of most serious reproach. In spite of partial dispersions and destructions, like those of the civil wars, there is no other nation that can point to a series of vouchers of its events nearly so continuous and complete. Yet, these priceless treasures, in which the history of a people is written, have been so dealt with as to make them useless to the historian in the years that are past, and enlist the moth and the mildew for securing them against his possible inquisition in the years that are to come. What sort of access had Robertson or Hume to the documents which—and which alone—keep the true secret of our national story? In the first place, our records have been buried in cellars and hidden away in lumber-rooms, that such literary resurrectionists might not find them, and interfere with their character of dead letters. Then, lest their place of sepulture should be, nevertheless, invaded, and some excavator more enterprising than his fellows should threaten to disinter some one of the historic figures which they include, the next device was, to dismember them,—burying a limb here, and a limb there,—so that their connexion might be broken, and he get at best either an imperfect figure or a false one. We say nothing, of course, of the documentary treasures that lie heaped away in private collections—those of the great historic houses of the land,—or in quasi-public ones, like the Bodleian and the Ashmolean. But, Carlton Ride gave the lie to the Norman Chapel in the Tower, and the old Chapter House at Westminster Abbey kept witnesses to testify against both. The chances of final annihilation were further promoted in one case, by a magazine of gunpowder placed beneath the receptacle of these priceless muniments, and in another by the provision of easy access to periodical washings from the overflow of the Thames. When the river was not there in person, damp was his resident ambassador,—and the rat was *attaché*, with “the run of his teeth.”—We speak of these things now with some mitigation of the remorse, because the remedy is at length applied. Among other rectifications of the age, we have finally succeeded in obtaining a building ample for the reception of the existing records and the probable accumulations of half a century to come, and well adapted to their classification and arrangement; and provisions of more than one kind are making for publication in some cases, and for access in all. On the subject of this new and most important national depository, and its arrangements, we may probably give our readers some further information at another time:—at present, we link this part of our subject on to that from which we started by a truism. A great history is not built up but by great men,—and the eminent fact has everywhere and in all cases its eminent individual type. The portraits of such men are at once the complement and the fitting illustration of our Book of History. Now,—premissing that, whether as regards the past or the future, if we are to have this illustration at all, we will delegate to no one sect or party its ordering, but will have our history illustrated on all its pages,—we may observe, that, in the matter of such illustrations, the national attention being now directed to the subject, the future can, of course, take care of itself. But it happens also, that, as regards the past, we, in England, are

in these, as in the other materials of history, more rich than any other people of Europe. Without pointing to our stone records in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and in the other cathedrals of the land,—we may mention, that our insular immunity from the war cyclones that have left their destructive traces almost everywhere on the continent of Europe, and our habitual exemption from the action of the internal fires that have periodically convulsed so many states and ransacked so many private houses, have left amongst us an unusually large amount of portrait treasures to supply the means of such an institution as is now proposed. The royal palaces of England, the halls and libraries of our ancient colleges and our inns of court, the palaces of our bishops, our public institution-rooms, and the town and country houses of the nobles and the old English gentry throughout the land, could furnish between them, if brought together, such an historical Portrait Gallery as would dim at once, by comparison, the vaunted glory of Versailles.

While such an institution as the country should owe to this motion of Lord Stanhope, and of which, as we have seen, the materials lie abundantly to hand, has its uses of many kinds, it is desirable that it should be clearly understood *what* those uses are, and who are the parties benefited. It must be distinctly asserted, that it is not for the sake of the illustrious men of past or of present times that we desire these pictured presentments. Intrinsic greatness can derive nothing to itself from monumental commemoration. The homage which the world pays to its great actors, when rightly paid, is paid for its own sake, not for theirs. We would not appeal to our modern men by so mean a motive,—even as a supplementary argument. In our day, the commemorations of picture or of marble are understood as the records—not the rewards—of genius or of virtue. It was not altogether so in the old Roman time. Much of the Roman greatness was itself conventional, and fitly paid by a convention. The Roman virtues were many of them statuesque and attitudinal, in principle and in action,—and to such, a statue was appropriate and tangible immortality. To stand in the forum in brass or in marble before the citizens of after-times, was the probable and reasonable object of ambition to him who lived and moved before his fellows in posture,—taking his principles of greatness from their opinion, and his articles of goodness on their prescription. A statue properly recompensed the deed of daring and of self-sacrifice which the mere hope or promise of a statue would itself have bought. *We live in nobler times.* The "*monumentum ære [vel, picturâ] perennius*" is a fact dawning more and more upon our public men.—But, there is moral inspiration in the contemplation of the features of the great departed, which it is a national waste to throw away. The tone and temper of the popular mind are raised by such studies. The mighty spirits who ruled the world in which they were present, "yet rule as from their urns," to our own great gain, by means of the statue or the picture. The portrait-painter, in a scheme like this of Lord Stanhope's, wields Agrippa's glass,—and the great figures in the procession of history pass, by his means, before the student's eyes, each with his moral written on his forehead. The value of such teaching the Romans themselves had not overlooked. It was well observed in the discussion on this subject in the House of Commons, that the old Roman placed in the vestibules of his house the portraits of his ancestors, that his children might read the lesson which an ancestry bequeaths as they passed out and in. The pictures of a nation's illustrious ancestry should thus be assembled at some con-

spicuous point before the people's eye.—Then, again, the great figures in the history of a kingdom are the jewels in its crown,—and it wears its regal aspect in the eyes of the world when it thus puts them all on.—In a word, if the best part of a nation's property be the great spirits that it has produced, the homage that it pays to them is at once homage and profit to itself. A National Portrait Gallery is a mode of banking one of its essential treasures, so as to yield a constant interest by the law of emulation.—But, besides these objects of public moral teaching, there is no doubt that history itself is powerfully commented by pictorial presentments of the men who were at the main-springs of its events. It has even been said that without such aids to its reading, history, however significant as a narrative of facts, is, as regards the men themselves, a mere record of abstract names. We read in its page, for instance, it is asserted, that Pompey was defeated by Cæsar,—and we have in the after-story of the Roman state the confirmation and the sequel of the fact. But, as to the chiefs themselves, with all their distinct and mighty individualities, their several figures are utterly confounded for us who look back on them through the haze and long perspective of the ages,—and Cæsar might be Pompey, and Pompey Cæsar, without changing any of the visible conditions of the tale. That this detracts something from the life and dramatic force of historic narrative, there can be no doubt;—and portraiture, inasmuch as it helps to rescue the actors from this species of obliteration, and to individualise each, is, as we have hinted, not less than a complement of history itself. The mighty men whose "brows are cold" we desire thus to see separately as they were, and for ourselves to trace and—

"Know
Their likeness to the wise below,
Their kindred to the great of old."

If any of our readers would desire to learn emphatically how much of history may be written on the foreheads of those who are its themes, let them spend an hour in the Holbein Gallery, at Windsor Castle, and read the grave, sad comments there uttered from the walls. There are portraits in that collection that will let them into chambers of the past, never looked on by them with such a stern familiarity before. No chronicler's page was ever half so eloquent as the portrait-painter there.—For all these reasons, and others like them, we repeat, Lord Stanhope's project, and the minister's promise, of a great National Portrait Gallery, has our own warm approval, and we are anxious to enlist in its cause the hearty sympathy of our readers.

The principle of the new institution being firmly established, we are willing to concede to the minister that there are certain difficulties to be encountered in the way of its technical execution,—and that one great difficulty is, to know where to begin. The sum of £2000, as the amount in the minister's hands applicable to the purpose, will probably have struck most of our readers as absurdly disproportioned to the dimensions of such a scheme as we have sketched,—and nearly useless even for the purpose of laying its foundations. The smallness of the demand was, however, probably determined by the consideration, that the first application for a grant was an experiment on the temper of the house as respects the project. For ourselves, indeed, we confess, that we should be unwilling to put any large sum into the minister's hands for a purpose like the present until we have a more definite assurance of the spirit in which he understands his trust, and something like an explanation of the details proposed to be made applicable to its execution. There is, as we shall have presently to show, a peculiarity in an institution like this

which would make its mal-administration something more than merely a failure. The principle of the thing may be so handled as to operate an absurdity, and the right created under it so interpreted as to enact a wrong. But what we have first to point out is, that this sum of £2000 is not so inadequate to any possible initiatory measure as at first view it seems;—because no power of parliament, and no amount of money which it can vote, could command such a portrait collection as that which is shadowed out in our rapid glance over the field on which the rich materials of British portraiture lie. It must be remembered, that a very large proportion of the originals in which England is so abundant are in the hands of private corporations or of individuals,—who are without the motive to sell;—and that, in the latter case, they are amongst the most valued of all the heir-looms in a land wherein peculiar importance is attached to this species of family illustration. It is also to be remembered, as a further difficulty in the way, that many of these existing portraits have a value far beyond their value as documents,—being among the master-pieces of the great masters of the limner's art. Holbein and Vandyke, Reynolds and Lawrence, are contributors to the picture-history of England,—but contributors at the same time, of the most important kind, to the rich treasury of British art. Now, it is essential that the intrinsic idea of this national Portrait Gallery shall be preserved in its unity, and kept clear of the complication into which it is very apt to fall. In this new institution we are in search of history, not art,—collecting records, not master-pieces. Of course, where we can have history illustrated by high art, as where we can have high art illustrated by history, always and in every case the better,—but it is important, nevertheless, to our present object that the two ideas shall be kept distinct. Into another particular department of our National Gallery (supposing this Portrait Gallery to form ultimately, as we trust it will, a constituent part in a comprehensive scheme of national collection) a portrait would find its way on the ground of its being a Holbein or a Reynolds,—into this, a Holbein or a Reynolds would find its way only on the ground of its being a portrait. In one case, the interest attaches intrinsically to the thing represented,—in the other, to the manner of the representation. There, it is the painter we prize,—here, the subject. The one quality supplementing or superseding all others in this Portrait Gallery of ours is, *likeness*. It is obvious, then, that for this specific object a good copy will serve as well as an original,—and so, the difficulty which made the original inaccessible is overcome. In the course of years, no doubt,—for the growth to its best and highest conditions of an institution like this must of necessity be slow,—in the course of years and the accidents which they bring, some of these originals themselves will, from time to time, find their way into the market, and be secured for the nation. Nor do we doubt, from the noble public spirit which has already been more than once exhibited in directions kindred to this, that, when the institution is once fairly formed and honestly and intelligently governed, many another original will ultimately be added to the national property by means of gift or of bequest. But, in the meantime, they who will neither give nor sell, will lend for a national object; and by the means of *copies* thus obtained we may be constantly adding picture-links to our historical and chronological series. Towards this object our £2000 will help us some little way; and we should be glad now to learn, amongst other things, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given any commissions on the strength of this parliamentary vote, and whether, as we have said, he has any results

to show. We remember, too, that it was intimated, in the House of Commons, by that minister, when he asked for the money, that Government would, in all probability, initiate the new scheme by a temporary exhibition of portraits which they hoped would be voluntarily lent for the purpose:—a measure which, if generously promoted by the proprietors of such works, would enable the country to take stock of its treasures in this kind, and assist in the formation of the list on which the copyist will have to work. For this purpose the iron building erected on the estate at Kensington Gore for the reception of the sheds and other buildings from Marlborough House was, we believe, suggested at the time, and the country will desire further to know, what steps the minister has in the interval taken to give effect to that suggestion. We see that the managers of the forthcoming Exhibition, at Manchester, of the Art-treasures of the kingdom, announce their intention to assign an important place in their arrangements to a Collection of Portraits. By the conditions of the case, we should be led to conjecture that an *Art* collection of portraits is here designed, rather than an historical one; but it would be well that we should be informed how far this northern project may, by possibility, have modified the purpose of the Chancellor of the Exchequer,—or if, in fact, it may not even be itself the new form which his initiatory movements towards the formation of a National Portrait Gallery has taken.

The most important, however, of all the considerations connected with the sound and successful working of the new institution, is one at which we partially glanced in the outset of this article, and on the subject of which we have reserved a few remarks for its close. The proposition which it involves is a double one:—who are the parties to be selected for the species of illustration which Lord Stanhope's scheme proposes? and who are the parties by whom the selection is to be made? On these heads there is no doubt that a considerable amount of distrust prevails in the public mind,—and it is based on precedents of no very distant date, that might fairly make us the laughing-stock of Europe. We make wild work with our monumental commemorations, of many kinds. In the matter of statues, alone, we have done things that should give us an immortality in Gotham. At one time, for instance, we commission a first-rate artist for a work of sculpture,—and then build a tall column on which to lift it so far beyond the reach of natural vision, that no possible reason suggests itself unless it be that of a desire to stimulate improvements in the telescope. At another time, we raise a bronze hero, horse and all, on to a roof, and let him air his proportions where a chimney would seem more natural. We have done everything absurd with our statues short of setting one of them to stand on its head. In other forms of historic illustration, we have performed equally wonderful things. The well-hacknied joke of the play of Hamlet without the part of Hamlet has, after all, nothing absurd for some of our national managers. There is a certain public document amongst us in which we have done the very thing. Not exactly able to strike the Commonwealth out of history, we did what we could in that direction—we struck out Cromwell. According to certain authorities amongst us, the Protector is a myth. It would scarcely have been more absurd if the same men had reared a statue to Mrs. Harris!—Party, in charge of the public monuments, has little hesitation in falsifying history.

One question there is (supposing that the word "historical," introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is to be retained), about which we must come to some sort of understanding before we vote freely the money of the nation towards an alleged collection of the

nation's representatives:—viz., what is to be taken as constituting an historical man? Here, as we have already hinted, we should, for ourselves, demand a greatly enlarged definition. A nation's real history is the record of all the forces that have shaped its present figure,—and its historic men are the men who have moved them. Some of these have been bringing up the gold which is wrought into a social framework like ours from deep mines, into which the imperfect lights of written history have failed to flash. To say nothing of the great scientific explorers and mechanical contrivers who are the conquerors of our day,—many of the best chivalries of our modern life are not enacted on fields of cloth of gold. The tilt against the social giants is run in lists not kept by the heralds. The war with the dragon that lays waste our fields and devours our children is fought by the St. George of these later and nobler times without his shining armour. The worthiest names have thus sometimes missed their fitting record. The public commemorations have not always been for those who had the most sacred claim on the public sympathies. In this sense the poet was right who said—

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

There would be some re-distribution of the figures if we had the ordering of the earthly Pantheon. We would depose Hannibal in favour of Howard, and give Watt the place of Alexander the Great. If we could no otherwise find a pedestal for Jenner, we think we should dethrone Gog and Magog.—Then, there are the men who have taken out the life-boats into the social breakers, rescued many drowning wretches from the wrecks of feebly constructed institutions, and toiled and toiled at the great moral breakwaters of the world. Surely, in the history of a people's wealth and civilisation, they have historic names to whom it owes its large amounts of moral salvage.—There is, in fact, no individual merit—literary, artistic, professional, or scientific—that does not make up a portion of a nation's history, if we could read it as the Recording Angel can, and constitute its owner an historic man. Well, then, let us have something like guarantees that the state will make effectual provision for the careful and conscientious editing of this its volume of worthies. We know too well how the several editions of such a work would vary in various hands. Let some individual editor have his own way, and, such are the distortions of prejudice or of passion that it is quite possible to have a portrait history of England wherein no mention shall be made of Wickliffe or Wesley, of Clarendon or of Falkland. Whig men would dwindle below the dimensions proper to such a page in Tory telescopes,—and Tories would disappear under the focal peculiarity of Whigs. Religious rancour and political partizanship will each furnish their lists of proscription. Let it never be forgotten—for we cannot repeat it too often—that we have a history of England without Cromwell! They who doubt the petty things that passion will do, need only remember, too, the clever device which supposed it had made a blot in the first Napoleon's list of soldier-chiefs, when it turned the portrait of Ney, in the Hall of Marshals, with its face to the wall!—We must have no such party-conjuring as this in our new Portrait Gallery.

If that gallery is, in truth, to be instituted into a great and public document of the mark and authority suggested, it will probably be found a proper course, in the outset, to appoint a commission, charged with the preparation of lists of the names yielded by the *past*, which should have a place in this Portrait Prytaneum. Such a commission should be sufficiently large to embrace amongst its members all varieties

of opinion,—and composed of men individually likely, so far as the unconscious tyranny of human sentiment will allow, to perform conscientiously any public duty with which they may be charged. The principle of election for the men of the *present* and of the *future* into this collection of British Worthies wants also determining,—so that we may know that it is removed beyond the influences of irresponsibility or the action of caprice. The authority to confer what will be a public honour should be clearly defined. In all probability, the collection will, like other similar institutions in this country, be handed over to the keeping of a body of trustees:—if so, is it intended that the right of nomination to a place in this National Portrait Gallery shall be amongst their prerogatives? In that case, it will be well that the exercise of this prerogative should be controlled by the necessity of an annual return to parliament.—In some instances, it is not improbable that parliament itself might order a place in this Portrait Gallery to one whom it should delight to honour; and the ready means of a special public distinction is thus provided in the new institution. In any case, a place in this great national representation would grow finally into a sort of Order of Merit:—and, in this view, let it never be forgotten, that the party-spirit which should usurp the right to keep a man who had won his spurs, on any well-fought field of social action, from these walls, would by such exclusion be practically executing a sentence of condemnation, and striking, as it were, a name out of the rolls of chivalry.

On all these heads, we repeat, the public will expect to have information at no distant period after the minister meets the house. There are other points of detail—such as questions of classification and arrangement—which must probably be left to follow the labours of the commission referred to, in case such commission be intended; and some points which must wait on other issues that are likely to come to trial in the approaching session of parliament,—such as, that which is to determine the place or no place of this institution in a wider scheme for a great National Gallery of Art. A time will probably come, too, when it may be thought well to consider, whether the photographer might not be called in, to multiply these portraits, or some of them, for distribution, with biographical summaries, and at a price almost nominal, amongst the people. Besides their collective access to the great national library of portrait, individuals will like to keep a volume or two at home, for fireside perusal,—and it is an object well worth the care of a paternal government thus to furnish them with the means. Hero-worship is a natural instinct; and since the popular mind *will* have its idols, it is no light duty to assist towards their choice in a sound direction. This cheap distribution, as a method of popular instruction, seems one form, and no unimportant one, of the gain that may be extracted out of the new National Portrait Gallery.—But these, and other questions, we postpone:—and shall be satisfied for the present to know, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has something to show for the credit which we gave him towards the realisation of this useful and interesting project,—and that the conditions of its utility and interest have been secured by the application of sound and wholesome principles in its constitution.

In what form the subject will come before the Houses of Parliament during the ensuing session, we are of course entirely ignorant; but after the principle of the necessity of such a gallery was acknowledged by the grant of last year, the matter must proceed.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

A SCENE FROM "MIDAS."

D. Maclise, R.A., Painter. S. Sangster, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 4 ft. 2½ in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

SUCH a singular combination of fact and fiction is to be found in this picture as to render a rather lengthened explanation necessary to the understanding of its meaning. Had the figure with the guitar been habited as some modern strolling musician, the composition would have been perfectly intelligible; but, in his semi-classic costume, however harmonious may be the music he produces from his instrument, he certainly is not himself in harmony with his auditory, nor with the place in which they have all met.

The subject is a scene from the comic opera of "Midas." The author of this amusing, but not most refined burlesque, was K. O'Hara: it was written and first performed in Dublin, about a century ago, and was played at Covent Garden a year or two afterwards; if we remember rightly, it was produced last at the Haymarket Theatre, about three years since. The characters introduced into the scene presented in this picture are Sileno, an old farmer, in whose house they now are; Mysis, his wife; their two daughters; and Apollo, in the disguise of a shepherd. Apollo, having offered some offence to Jupiter, is cast down from Elysium, and descends on the farm belonging to Sileno: a shepherd, seeing him fall, runs off alarmed, leaving behind him his coat, hat, and guitar, which the banished culprit picks up and appropriates to his own use. In this condition he is met by Sileno, who immediately hires him for service, and to divert his wife and daughters:—

"You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog."

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And, when daily labour's over,
We'll all dance to your strum-strum."

Apollo is accordingly brought to the cottage, and introduced by the farmer to his wife and daughters, as we see the group in the picture:—

"Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you grumble
At too hard toil: I chanced just now to stumble
On this stout drudge—and hired him—fit for labour."

The old lady regards the musician with contempt, and rails at her husband for bringing home such "rubbish; a strolling thrummer;" the girls, anticipating, no doubt, much amusement from his musical attainments, and pleased with the comely appearance of the stranger, "so modest, so genteel," offer him as kindly a welcome as bright, shining, coquettish faces can present. Apollo, to soften the wrath of Mysis, at once touches his guitar, and begins to sing the well-known song which, with the play-going public of our own time, is identified with Madame Vestris, when she took the part of Apollo—one of her most successful characters:—

"Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your
tongue,—
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?" &c.

Maclise's picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1839. The *dramatis personæ* are throughout well studied; the boldness and assurance of the young Apollo—the angry and contemptuous look and posture of the dame—the remonstrating action of the farmer—and the arch coquetry of the daughters—are unmistakably represented. Like all the works of this artist, his "Midas" is painted with the utmost attention to detail and finish in all its parts, and has less of the hard, dry manner which many of his later works exhibit. The colouring is more subdued than we now generally see on his canvases, yet sufficiently brilliant to produce a richness of effect.

It is so long since we saw this burlesque acted on the stage, that we cannot tell whether or not the artist has reproduced on his canvas what was actually brought before the audience of a theatre, or whether the composition is purely ideal, founded on his reading of the author's writing: it is, however, so dramatic in character, that one is inclined to believe Maclise painted what he had seen.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

THE Photographic Society has opened its fourth Annual Exhibition; and it is a thing to see, and to talk of after it has been seen. The sun has been made to work after an admirable style, and to tell us many remarkable truths. There we find certain chemical ingredients spread upon paper, developing, under solar influence, into artistic studies,—into regions of cloud-land,—and into water, trees, and rocks. We have wonderful light and shadow, and we can but marvel at the beautiful gradations of tone which this ethereal painter has produced. We rejoice in the progress of this delightful Art; and we perceive that the photographer has a power at his command, which will, if tempered with due care, produce yet greater wonders. There are many shortcomings here, and in the friendliest spirit we call attention to them, hoping that they may cease to appear in the next Exhibition. Any man can now take a camera-obscure, and he can, with but little trouble, learn to cover a glass plate with iodized collodion, render it sensitive, and place it in his dark box. He may obtain an image, or images, of external nature; but it does not follow that he will secure a picture. There are many photographs in this Exhibition which are anything but well-chosen subjects, and which have been obtained under badly-selected aspects. There are another class which must be regarded as only accidentally good. We say accidentally good because we see a great want of uniformity in the productions from the same photographer. We think we could point to some pictures, which are the picked result of some twenty trials upon the same object. This should not be; nor need it be if the photographer will patiently study the physics and the chemistry of the agents with which he works. There are many charming pictures, showing peculiar atmospheric effects. We look at those with great pleasure, but with some doubt. It would be most instructive if the photographer would give a clear description of the true atmospheric effect which produced the photographic effects to which we refer. Beautiful as are some of skies, with their heavy and their illuminated clouds—pleasing as are some of the mist-like valleys, and the vapour-capped mountains,—we desire to be assured that the photograph is a true representation of the natural condition of the air and earth at the time the photograph was taken. We cease to value a photographic picture if it is not true. Are the fleecy clouds on the blue empyrean faithfully transferred to the sensitive tablet? Are we not deceived? Did not dull masses of rain-cloud float over the blue of heaven? Were not the heavy cumuli coloured with the golden and the rosy rays of morning, or of evening, when those pictures were taken? Was not nature very bright when the photograph indicates obscurity? Did not a glorious sun flood those hills with yellow light which look so poetically obscure?

We know this to be the case with some of the photographs: may it not be more commonly the case than is generally imagined? Again, much has been said about the fading of photographs. It is a sad thing to see so many pictures in this Exhibition which must of necessity fade. This is the more lamentable since we know that a little more care would have rendered them quite permanent. There is no mistake upon this point. The presence of sulphur-salts in the paper is evident, and they are only to be secured now by thoroughly washing and re-mounting them.

The committee having charge of the Exhibition would do wisely to reject such photographs as these, for it is most damaging to the Art to find its productions fading out like a shadow. With the Photographic Exhibition it is not necessary to speak of individual works as we would of the productions of the painters. The cases are not parallel: the painter employs, or should employ, eye and hand, governed by a presiding mind; the photographer uses a machine, and requires a little judgment. The artist works from within to that which is without; the photographer employs external agents to do his bidding. A few alone require especial notice. Mr. Rejlander comes with a new and extensive series of compositions, many of them being remarkably clever. We feel, however, in looking at productions of this class, that we are looking at

portraits of actors—excellent in their way, but still actors. "Grief and Sorrow," "Don't cry, Mamma," do not impress us with any feelings of sympathy from this want of reality. Many of these studies of Mr. Rejlander are excellent; but they cannot be regarded as works of Art, and, indeed, we should be sorry to see such productions taking place amongst us as works of Art. Mr. Fenton has, as usual, many very beautiful landscapes and truth-telling pictures of time-honoured piles. Mr. Cundall's portraits of "Crimean Heroes" are a fine and interesting series of portraits; and the portraits of living celebrities—George Cruikshank and Robson, Professor Owen and Bell, Samuel Warren, Rowland Hill, and others, will command attention. Mr. C. T. Thompson's copies of prints and drawings, Dr. Diamond's Portraits of the Insane, Mr. Robertson's Views of Malta, Mr. Backhouse's Swiss Scenes, Dr. Brann's Views of Rome, Rev. Mr. Holden's Old Buildings, are especially commendable for their respective excellences. Mr. De la Motte has been very happy in his Oxford Scenes. Mr. Rosling has produced capital pictures, with more force than usual. Mr. F. Bedford, Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. Gastineau, Dr. Percy, Mr. Spiller, and numerous other well-known "children of the sun," have been successful in catching some of the beautiful effects of illumination which give a poetry to nature.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—M. Eugène Delacroix has been elected a Member of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, of Paris, in the room of the late P. Delaroche. The postponement of the opening of the Paris Salon seems to have caused great dissatisfaction, as it will open when all the Parisians who have the means will be in the country, enjoying the charms of green fields, &c.; but, on the other hand, foreigners who habitually visit Paris in the *belle saison* will have the benefit of seeing it.—Sir W. C. Ross, R.A., has been here painting a miniature of the Empress, who has given that eminent painter several sittings.—A splendid collection of antique statues and busts has been purchased by the Minister of State, M. Fould, to be placed in his princely mansion in the *Faubourg St. Honoré*.—M. Robert Fleury has offered to undertake the restoration of the portions of the Hemicycle of P. Delaroche, which were damaged some time ago by fire.—The fine painting by M. Abel de Pujol, which was destroyed in the repairs of the new Louvre, having been painted on the ceiling, is now in process of reproduction on canvas by this clever artist, and will be placed in one of the rooms of the new building: the subject is the *Renaissance des Arts*.—Workmen are now occupied in placing, in the Church of St. Eustache, the mausoleum of Colbert, designed by Lebrun, and executed by A. Coysevox and B. Tuby.—A Roman theatre has been discovered at Triguères, near Châteaurenard; it is sufficiently large to contain 10,000 spectators; measures are being taken to effect a complete examination of the same.—The Exhibition of the Society of Arts, Bordeaux, will open on the 1st of March; all paintings are to be sent in by the 10th of February, to M. Binant, 70, Rue Rochecouart, Paris, or direct to the Society.—The Municipal Council of Paris has voted 36,000 fr. for an album of the different scenes of the baptism of the young prince: two copies will be executed, one for the Emperor, and the other for the Empress.—M. E. Dubufe has just completed a fine portrait of Rosa Bonheur; she is represented leaning on a magnificent ox, which is painted by herself.—A distinguished amateur artist, the Reverend P. Martin, is just dead; he was celebrated for his learned publications on architecture and early Art; his principal work was on the *Cathedral de Bourges*.

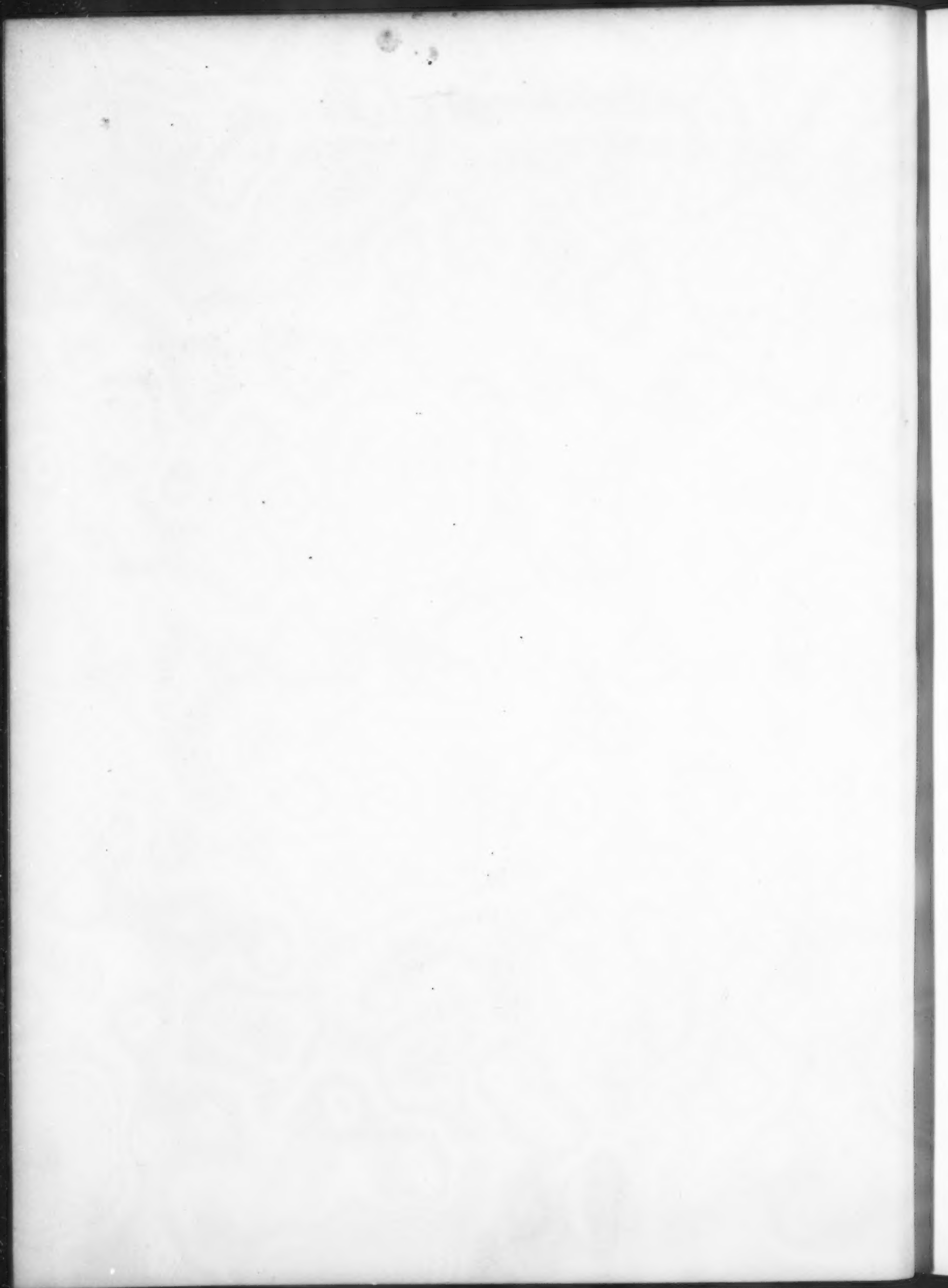
BRUSSELS.—On the 12th of November, Jacob Von Reichel, an Imperial Councillor of the Russian Empire, died here. In the early part of the present century he was one of the most distinguished miniature-painters in Europe, and numbered among his sitters the Emperor Alexander, the Empress Marie, and the Princes and Princesses of the imperial family. His admirable portrait of the Empress Marie is preserved in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. Having given up his profession, he was appointed conductor of the state printing establishment, which office he held till his death. He was a collector of coins, medals, autographs, &c. His collection of medals, containing 40,000 pieces, is of great value.



A SCENE FROM "MIDAS."

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.



VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES
OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS MILLER, ESQ.,
OF PRESTON.

THE Collection of Mr. MILLER, consisting entirely of works of our own school, has been long and extensively known as containing many very valuable and beautiful productions by the most celebrated and accomplished painters of our time. The more important are all of that class which, in the year of their exhibition, have constituted, and been spoken of as attractions on the walls of the Academy, or where else soever they may have been exhibited. The proprietor of these works is one of a knot of gentlemen all residing near each other, many of whom have been enriched by manufacture, and all distinguished by their manifest patronage of Art. Mr. Miller has done justice to his Collection by the addition to his house of a gallery lighted from above; gladly would we see such an adjunct more universally adopted; we submit that in the end it would be found to be an economy.

'Hunt the Slipper,' D. MACLISE, R.A.—This picture was exhibited in 1840. It represents the scene at Neighbour Flamborough's, in which the two ladies from town surprise the party—the Primrose and the Flamborough families—when most earnest in the game. The two ladies enter on the right of the composition, in the full-blown dignity of their ignorance and vulgar assumption. The confusion occasioned by the ill-timed visit is shown without any exaggerated expression. The picture is pure and brilliant, and is among the best ever painted by Mr. MacLise.

'Girl with a Dove,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—The head and bust of the figure only are seen; she leans on a table with both arms, holding the dove before her. It is one of those minor studies of which the artist paints many, all diversified by much ingenuity of treatment.

'Sophia Western,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—The face is eminently sweet in expression: it is a small half-length figure presented in profile, with a striking and tasteful arrangement of the hair. She is occupied in asserting a vase of flowers.

'Van Tromp at the Mouth of the Scheldt,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—This picture was painted in 1832, and was therefore executed long before the twilight of Turner's best period. It is a large picture, having for its principal object a first-class man-of-war at anchor, with a variety of other craft belonging to the fleet. A boat has just left the admiral's ship, in which Van Tromp himself may be recognised as about to go ashore at Flushing. The sky bears an indication of a storm coming off the sea. This is one of a series of marine subjects which Turner produced, all similar in composition and effect, yet differing much in minor detail, and each distinguished by beauties peculiar to itself.

'The Stage-Coach,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—Our readers will remember the subject of this picture from the engraving from it, introduced in our notice of the works of the artist a few months since. The coach is stopped by a highwayman, who presents a pistol and demands the purses of the travellers, and the point of the story turns upon the consternation which ensues at such a rencontre.

'Deerhounds,' R. ANSDALL.—Three heads effectively grouped, and relieved by a sky background.

'A Study,' R. P. BONNINGTON.—Presenting a single figure—that of a lady in a green dress, supported by a red background and red drapery. It has been very rapidly executed, but in that firmness of manner which alone compensates absence of finish.

'Dancing Nymph and Faun,' W. ETTY, R.A.—A conception in the classic vein, and equal to the best of the classic and its best followers. The exulting abandon of the nymph is accounted for by the empty wine vase. She wears a leopard skin, and dances with more earnestness than grace, accompanied by a faun with cymbals.

'Ramsgate Sands,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—This is a replica of the picture that was exhibited a few years ago. It is small, but equal in finish to the larger work.

'The Breakfast Party,' T. WEBSTER, R.A.—The party consists of a girl seated at a cottage-door, breakfasting on a bowl of bread and milk, for a share

of which a small black spaniel supplicates, sitting up on her hind legs. This, we believe, is not the first picture which Mr. Webster painted of this subject, but it differs from the first in consequence of the introduction of a puppy, which renders this picture unique.

'Our Saviour,' W. ETTY, R.A.—A small head, seen almost in profile, of which the features are a departure from the common type generally given to the impersonation. This picture was, perhaps, painted a year or two before the death of Etty.

'Reading the Will,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—The subject is from "Roderick Random," and its realisation here produces very strikingly the great variety of character described in the text. The firmness of execution prevailing throughout the work contrasts powerfully with the thinner manner which is every day becoming more popular.

'Peace,' J. E. MILLAIS, A.R.A.—This work having hung so recently on the walls of the Academy, it may not be necessary to describe it; but it must be observed that it has been much improved since its removal from the exhibition, as Mr. Millais has had it in his possession for some months working upon it.

'L'Enfant du Regiment,' J. E. MILLAIS, A.R.A.—This work will also be remembered as having been seen in the last exhibition. The scene we may suppose to be some church in Paris during one of the street conflicts that have been so frequent, and thither has been conveyed a wounded child, who now rests upon a tomb covered by a soldier's coat. It is a most felicitous and affecting episode, constituting one of the best works of the artist.

* * * * * E. M. WARD, R.A. :—

"As a beam on the face of the waters may glow," &c.

This and the following lines, from Moore's *Melodies*, constitute a subject selected as an illustration to a recent edition of the work. The picture turns upon the personal history of Byron, as showing him contemplating Mary Chaworth through the windows of Anneley Hall. It is night, the room is brilliantly lighted up, and she is dancing with, it may be supposed, the man of her choice. The picture was exhibited, we think, last season.

Another plate for the same edition of the *Melodies* has been engraved from a picture by A. EGG, A.R.A., the illustrated passage being :—

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee thy home is still
here," &c.

The picture—which, it will be remembered, was recently seen in the Royal Academy—presented two figures, an Irish gentleman imprisoned on some political charge, and his wife, who visits him in his confinement.

From the same poetical source there is a third picture, by D. MACLISE, R.A., illustrating the lines :—

"O could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden flowers!
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!"

The composition contains two figures, and the sentiment is supposed to be addressed by a youth to a maiden who is culling from the luxuriance of her garden-bower. This work is also a very recent production.

'Griselda,' A. ELMORE, R.A.—A large, important, and elaborate work, which was exhibited some time ago, containing as principal impersonations the Count and Griselda, with others as secondary and auxiliary. Chaucer is but little consulted for subject-matter. This is one of the most carefully-executed works we have ever seen painted from his verse.

'Jacob and Rachel,' W. DYCE, R.A.—"And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." Such seems to be the passage whence the composition has been realised. All the incidents and contributive circumstances are according to the descriptions of the 29th chapter of Genesis. Jacob has seized the hand of Rachel, which he has carried to his own breast, and he draws her eagerly towards him, as about to accomplish the act mentioned in the text. The figures are well drawn, and the treatment of the subject is strikingly original.

'Comus,' L. HUSKISSON.—A composition of small figures, describing the confusion when the brothers rush in and wrest the glass from the hand of Comus, and break it. The subject affords scope for the introduction of an endless variety of cha-

acter, and of this the artist has availed himself to fill up his canvas with imagery the most poetic.

'Kensington Gravel Pits,' W. LINNELL.—This picture must have been painted perhaps forty years ago. It represents purely and simply these Hyde Park diggings, as they may have been at an early epoch of the present century. At that time the appearance of such a work would excite the utmost curiosity and surprise. If it were a production of the present day, it would be at once pronounced an essay from photography, for every pebble is fairly represented. This most laborious picture did not find a purchaser in London; it was sold, however, in Liverpool for fifty pounds, and the inadequacy of the sum induced Mr. Linnell to take up portrait-painting as a collateral security against the mischances of the profession.

'Highland Game,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.—This is a dark picture, an agroupment of birds cast upon the ground—grouse, blackcock, ptarmigan, woodcock, snipe, and partridge—painted with an execution less showy, but more careful than later works of the artist. This picture was sold at the distribution of the effects of the late Duchess of Bedford, and is placed among Sir E. Landseer's best productions. It was at the Paris Exhibition.

'The Chevalier Bayard at Brescia,' J. C. HOOK, A.R.A.—This was exhibited a few years ago; it contains a group of four figures, Bayard and the two ladies who so kindly nursed him, and from whom he is about to take leave, and his attendant, who is buckling on his spurs.

'The Blackberry Gatherers,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—This was exhibited a few years ago in the Royal Academy; it is an upright composition of great force of colour. The figures are a girl, and a boy carrying a child on his back, the last reaching up and plucking the blackberries from the tangled hedgerow.

'San Giorgio, the Ducal Palace, the Library, St. Mark's, &c., Venice,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—This view, taken from the water, places the Ducal Palace in the centre of the composition, which has all the brilliancy of Turner's Venetian pictures. The water is thronged with the light craft of these waters, several of which, at certain distances, are put in as darks to force the higher tones. The expression of space is masterly, and the almost dazzling reflections proclaim the presence of the sun.

'Fruit,' G. LANCE.—Consisting of white and black grapes, peaches, plums, figs, Siberian crabs, with embroidery, an antique cup, &c. This was painted in 1851.

'Sir Thomas More in Prison, visited by his Daughter,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A.—A replica of the picture in the Vernon Collection.

'A Dead Calm,' F. DANBY, A.R.A.—Twilight is here closing in over an estuary in which, in the nearer section, is a ship at anchor. Both sky and water are enriched with the fading lines of what has been a glorious sunset. But the sentiment of the picture is a perfect tranquillity, and so fully is this realised that the spectator is sensibly affected by the voiceless stillness of the scene.

'Interior of St. Jacques, Bruges,' D. ROBERTS, R.A.—One of these magnificent church interiors which Mr. Roberts treats with greater success than any living artist. The light and shade are most effectively apportioned; the whole is so well lighted that all details are seen, and space is most successfully realised.

'Feeding the Calves,' W. P. FRITH, R.A., and R. ANSDALL.—This picture, it will be remembered, was exhibited last year. The country girl who tends the calves is painted by Frith, and the animals, of course, by Ansdall.

'The Nile Flower,' F. STONE, A.R.A.—The fitness of this title does not appear. The picture presents a girl looking earnestly at some object in the distance.

'The Purchased Flock,' J. LINNELL.—The subject is properly a section of green lane scenery, such as may be found anywhere in the neighbourhood of London, but those niceties of adaptation and omission which necessarily go to an accomplished composition require the experience of a master. The flock is coming down the lane.

'The Saviour in his Youth,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A.—This is the youthful impersonation of the Saviour, from a picture which was painted some years ago by this artist, and which contained also Joseph and the Virgin.

'Lady Jane Grey,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—A small half-length figure of infinite sweetness of expression. She is seated reading.

'Quilleboeuf,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—There is little in this picture, and what there is—that is, the material—is by no means of an aspiring character, yet the work is perhaps the most sublime of Turner's sublimest essays. The water and the sky are passages of the most subtle enchantment, and the light and colour of the work have no parallel in Art.

'The Reflection,' A. EGG, A.R.A.—The subject is a girl adjusting her dress before a mirror.

'The First Lesson,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—Presenting a mother and child, the former instructing the latter; it appears to be an early work.

'The Lady's Maid,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—This picture has been engraved under the title, we believe, of "Hot water, Sir;" it contains one figure, that of a servant tapping at a bedroom door with a jug in her hand.

'The Mountain Road,' J. LINNELL.—A dark picture, in its best qualities equal to Claude, and better in its detail and manipulations. The landscape occupies three-fourths of the canvas, and the remaining portion is filled by masses of rolling cloud, which, of all living artists, Linnell paints the most successfully. This picture was in the Paris Exhibition.

'The Applicant,' C. W. COPE, R.A.—A widow with her son, waiting patiently at the door of a "Pension Office;" an impressive tale of sad bereavement.

'Othello's First Suspicion,' J. C. HOOK, A.R.A.—The Moor has cast himself down on a seat, his face hidden by his hands. Desdemona vainly essays to re-assure him.

'The Judgment of Paris,' W. ETTY, R.A.—The three goddesses are in the centre of the composition, and Paris and Mercury occupy the left. This appears to have been executed as a sketch for a larger picture. It is charming in colour.

'Catherine and Petruccio,' A. EGG, A.R.A.—They are seated on a sofa, Petruccio faces the spectator, but Catherine sits, in profile, with an expression of extreme displeasure. Petruccio looks excited, he holds in his hand a small whip, with which we are to suppose he has been chastising Kate. The picture was painted in 1851.

'Mother and Child,' C. W. COPE, R.A.—The mother holds her child before her, both being introduced in profile.

'The Welcome Return,' G. O'NEIL.—The scene is a cottage-door, at which a grandfather, on his return from the fair, is welcomed by the family, especially the grand-children, who are eagerly inquisitive about what he may have purchased for them.

'Cupid,' W. ETTY, R.A.—A small single figure, equal in colour to the best essays of Correggio.

'The Maid and the Magpie,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—The girl leans back on a bank, and the bird is perched on her. She looks up and holds a conversation with the bird. The work is spirited and original.

'The Nosegay,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—A single figure, that of a lady circumstanced in a garden composition, and occupied in culling and arranging flowers.

'The Fisherman's Return,' J. C. HOOK, A.R.A.—The appearance of reality in this picture suggests its having been worked out, stone by stone, from some sea-side locality. The fisherman, as he ascends the ladder of the sea-wall, is welcomed by his child.

'The Bird-Trap,' W. COLLINS, R.A.—Painted in 1819; it shows two boys setting the bird-trap—an interesting instance of the earlier subject-matter treated by the painter.

'The Gipsy Camp,' F. GOODALL, A.R.A.—The picture sets forth much of the truth of gipsy life, with perhaps some of its romance; there is accordingly the tent as a principal form, assisted by an appropriate piece of landscape composition, with characteristic figures coloured with much taste. It was exhibited in 1847.

* * * * J. PHILIP.—

"As on the dandelion's downy wings,
Fond lovers bid their gentle wishes speed."

An old story, yet ever new in skilful hands: the lovers in this case are two rustics; the lady casts her fate on the oracular dictum of the seed of the salutary *taraxacum*, while her Corydon endeavours to snatch it from her.

'The Falcon,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—A small picture containing a single figure, that of a lady in picturesque costume, holding on her wrist a falcon, and being about to mount her horse.

'A Study at Cairo,' W. MÜLLER.—Simply a brass gun oxidised into bright green, and near it an Egyptian sentinel. It was painted in 1845.

'Hylas,' W. E. FROST, A.R.A.—The figures here are placed, as usual, at the brink of the stream; two of the nymphs kneel on his left, a third is in the water. The figures are drawn with the wonted accuracy of the artist.

'Benjamin West's First Essay in Art,' E. M. WARD, R.A.—We find West here in his earliest boyhood, kneeling by the side of his little sister's cradle, and very earnestly drawing the child as she sleeps. It is a sparkling picture.

'Peter the Great sees Catherine for the First Time,' A. EGG, A.R.A.—While Peter and his generals in camp are planning field and siege operations, Catherine enters as a *vivandière*, and the attention of Peter is arrested by her personal appearance. This is a large and important picture, the best production of its author, being qualified with some of the best properties of historical art. It was exhibited in Paris.

'The Windmill,' J. LINNELL.—A small picture admirable in effect and finish. A replica of the Vernon picture.

'The Coral Finders,' W. ETTY, R.A.—This picture is well known as that presenting the charming and brilliantly painted figure in the boat, which Etty intended for Venus. It is one of the painter's most exquisite essays, and would form a most suitable pendant to the Vernon picture.

'The Fireside,' T. WEBSTER, R.A.—A small cottage interior, with two figures in the old-fashioned chimney; an old woman knitting, and a boy with a basin of broth. It is very carefully finished.

'A Deerhound,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.—The head in profile, apparently finished at one painting. A characteristic type of the race.

'Landscape,' T. CRESWICK, R.A.—This is the darkest picture we have ever seen by this artist. The dominant form is a mass of trees on the left of the composition, with a rocky stream in the nearest site.

'The Accusation of Witchcraft,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—This is perhaps the best of the artist's works. The story turns upon the accusation before a magistrate of an old woman who is supposed to have bewitched a girl, whose real malady is her secret love for the falconer. The picture is large, and full of appropriate and well-conceived characters, drawn and painted with infinite spirit.

'Bridge at Prague,' C. STANFIELD, R.A.—A small composition, showing the bridge in the centre distance. The nearest site on the left is occupied by a block of houses, the whole being very Venetian in character.

'Leonora D'Este,' G. O'NEIL.—A small study of a girl wearing a Moorish mantle, and holding in her hand a feather fan. Her features are shown as a three-quarter face, and her hair is dressed with flowers.

'Queen Elizabeth reproving her Courtiers for their Flattery after her Illness,' A. EGG, A.R.A.—The scene is the queen's bedroom, in which she has received certain of her courtiers. She is seated on a low stool by the side of her bed, and her countenance declares the gravity of her address. On the left are the ladies-in-waiting, one of whom is about to offer a looking-glass to the queen. It was exhibited in 1849, and is a large picture, admirable for its harmonious colour.

'Mignonne,' G. O'NEIL.—A study of a small figure, that of a lady playing a guitar: it is very carefully wrought.

'Doubtful Weather,' W. COLLINS, R.A.—One of the studies of that kind of coast scenery to which this painter principally devoted himself. In the nearest section of the composition, a fisherman is looking up at the cloudy sky, which threatens wind and rain. The scenery resembles the coast near Folkestone or Sandgate.

'Crossing the Brook,' W. MULREADY, R.A.—This is one of those very highly finished drawings in black and red chalk, of which the artist has produced many, that are in every respect equal to the finest engravings. There is in the Vernon Gallery a picture under the same title, but in this case the in-

terest of the composition centres in an infantine navigator, who, much to his delight and the admiration of his parents, is courageously crossing a stream in a tub.

'A Calm,' E. W. COOKE, A.R.A.—The craft in this picture are Dutch doggers, on the masts of which hangs the canvas idly waiting for the reluctant breeze. This phase of marine subject-matter the artist paints with much sweetness and truth.

'The Faun and the Fairies,' D. MACLISE, R.A.—The original picture whence the engraving was executed in Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine." We see only the head and brawny arms of the Faun, whose occupation is to give music to a company of fairies, who flit about him in a ring. In finish and elegant design the picture is a gem; it must have been painted more than twenty years.

There are in this collection a few water-colour pictures, of which the most important is 'Cader Idris,' by Turner; a dark drawing, but certainly one of the grandest productions of the water-colour school. It was executed many years ago for the father of Sir John Dean Paul, and hung, we believe, in the house in the Strand until the effects were sold. It is very elaborately worked, broad, transparent, and marvellously powerful.

'A Vase of Flowers,' W. HUNT.—Exquisitely drawn and coloured—having for background the fragment of bank which this artist so frequently introduces.

'The House of Petrarch,' S. PROUT.—From this drawing there is a well known engraving.

'Fruit,' W. HUNT.—Two blue plums and one yellow, with a repetition of the mossy bank. 'Primroses,' by the same author, has the addition of a 'edge-sparrow's nest; all very minutely finished.

'The Fountain,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—This drawing presents an agroupment of two figures; a girl at a fountain giving water to a child from a pitcher. It has all the best qualities of the minor studies of the artist.

'The Atelier of Benvenuto Cellini,' R. CATERMOLE.—This composition contains numerous figures, and details a pointed story about some robbers, who, having possessed themselves of some richly designed plate, offer it for sale to Cellini, who attentively examines a cup which he discovers to be his own work. The drawing is full of dramatic force. Another drawing, by the same artist, is entitled 'Amy Robsart,' and presents two female figures. It is firm in drawing, forcible, and characteristic.

THE COLLECTION OF HENRY COOKE, ESQ., OF MANCHESTER.

This Collection, which has been formed principally of late years, consists entirely of water-colour drawings. It is not numerous, but the quality of the Art evidences much refinement and elegance of taste; there are but few drawings in the catalogue that are not by artists now living, and they are all in the very best spirit of the painters.

'Sunset,' F. DANBY, A.R.A.—The drawing of this work is really as infinitesimal as engraving: it presents a view of an approach to a castle sunk in some degree below the level of the near site of the view. The trees on each side, and the foreground, are forced with dark colour, to assist the effect of the setting sun.

'Hotspur and Lady Percy,' G. CATERMOLE.—This is the farewell before the battle of Shrewsbury; Hotspur wears a full suit of plate armour, and Lady Percy is plainly dressed in white.

'Morning,' W. WYLD.—A view down the river, taken from a point above Blackfriars Bridge, and showing principally the buildings on the Middlesex side, the whole dominated by St. Paul's, and telling, in various and refined airy gradations, against the light morning sky. The material is dealt with in a manner extremely skilful.

'Evening,' W. WYLD.—This is a view looking upwards, the Houses of Parliament being the principal quantities in the composition. The view is taken from some point on these sweet waters near the Lambeth shore, and the drawing is equally meritorious with the preceding.

'The Harvest Home,' F. GOODALL, A.R.A.—The sketch made for the picture which was exhibited under this title a few years ago, we think in 1835. Having been so recently before the public we need

not describe it; it is enough to say that it has been worked out with as much care as the picture.

'The Mother's Blessing,' F. W. TOPHAM.—A composition of two figures at a well, mother and child; the former introduced in profile, and holding a cross, the latter seen at three-quarter face, and in the act of drinking.

'The Mother's Pride,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—This is a repetition of a subject which the artist has painted in oil. It contains two figures, those of mother and child: the latter caressing its mother, who in playful fondness has thrown herself back on the bank by her child.

'Marino Faliero,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A.—The subject may either illustrate the historical fact, or the passage in Lord Byron's play, wherein a form is given to the awful imprecations understood to have been uttered by the old man when he read the infamous inscription—"Marino Faliero dalla bella moglie—altri la gode ed egli la mantien." His right arm is lifted, and he frantically adjures heaven to register and to realise the maledictions which he pours forth on Venice, in language that strikes terror into the heart of his wife, and who expresses the utmost alarm lest he should be heard. The princely diadem of the Doges lies spurned at his feet.

'Windsor Castle,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—The best view of the castle—that from the river, between the Home Park and the fields on the Eton side; the line of the castle, the Round Tower, St. George's Chapel, with a continuation of buildings down to the bridge, are brought in varieties of grey and warm tints against the flood of sunlight in the sky. We cannot think that so much of the new front of the castle is visible from this point, but we accept the work as it is set before us.

* * * * D. ROBERTS, R.A.—Are we in Seville or Toledo? We lose here the thread of our whereabouts, but we are in Spain, inquiring our way in these Iberian cities, glorious in mementoes of past splendour. In the centre of the view rises a massive tower of mixed Gothic and Italian architecture, and on the left stands a cathedral porch of the most richly decorated Gothic. The mellow airy colouring of this drawing is beyond all praise: this transparency is maintained in the lower parts, pierced—as is usual with this artist—by figures, positive, definite, and with all the sharpness of one who knows that he draws small figures well.

'Carlisle,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—This is the best view of the town; that taken from a short distance down the stream of the Eden, where the castle is seen as the principal object, and the town generally is lost. It is a small drawing, and appears to have been made for engraving. The nearest passages are in strong light, but on the left the distance lies under a rain-cloud, in which appears a fragment of a fading rainbow.

'The Windmill,' D. COX.—The material of this composition is slight, being simply a plain divided by a road, leading the eye to a misty distance. On the left is a windmill. It is evening; the cows are coming home, and the crows in noisy flights seek their nests.

'View in Wales,' P. DEWINT.—We know not the precise year of this drawing, but it is in the artist's very best manner. Much that seems left to chance appears, on examination, to have been anxiously drawn. The assertion of the distances, the pervading mellowness of the hues near and remote, the earnestness of the description, and the elements and quantities of the composition, everywhere satisfy the eye.

'Interior of a Church, Seville,' D. ROBERTS, R.A.—The lower part of the composition is crossed by a screen very richly carved, above which, and on the left, is the organ, seen in profile, whence the eye is led to the details of the architecture. The space shown here is extremely imposing. We know not whether to esteem this artist most as a painter or an architect. This drawing was made in 1837.

'Ghent,' (P) J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—A small drawing, made apparently for engraving. The principal object is a brick building, glowing in the vibrative rays of the sun, brought against a powerful blue sky: round the base of the eminence on which the edifice stands, flows a river down to the left of the nearest site of the composition. Small as the drawing is, it evinces everywhere the most exquisite feeling in its composition.

'Rolandseck, on the Rhine,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—In this picture there is but little; it presents simply that *fleche*, surmounted by the ruined tower to which all who have passed have had their attention called as the scene of a romantic legend. It rises here prominently upon our left. We look up the Rhine, and the cliffs decline from this point until they are lost in the grey distance, in which the eye yet seems to discover remoter forms. Near us, and floating idly down the stream, are some of the clumsy carrying Rhine-craft. And mark the master-stroke of the magician: the golden wealth of the drawing resides in the sunny cliffs and that mellow, respirable atmosphere; and had the same elegance characterised all the incidents of the composition, that which Turner has dwelt on and prepared as the most striking passage would have lost half its value. No romantic water-party in painted barges or gilded canoes would have intensified the sentiment to this degree. At a glance, the drawing looks slight and easy; but it is the result of a succession of the most careful washes, conducted in such a way as to render the paper itself all but transparent. In the cunning of his art Turner has never outdone this drawing.

'Doge Dandolo and his Family,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A.—The subject of this drawing, which was made in 1839, is a domestic composition, with personal allusion to the Doge, which has become matter of Venetian history. We read the text—"Onore al chiarissimo eroe," and Dandolo shows the armour in which he fought the battles of the republic. His wife and children are present, the scene being the gallery of his own palace, open to the canal.

'The Gleaners,' D. COX.—Like many of the small works of its author, this drawing is one of those which may have been made to show the finesse of Art without direct reference to nature. A group of figures gives the name to the drawing.

'A Study,' W. MÜLLER.—This is an interior of the fifteenth century, perhaps one of those for which this artist made a portfolio of drawings about fifteen years ago: it represents a sumptuously furnished apartment, of which the fireplace is ornamented with caryatides and a quantity of carving. There are also in the room two richly-wrought cabinets; and the adornments are even continued in the ceiling, which is coffered, each coffer showing a shield.

'View in Venice,' S. PROUT.—It were impossible to recognise *Venezia senz'acqua*; we have, therefore, one of the small canals, flanked by a palace of the most richly decorated architecture. A bridge crosses the canal, and beyond these rises a tower; the whole rendered with the firmness of touch and the simplicity of colour characteristic of the works of Prout's best time.

'Nuremberg,' S. PROUT.—At once do we recognise one of those oriel windows, the modified result of an imitation of oriental architecture when Nuremberg was a principal depot for the merchandise brought from the East, by the caravans which conducted the commerce of the East and West during the middle ages. And there is a fountain—not that in the Hauptmarkt, by the Rupprechts, nor that in the Lorentzplatz; but it must be that in the Maxplatz, although the oriel window seems to be brought too immediately into the composition.

'The Gipsy Fortune-teller,' F. W. TOPHAM.—This is one of the artist's Spanish subjects, having been executed three years ago from sketches made at Seville. We make here the acquaintance of a tawny sybil, who vaticinates, for better or worse, of the future to two girls who are waiting for the fitful current of a fountain to fill their cruets. Near this group is a company of muleteers and others of the street vagabondage of southern cities—those ragged, picturesque supernumeraries of every population, who never have a home, who are never to be apprehended by any census—even in our climate, which forbids dwelling *sub Jove*, whether in Westminster or Whitechapel. The picture is assisted by well-selected fragments of architecture, in which we recognise at once the architecture of the Spanish cities.

'Lady Macbeth,' G. CATERMOLE.—She has just taken the daggers from the hands of Macbeth, and is about to proceed to replace them in Duncan's chamber.

* * * * L. HAGHE. This is a large drawing, which we remember to have seen in the room of the New Society of Water-Colour Painters, in

1850: but we have forgotten under what title it was exhibited. The scene is the exterior of an enclosed fountain at Cairo—Alexandria—it matters not where, the subject not being locality, but personal incident. Cups of water are placed without the window, accessible to all who seek to quench their thirst. A fellah woman is giving water to an old man, and a Nubian boy is handing down a cup of water to another applicant. One of the company is an armed Arab—a genuine denizen of the desert. The incident is intelligible as instancing the value of water in cities bordering on the desert. Here is truly the charity of the cup of cold water illustrated by a custom which has existed since the time of the Saviour. The figures are conscientiously accurate in their maintenance of nationality. The drawing is new as to its class of subject, but yet possesses the qualities of Mr. Haghe's best works.

'A Festive Scene in Spain,' J. LEWIS.—A merry-making among certain of the Spanish peasantry. A man and a woman are dancing, and two men play the guitar; all the figures are drawn with much spirit. The dance takes place under a trellis, covered with the luxuriant foliage of the vine.

'Café in Algiers,' W. WYLD.—A composition containing numerous figures smoking and otherwise occupied. The fragmentary architecture in the drawing is admirable for form and quantity: the character and *tenué* of the impersonations are, we doubt not, perfectly accurate.

'The Cricketer,' W. HUNT.—That boy whom we all know so well has had his innings for the last twenty years; whether we meet him with his hot soup or his gooseberry tart, sleeping or waking, he has been always the same. Here he is, "the cricketer," just about to strike the ball, with an expression that ensures at least six runs. The firmness, action, and expression of the figure, are beyond all praise. This drawing was at the Paris Exhibition.

'Going to Market,' J. UWINS, R.A.—A picture of Italian rustic life, containing figures attired in picturesque costume, bearing fruits and vegetables to market. The characters are principally women and children.

'The Larder,' F. TAYLER.—The life of the picture is the cookmaid, who carries a sucking pig in a dish ready for the spit, and has two wild ducks suspended from her arm. The composition is rich in the properties of the larder, as a variety of game, poultry, and fish, of which latter, the colour of the carp contributes richness to the lower part of the drawing.

'The Pilot-Boat,' R. P. BONNINGTON.—A small drawing, spirited and broad in execution, showing a pilot-boat struck by a heavy sea, but yet standing up against the growing squall, and making way towards vessels in the offing. It seems to be an early work.

'At Chelmsford,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—One of the grey drawings of the earlier period of our water-colour art. It is small, and contains as a principal a wooden bridge in the proximity of the church. We think the title a misnomer, for the bridge at Chelmsford is of stone, and the church is near the further extremity of the town.

'The Studio of Pereira,' D. MACLISE, R.A.—Pereira married a lady of good family, but not being sufficiently rich to add a duenna to his establishment, he painted one and placed her at the entrance to his studio; an old friend of the lady salutes her on entering, while his attendant bows with the utmost deference to the picture of the duenna. The anecdote is most charmingly rendered. The drawing is of extraordinary depth and minute finish. It is the darkest we have ever seen by MacLise.

This collection is hung in the dining and drawing-rooms of Mr. Cooke's house, in Burlington Street, Manchester; and we have noticed, we believe, the whole, as every drawing is of great merit.

In passing through the various galleries which it has been courteously permitted us to visit for the purposes of these brief notices, two facts have impressed themselves on the mind: one, the high character which the English school of painters has reached; the other, the taste and judgment manifested by the owners of these pictures in their selections. As we proceed we shall expect to receive still further confirmation of our opinions.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE YOUNG SHRIMPERS.

W. Collins, R.A., Painter. A. Willmore, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 9 in. by 2 ft. 11 in.

This picture is the result of a commission given to Collins, in 1824, by George IV., who desired to have a companion work to the "Fisher Boys." The scene lies off the coast of Hastings, where the artist fixed his residence during the summer of that year, that he might give the subject his most immediate and particular study. The picture was never publicly exhibited, as it was sent home almost as soon as finished, and the painter had the gratification of hearing its royal owner express, in a personal interview, his pleasure at his new acquisition, when he was summoned to Windsor to superintend the hanging of the picture in a proper light. It still forms a part of the Collection in Windsor Castle.

Like almost the whole of Collins's "Coast Scenes," the materials of this picture are few and simple; in truth, he rarely sought those of any other kind, whatever subject he proposed to himself; while they are almost as invariably treated with a prevailing sentiment of quietude and repose. We never remember to have seen a storm, nor an extraordinary atmospheric effect, attempted by him; he looked at Nature only in her ordinary aspect, but he then studied her closely. Mr. W. Wilkie Collins, in his "Memoir of the Life" of his father, writes thus of the method he adopted in collecting his materials and commencing operations:—"The general composition of his pictures, the arrangement of the clouds, the line of the landscape, the disposition of the figures, he usually sketched at once in chalk upon the canvas from the resources of his own mind, aided by sketches. The production of the different parts, in their due bearings and condition, next occupied his attention. For this, he made new studies, and consulted old sketches with the most diligent perseverance, covering sheet after sheet of paper, sometimes for many days together, with separate experiments, extended to every possible variety in light and shade, colour, and composition; watching, whatever his other accidental occupations, and wherever they might happen to take him, for the smallest and remotest assistance of external nature; and not unfrequently consulting, on points of pictorial eloquence, probability, and truth, the impressions of persons who, while conversant with nature, were unacquainted with Art." In all that he did there is evident a conscientious determination to make his art a true exponent of nature, and of real value, in the lowest acceptance of the term, to those who might possess his pictures; for it was his maxim, as we read elsewhere, "that the purchasers of his pictures had a right to expect a possession which should not only remain unaltered and undeteriorated during their own life-time, but which should descend unchanged to their posterity, as a work whose colour and surface should last as long as the material on which it was painted." To make a good picture was his first labour, and to make an enduring one was his last. We should expect, from the solidity of his painting, and entire freedom from all the trickeries of art, that his pictures will outlive those of many of his contemporaries, who seem to have worked only for their own generation.

His "Young Shrimpers" is, as we have just remarked, a composition of the most simple materials—a young boy, who carries a child on his back, and a little girl holding up her apron to receive from the net of the fisher some of its contents, occupy the beach in the foreground; in the middle distance, and boldly relieved against the sky, are three other shrimpers pursuing their work among the pools of water, for they have not ventured out into the shallows of the open sea. The flat rocks, covered with sea-weed, extend down to the right-hand foreground. The high cliffs of Hastings rise in the left distance; the sea fills up the right. The sky indicates a light breeze; for the clouds, though large are not low and heavy, are here and there broken into graceful forms, and are painted with much delicacy. The tone of colour throughout is pure, yet subdued.

Collins received from his Majesty 300 guineas for the picture.

TALK OF
PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER II.

The masterpiece of Titian, "Il Pietro Martire"—Story of Fra Pietro—St. Dominic and the Inquisition—Tomb of St. Peter the Martyr—Meritorious edict—Evil times—Exile of the Picture—Return to the Motherland—Opinions of the Authorities—The Tribute-money—Other works of Titian in the Dresden Gallery—Cambridge—The Fitzwilliam Museum—Princess Ebohl and Philip II. of Spain—Wealth of Venice in the works of Titian—Manfrini Palace—The Entombment—The Three Ages—Academy of the Fine Arts—Assumption of the Virgin—Presentation in the Temple—St. John in the Wilderness—Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari—Madonna of the Pesaro Chapel—San Nicolo de' Frari—Altarpiece—The titular Saint—Martyrdom of St. Sebastian—The Picture resigned to Pope Clement—Taken to the Quirinal—Pope Pius VII. bestows it on the Pinacoteca of the Vatican—Northcote in description—L'Anonimo—Padre Guglielmo della Valle.

As the Transfiguration among the works of Raphael, and the St. Jerome among those of Domenichino, so is the Pietro Martire among those of Titian—that picture is declared, almost without a dissentient voice, to be his best work. Most of our readers are familiar with the subject of this painting. Yet as there may be some to whom the story is not known, the general outline may be usefully given.

One of the earliest generals of the Dominicans,* Fra Pietro da Verona, immortalised by Titian in his Peter Martyr, even more effectually than by the Canons of the church, was also one of the most zealous founders of the Inquisition in Italy, where his severities caused him to be hated as well as feared. He had proved himself more particularly unjust and oppressive towards various members of a family called Cavina, and by one of these, or, as others say, by a hireling suborned by them, the General of the Dominicans was assassinated. Returning from a consultation with the Grand Inquisitor, wherein measures of increased rigour had been determined on, and bearing with him instructions to that effect, he was met on his way through a wood then crossing the road from Milan to Como, and cut down by the stroke of a sabre. His only companion at the time was a lay brother of his convent; he also was attacked by a second assassin, as the chronicle relates, and as is, indeed, probable;† but according to the artist,—that most effective writer of history,—he was a dastardly poltroon, who, making no attempt to assist or defend his superior, fled from the presence of the murderer in a frenzy of fear. Who that has seen the picture can forget the impression of terror visible in his movements, and impressed on every feature.

The canonisation of the victim was an early consequence of his death in such a cause, shrines were raised for the worship of the new saint, and to the erection of one sumptuous monument to his memory the excellent Pisan sculptor, Giovanni Balduccio, devoted some ten precious years of his too short life.

All who know the well-endowed city of Milan—and few are the lovers of Art who neglect to make her acquaintance—will remember the work in question. In the Church of Saint Eustorgio, on the Corso della Porta Ticinese, and in a chapel consecrated to St. Peter the Martyr, is the gorgeous tomb wherein the relics of the saint repose. His own statue, with those of St. Peter the Apostle, and St. Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles,‡ form the chief ornaments of the mausoleum, which is further enriched by figures of St. Thomas Aquinas and the four Fathers of the church, all in the finest marble of Carrara. The master did not live to complete his work, which was continued by his disciples, the most distinguished of whom, Bonino da Campione, executed those fine *rilievi* representing the Passion of Our Lord, and also in white marble,—a

* The order of the Dominicans (Prædicatorum) was founded at Toulouse, in 1215, by the Spaniard Dominicus de Guzman, who likewise took part in the establishment of the Inquisition, commanded about that time by Pope Innocent III., for the repression of heretics in general, and of the "Albigenses" in particular, throughout the realm of France. De Guzman was canonised by Pope Gregory IX. in 1233, twelve years after his death, which took place in 1221.

† The reader will remember him as so depicted by Giorgione in our own work by that master, now in the National Gallery.

‡ Not St. Paulus Eremita, as say some of the Milanese guides.

gift from one of the Visconti,—which the reader will remember as forming the decoration of the high altar in the same church.

The death of this saint it is, then, that Titian has chosen for the subject of what all agree to declare his finest work. Painted for the high altar of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, in what may well be considered the best period of the master's life, this picture was early estimated at its true value, and the pain of death was subsequently decreed by the Venetian senate against any who should attempt to bereave their city of that treasure. Good cause for this edict was given by the community of St. John and St. Paul, since those fathers were on the point of concluding a sale of the picture, to which they had been tempted by the large sum of 18,000 scudi, when the senate stepped in with its veto, as aforesaid.

"Chì comanda, ghe taglie la strada,"

says Boschini, in his Venetian dialect, that most charming of the tongues that make Italy all musical. Brethren and friends! would that even now the delicious sounds were in our ears:—

"Chì comanda, ghe taglie la strada,
Col dir, 'Lassela là! pena la vita.'"

A most significant injunction, and one the purport of which could scarcely be mistaken—a quality not always to be found in laws. This decree saved the picture, and although it was taken to Paris,—the grief and supplications of the inhabitants notwithstanding,—yet, as among the first restorations demanded, was that of the Pietro Martire, so was it ultimately restored to its rightful possessors. In Northcote's "Life of Titian" is a description of this work, which has the merit of simplicity, and is very nearly accurate; the words are these:—

"In this composition the saint is represented larger than life, fallen on the ground, attacked by a soldier; he is mortally wounded in the head, and the agonies of death are in his face. His companion is flying, with looks that exhibit great terror. In the air are two or three little angels descending with the crown of martyrdom, and surrounded by a sudden blaze of glory, shedding a light over the landscape, which is most admirable. It is a woody country. In the foreground are several alder-trees, executed with such perfection as it is much easier to envy than to imitate. The fear in the friar's face, who is making his escape, is well expressed—it seems as if one heard him crying out for mercy. His action is rapid as that of one who is in extreme danger, and his friar's dress is exquisitely managed so as to show the proper development of the figure in swift motion. There is no example of drapery better disposed for effect. The face of St. Peter has the paleness usually attendant on the approach of death. He puts forth an arm and hand so well expressed that, as a good critic has said, Nature seems conquered by Art. The tall branching trees, with the flashing lights of the troubled sky, would seem to indicate that something terrible is passing below, even if it were not visible; and the distant Alps, discovered between the trees, impress the spectator with horror of the dreary and desolate spot (so fit for such a deed) on which the murder is perpetrated."

Dissenting from the critic, who speaks of Nature as the victor of Art,—since Art, though often seeking to elevate Nature, does not attempt to vanquish,—we add the closing words of Northcote's description, wherein he does but express his own accord with the opinions of all whose voices are of moment:—

"This composition is the most celebrated of any Titian ever painted. I think it justly deserving of the name given to it, and by which it is universally known, 'the picture without a fault.'"

A more spirited description will be found in the words below, wherein the author, first paying a tribute most justly due to Giorgione, and remarking that after his death Titian was left without a rival, proceeds to say:—"This great painter (Titian) began, of course, like all Venetians, to paint directly from nature, without having previously dissected or drawn, nor was he sensible of this error of the Venetian School till, coming to Rome, and seeing the works of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and the

* Which may be rendered as follows:—

"The men who rule us barred the way,
Saying, 'Leave that alone! or die the death!'"

† "Life of Titian," by James Northcote, Esq., vol. i. p. 43, *et seq.*



W. COLLINS, R.A. PINXT.

A WILLMORE, SCULPT.

THE YOUNG SHRIMPERS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.



antique, he, like a great genius, set about remedying his deficiency, and the perfection of this union of form and colour is seen in his greatest work—*Il Pietro Martire*. This picture occupied the master eight years, and the eight years were well spent in such a production. The terrific gasping energy of the assassin who has cut down the monk; the awful prostration of the victim, wounded and imploring heaven; the flight of his companion, striding away in terror, with his dark mantle against a blue sky; the towering and waving trees, the entrance, as it were, to a dreadful forest; the embrowned tone of the whole picture, with its dark azure and evening sky, the distant mountains below and splendid glory above contrasting with the gloomy horrors of the murder; its perfect, though not refined drawing, its sublime expression, dreadful light and shadow, and exquisite colour, all united render this the most perfect picture in Italian Art.*

And all this is true: nay, more, and much more, might well be affirmed respecting the surpassing merits of this great work; yet, since Art has so much to offer, and life so little time wherein to consider it, I refrain from comment of my own, believing we shall all find more profit in the words of some few more among the efficient writers who have made this priceless production their theme. With these, then, we shall close the sojourn one feels to be making with the noble picture while listening to their discourse concerning it.

Kugler, in his "Handbook of Painting," speaking of the *St. Peter Martyr*, assumes, as a fact, that Titian's highest excellence is more frequently displayed in the delineation of figures in repose than in those in action: he adduces the Christ crowned with Thorns, in the Louvre, in support of his assertion. On this Sir Charles Eastlake observes—"It has not been thought necessary to notice every instance where the judgments of the author differ from received opinions; but it is impossible to suffer the above remarks on the *Pietro Martire* to pass without, at least, observing that the majority of critics have long placed this picture in the highest rank of excellence. The Christ crowned with Thorns is unsurpassed in colour, but the *Pietro Martire* has been always considered as excellent in invention as in the great qualities which are peculiar to the painter. Having said thus much, it may be granted that the author's general remark respecting Titian's superior treatment of grave subjects appears to be well-founded, and instances of exaggerated action might undoubtedly be quoted. A certain imitation of Michael Angelo is to be recognised in Titian's works in the most vigorous period of his career; but this imitation seems to have been confined to qualities (such as contrast in action and grandeur of line) which were analogous to his own characteristic excellences. The friar escaping from the assassin, in the *Pietro Martire*, is as fine an example of the union of these qualities in form as is to be found in the works of any painter: other instances were, perhaps, less successful. For the rest, the taste was not permanent in Titian; he returned to that 'senatorial dignity,' which Reynolds has pointed out as one of his prominent qualities, and in this view the remark of the author, must be allowed its due weight."†

Frederick Von der Hagen, whose "*Briefe in die Heimath*" is among the most useful of his painstaking compatriots' many useful works, brings his testimony to the value of the picture in aid of all previously cited:—"Dieses Bild," he says, "wird überall für Tizians Meisterstück gehalten."‡ He adds a remark that might seem to require confirmation, and which the present writer has not seen elsewhere—"Die Engel oben in den Bäumen sind nach dem erwähnten antiken Bildwerk in der Bibliothek." "The angels hovering over the scene, and in the trees, are taken from the before-mentioned antique sculptures of the Library,"—that of *St. Mark*, Venice, namely, to which he had previously referred.

To the *Cristo della Moneta* (the *Tribute-money*) some slight allusion has already been made. § This picture, painted for Alfonso the first, Duke of Ferrara, is in

the Royal Gallery of Dresden. It has given rise to much discussion, as to the extent of influence exercised on the manner of the master when painting it, by Albert Dürer: for these we refer the reader to the German and other commentators who have touched on the subject. One of their number* disputing the fact, points to other causes—the still possible influence of Gentile Bellino among them—as accounting for that dissimilarity to the master's later manner remarked in this picture. "Be these things as they may," continues Förster, "the *Tribute-money* serves to exhibit the great master of the Venetian school on a second eminence, to the elevation of which no other had ever attained, and to which he did not himself again ascend."

Lanzi, alluding to the same work, and also referring to the supposed influence of Dürer,† says—"He worked at his Christ with such attention to delicacy that he surpassed even that master of minuteness [Albert Dürer] one might count the hairs on the head, and the pores of the skin, and yet the effect is not injured; for, while the pictures of Albert, by diminishing the size, diminish the value, Titian enhances and renders them more grand. Happily for the Arts, this, and the portrait of Barberigo, are the only works in the manner now under consideration that Titian ever executed after freeing himself from the school of his master."‡

But, if there be diversity of opinion on the question thus mooted, there is but little as to the merit and beauty of the picture. Kugler calls it "the most finished and beautiful of Titian's early works;" "or, rather," he proceeds to say, "one of his most beautiful works of any period, is Christ with the *Tribute-money* (*Cristo della Moneta*), painted for the Duke of Ferrara, and now in Dresden. In the head of Christ everything combines to produce the noblest effect; the union of the flesh tints; the delicate handling of the beard and hair; the graceful lip; the liquid lustre of the eye; the mildness of the reproving glance. The contrast of the crafty Pharisee is admirable."§ It is true that another of the German critics, and one of no mean account—Ernst Förster, namely—affirms the divinity to be wanting in this head of Christ: he adds, what is indeed to be lamented in but too many of our most valued treasures in Art, that the work has been much injured by restoration.

Few galleries are so rich in the works of Titian, as is that of Dresden, and were it but in reference to these, one feels constantly disposed to say with Dr. Waagen—"Du weisst dass mir der Aufenthalt in Dresden jedes Mal ein wahres Fest ist."|| The Ducal family of Ferrara, in prayer before the Virgin, has been already named; there is, besides, a work of great merit representing the Madonna, with the Divine child standing on her lap: *St. John the Baptist* forms part of the group, and before them is a young woman of the true Titianesque type. Her bright fair hair, scarcely restrained by its silken bands, falls in rich tresses on the beautiful neck. Over her graceful head, *St. Jerome*—her patron saint—extends his crucifix, as in the act of recommending her to the especial protection of the Virgin Mother. A second saintly protector—if I recollect rightly, *St. Paul*—has also accompanied the gentle suppliant, whose bent eyes, and the somewhat anxious expression of her mouth, would seem to imply—as, indeed, the figure also makes manifest—that no common occasion has brought her thither.

A Venus, one of three, all much admired by the German critics, is principally remarkable—as compared with other fine works of the master, of which this is undoubtedly a very fine one—for the peculiar character of the landscape without; it has all those many characteristics—comprehended without a word, but which many words would not suffice to enumerate—of a burning midsummer day. The hills are bathed in a glow of sunshine, dark and deep are the

shadows cast by the trees midway, and you tell yourself it is beneath them that you would now be tempted to repose, if it were your lot to be travelling on the road to those hills. A youth, playing on a musical instrument, is seated at the feet of the Venus, but with his back turned towards her as well as to the spectator.

This picture is a replica of that in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, where it is called the *Princess Eboli* and Philip the Second—an appellation that may have been determined in part by the guitar. The hand of the restorer—restorer!—is, unhappily, but too clearly manifest in the Fitzwilliam picture, more especially does it appear in the head of the Venus; that of the Cupid has suffered in like manner, although scarcely perhaps in equal degree.

That the churches and palaces of Venice should be rich in the works of Titian is what all will anticipate, and most of us know to our infinite advantage and delight. The mournful Entombment, in the Manfrini Palace, will at once recur to the reader as among the most impressive—perhaps, indeed, the best remembered of all. Even to those who have not seen Venice the work need scarcely be unknown, since the Entombment in the Louvre has more than equal merit. Or if, saddened by the heavy sorrow expressed so eloquently in this masterpiece, he desire relief in the contemplation of perfection in other forms, let him turn to the exquisite *Three Ages*, in the same palace; or let him take boat for the Academy—thrice blessed be the hour!—and in the glorious Assumption—or, for many, yet more effectual to the purpose, in the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple—he will find matter fully worthy to occupy his thoughts, even though these have been elevated by long lingering before the great and heart-moving Entombment.

And now, pressing is the temptation to describe these wonders of Art, were it for no better reason than the delight one has in recalling their minutest details, never so effectually presented to the eyes of memory as when seeking, however ineffectually, to set forth their beauties and merits for the admiration and homage of others. But the desire must be resisted: neither may we do more than indicate the *St. John in the Wilderness*, also in the Academy—but painted for the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. That the Assumption of the Virgin—that too now in the Academy, as before mentioned—was formerly in the conventual Church of Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari, most of our readers will remember; nor will any who have seen it forget the Madonna of the Pesaro Chapel, in that church, where the donors of the picture, all portraits, are kneeling before Our Lady, who has *St. Peter* and *St. George* beside her. All who are familiar with Venice will equally remember the little Church of San Nicololetto, which makes part of that magnificent convent of the Frari. For the high altar of this church Titian painted a picture, wherein is the martyrdom of *St. Sebastian*. The saint is a figure much extolled by many critics, for truth and fidelity to the life, but censured by others—Vasari among the number, but by him very gently—for the absence of ideal beauty. "The *St. Sebastian* having been copied from the life, without the slightest admixture of art," says Vasari, "nothing has been done for beauty in any part, trunk or limbs; all is as nature left it, so that it might seem to be a sort of cast from the life: it is, nevertheless, considered very fine, and the figure of Our Lady, with the Divine child in her arms, is also accounted most beautiful."** Of this inestimable work—for such, notwithstanding that dissonance among the learned just alluded to, is the *St. Nicolo* generally allowed to be—the community consented, towards the close of the last century, to deprive their convent. Alas! that gold should have so much power, and that men's resolves should exhibit so little firmness; for many great ones of the earth had more than once desired to possess the treasure, but the monks had hitherto stood firm in their declaration that no price should ever buy it from them—yet for money was it ultimately sold, and in so much was the Republic—then triumphant, for this took place in the year 1773, or 4—in so much was she shorn of her glory. Let us suppose that unwonted pressure must have been exercised on the

* Ernst Förster "*Briefe über Malerei*," whose words are as follow:—"Für diese hatte er, im benachbarten Mailand, ganz andre Mitstreiter, ja sein eigener Lehrer konnte ihn zu solchem Beginnen durch seine Werke herausgefordert haben."

† "Jedenfalls, zeigt es uns den Meister der Venezianischen Schule auf einer zweiten Höhe, die kein Anderer erreicht und auf die er sich selbst nicht wieder begeben hat. E. Förster, *ut supra*."

‡ Lanzi, "*History of Painting*," as quoted by Northcote.

§ "*Life of Titian*," vol. II. p. 107.

|| Kugler's "*Handbook of Painting*," part 2nd, p. 440.

¶ See "*Kunstwerke und Künstler im Erzgebirge und in Franken*," vol. I., letter 1.

* See "*Painting and the Fine Arts*," by B. R. Haydon and W. Hazlitt, p. 171, et seq.

† Schools of Painting in Italy, vol. II. p. 443.

‡ This picture is universally considered to be Titian's masterpiece. See "*Briefe in die Heimath*," aus Deutschland, der Schweiz und Italien." Breslau, 1818. Vol. II. p. 163.

§ See *Art-Journal* for January.

** See "*Lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*." English edition. Vol. v. p. 388.

owners; or rather—and why forget the fact so long?—let us be certain that their sense of duty to the head of their church alone had power to prevail over every other consideration,—for the purchaser was no less sacred a personage than Pope Clement XIV., and the place of the exiled picture's destination—and remembering that circumstance, many would hesitate to say that of its banishment—was no other than the pontifical palace of the Vatican.

Here it was that the present writer first made its acquaintance—here that in subsequent visits the beauty of its many admirable parts seemed ever to become more beautiful, while such defects as more profoundly informed observers have discovered in the work, eluded, in almost every instance, the perceptions of this writer, although so much may be admitted as that the St. Sebastian is not an attractive portion of the picture, however fine. But even this would scarcely be granted by good judges; and the writer, conscious to a weariness of the figure of San Sebastian, which meets you everywhere and in all galleries, has seen cause for attributing that amount of imperfection in the pleasure conveyed by the work to a prejudice in the beholder rather than to failure on the part of the master.

And here, in support of the last observation, let us add what an Italian once remarked to the writer, as regarding this very figure, "It justifies the eulogy of your countryman," he said; who declared that "the flesh of every other great painter is but paint, while that of Titian has a real circulation of blood under the skin." It was of Haydon the Roman was speaking, in whose "Treatise on Painting," the passage, not then known to the present writer, will be found.* Another Italian, speaking of the same figure, assures us that in this Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, Titian has taught us how the nude should be treated—"Sfuggendo le masse degli scuri gagliardi e le ombre forti che giovano al rilievo, ma diminuiscono la morbidezza della carne."† Northcote, describing this picture, declares the figure of St. Sebastian to be that of "a most beautiful young man, heroically sustaining the extreme pains of approaching death;" he proceeds to describe the whole with a perspicuity that would render his Life of the master truly valuable, had he bestowed some portion of that quality on his arrangement of the excellent materials he has collected. But, woe the while, what confusion worse confounded have we here! Take with you the very largest measure of patience when you consult his pages—nay, press it down and heap it up, or the very largest shall prove insufficient. The work is otherwise a fair and good one; competent authorities have been consulted, and a large mass of useful matter has been collected industriously, from sources where it was most likely to be found—Vasari and Ridolfi principally, perhaps, but others also have been consulted, and in sufficiency. The sole defect is that "most admired disorder" before alluded to; but for this we say again "take patience," and take enough.

Northcote's description of the St. Sebastian is as follows:—"On a bright cloud, illumined by the rays of the setting sun, is seated the Virgin, with the Divine child on her breast; before them are standing, in most devout attitudes, two handsome boys just emerging from childhood. A ruined edifice occupies the bottom of the picture, in which is seen the titular saint [St. Nicholas] absorbed in a pious ecstasy, and keeping his eyes fixed on the heavenly mother. * * * * * At the side of the Virgin is standing, with an air of modest dignity, St. Catherine, a woman of great beauty. The complexion is somewhat dark, the grand forms and contours, as opposed to the delicacy of the Virgin mother and the Magdalen, show her capable of enduring the most exquisite tortures of martyrdom. The figure of St. Peter assists wonderfully in giving harmony to the picture, to which the sober colour of the dresses of St. Francis and St. Anthony also contributes."

St. Francis, if the recollection of the writer be correct, bears a cross, and is represented as in ecstasy. St. Anthony of Padua has the lily; St. Ambrose is also present.

* See "Painting and the Fine Arts," p. 172; this is the reprint of articles written for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," by Haydon—who, with some heresies, mingles valuable truth—and by Hazlitt, whose acquaintance with his subject is by no means so profound.

† See "Galleria de Quadri al Vaticano," p. 41.

"But what is most wonderful of all," adds Northcote, "and where the flesh is executed most naturally, is in the figure of St. Sebastian. This figure alone would be sufficient to confute the old calumny of those who, allowing Titian the palm of colouring, deny him that of design."

"Perhaps," he continues, "the remark of some one else would be more reasonable, about his having united saints of different ages and countries, who never met while they lived. But besides that such an anachronism would in part be justified by the will of him for whom the work is done, it is also lessened (?) by the skill of the painter, who makes a glory which collects round him all those who are called to participate in it."

This last proposition is not very clearly argued, but it is rightly felt as regards the master, and that shall suffice us: in a note, Northcote further says, "It is proper to mention that Titian was much pleased with this performance, having written in large letters '*Titianus faciebat*.'"[†] "Of this work," writes the anonymous author,* "being of supreme excellence, he was himself quite enamoured, and contrived that it should be seen by all the world by means of a print taken of it." P. Guglielmo della Valle, in a note to an edition of Vasari prepared under his inspection at Sienna, says, "This stupendous picture, obtained by Clement XV., is to be seen in the pontifical gallery of the Quirinal,† and every one finds in it that beauty with which Titian himself was so enchanted."[‡]

THE PANORAMA:

WITH MEMOIRS OF ITS INVENTOR, ROBERT BARKER, AND HIS SON, THE LATE HENRY ASTON BARKER.

MANY of our readers will have derived so much pleasure from viewing the panoramas in Leicester Square, that in recording the recent decease of Mr. Henry Aston Barker, the former proprietor and painter of the panoramas, we cannot but think that a brief account of that particular kind of painting, and of the invention of it by the late Mr. Barker's father, with some biographical notices of the inventor and his son, will be generally acceptable. We, therefore, avail ourselves of a memoir of Mr. Barker in the *Obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine* for October last, to which we are able (by favour of the family) to add some interesting particulars from the late Mr. Barker's own memoranda.

Henry Aston Barker was born at Glasgow, in the year 1774: he was a younger son of Mr. Robert Barker, a native of Kells, in the county of Meath, by his wife, a daughter of Dr. Aston, a physician of great eminence in Dublin.

Mr. Robert Barker was the ingenious inventor and original proprietor of the panoramas in Leicester Square, which invention originated in the following manner:—Mr. Barker, who was a man possessing much inventive talent and unwearied perseverance, was a portrait and miniature painter, and had invented a mechanical system of perspective, and taught that art at Edinburgh, where he was resident. He was walking one day with his daughter (the late Mrs. Lightfoot) on the Calton Hill, when observing her father to be very thoughtful, Miss Barker asked him what was the subject of his thoughts. He replied, that he was thinking whether it would not be possible to give the whole view from that hill in one picture. She smiled at an idea so contrary to all the rules of Art; but her father said he thought it was to be accomplished by means of a square frame fixed at one spot on the hill: he would draw the scene presented within that frame, and then, shifting the frame to the left or right, he would draw the adjoining part of the landscape; and so going round the top of the hill, he would obtain the view on all sides: and the several drawings being fixed together, and placed in a circle, the whole view might be seen from the interior of the circle, as from the summit of the hill.

This idea he forthwith put in execution, having no one to assist him but his son Henry Aston, then only about twelve years old. Mr. H. A. Barker says:—"I was set to work to take outlines of the city only, from the top of the Observatory on the Calton Hill. I have no idea now what sort of drawing was made by me,—no doubt it was wretchedly bad,—but it answered my father's pur-

pose; and from the outlines he made a drawing upon paper, pasted on linen, which gave a rather rude representation of 'Auld Reekie.'"

But the greatest difficulty remained. The drawings being made on flat surfaces, when placed together in a circle the horizontal lines appeared curved instead of straight, unless on the exact level of the eye; and to meet this difficulty Mr. Barker had to invent a system of curved lines peculiarly adapted to the concave surface of his picture, which should appear straight when viewed from a platform at a certain level in the centre. This difficulty, with many others of a similar nature, which may more easily be imagined than described, having been surmounted, Mr. Barker "took his picture up to London, where, being introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, then President of the Royal Academy, the new invention was exhibited to him, put in a circular form, and shown by candle-light; but whether (says Mr. H. A. Barker) the drawings were so bad, or Sir Joshua did not comprehend my father's idea, he, with great politeness, said the thing would never do, and therefore recommended him to give it up! Here was a disappointment, but my father was too confident of success to be thus dissuaded from following up his plans, and he therefore took out a patent for the invention under the title of '*La nature à coup d'œil*.'"

"To Lord Elcho (son of the Earl of Wemyss)," Mr. Barker continues, "I believe my father was indebted for pecuniary assistance, as well as for introductions to persons of rank in London. Thus was he enabled to follow up and extend his plans for bringing out a view of Edinburgh on a complete circle, for which purpose I was sent again to the Observatory, and began to take outlines of the entire view; of course it was a long time before the painting could be commenced, for I worked slowly. The circle on which my father painted the first view of Edinburgh was twenty-five feet in diameter; canvas, with paper pasted on it, formed the surface, and the picture was painted in water-colours, in the Guard Room of the Palace of Holyrood, and being at last finished, was opened to the public in the Archer's Hall, at Holyrood, from whence it was removed to a lower apartment in the Assembly Rooms, George Street, New Town, and was subsequently exhibited at Glasgow."

So much was thought of the discovery of its being possible to take a view beyond the old rule of forty-five degrees, that Mr. Barker was induced to exhibit his picture in London; and in the month of November, 1788, he quitted Edinburgh, taking with him his son, Henry Aston, and came to London, where, in the spring of 1789, the View of Edinburgh was fitted up in a large room, at No. 28, in the Haymarket, and was opened to the public early in the summer of that year.

Mr. Barker then determined to exhibit a picture of London, for which the drawings were made by Henry Aston Barker, from the top of Albion Mills, near the foot of Blackfriars Bridge, on the Surrey side. The scene on the Thames was the Lord Mayor's procession by water to Westminster on the 9th of November. These drawings were afterwards etched by H. A. Barker, and aqua-tinted by Birnie, and published in six sheets, 22 inches by 17.

This view was more than half a circle. It was painted in distemper, and was exhibited in the spring of 1792, in a rough building at the back of No. 28, on the eastern side of Castle Street, Leicester Square, where Mr. Barker then resided.

"This view was very successful. Even Sir Joshua Reynolds came to see it, and gratified my father much, when, taking him by the hand, he said, 'I find I was in error in supposing your invention could never succeed, for the present exhibition proves it is capable of producing effects, and representing nature in a manner far superior to the limited scale of pictures in general.'"

In the year 1793 Mr. Barker took a lease of a piece of ground in Leicester Place and Cranbourne Street, where he erected the large exhibition-building in which the panoramas have been ever since, and are still, exhibited. The large circle is ninety feet in diameter, and the small upper circle is constructed within it, being supported by the centre column. The entrance to the small circle is over the top of the picture in the large circle. While the building was proceeding in Leicester Square, Mr. Barker and his son, Henry Aston, went to Portsmouth, to take a view of the grand fleet then lying at Spithead. When the walls of the panorama were completed to their full height, and before the roof was put on, they began to paint the picture in a temporary building of wood, in the centre of the circle, so that by the time the building was finished the work was much advanced; and "in May, 1793 (Mr. Barker says), I think it was ready for opening," but it must have been 1794, as the agreement for taking the ground is dated the 16th of September, 1793.

* Of the writer so called, and not certainly known by any other name, we shall have more hereafter.

† It has been removed to the gallery of the Vatican, as aforesaid.

‡ Life of Titian, vol. ii. p. 115, et seq.

"The king, queen, and princesses, came to see the picture before the public were admitted: Lord Harcourt was the lord-in-waiting. I (Mr. H. A. Barker) exhibited the picture to the royal party, whose easy affability soon removed the alarm I felt in having to attend upon them. The king asked many questions; and when answered, turned round to Lord Harcourt, to whom he gave the answer verbatim, always beginning with 'He says' so-and-so. His majesty had a large gold-headed cane, which he pointed with, and sometimes put into my hand, making me stoop down in a line with it, to be informed of an object so small that I could not otherwise understand him." Queen Charlotte is reported to have said that the sight of this picture made her feel sea-sick.

As a good name was considered essential to the success of the novel experiment on the public taste, Mr. Barker applied to his classical friends, who furnished him with the very expressive and appropriate name of Πανόραμα.

Mr. Barker's panorama was not, however, without rivalry even in its early days; Mr. Robert Ker Porter (afterwards Sir Robert) painted and exhibited at the Lyceum three great historical pictures of the storming of Seringapatam, in 1799, of the siege of Acre, and of the battle of Alexandria, March 21, 1801. The printed descriptions and outline sketches of Seringapatam and Alexandria are now before the writer. These three pictures were three-quarters of the circle. He afterwards exhibited at the same place a great historic and panoramic picture of the battle of Agincourt, which picture he presented to the Corporation of London, and it is still in existence, we can hardly say preserved, at Guildhall.

In the year 1802 Mr. Barker's eldest son, Thomas Edward Barker, who was not an artist, but had been an assistant to his father in the panorama, and Mr. Ramsay Richard Reinagle, afterwards R.A., who had painted at the panorama for Mr. Barker, entered into a partnership, and erected a rival panorama-building in the Strand.

In Knight's "London," vol. vi. 283, it is said that the process of painting the panoramas is distasteful, but that is an error, except as to the original picture of Edinburgh and that of London: the panoramas are oil-paintings, and the canvas was used for several pictures, one being painted over the other as long as it would last, except some of the pictures of the small circle, which, after having been exhibited in London, were sold for exhibition in the provinces. The panorama of Athens (1822) was sent to Hartford College, Connecticut, N.A., where it may yet be in existence.

After much patient energy and perseverance, Mr. Barker, ably assisted by his son, Henry Aston, succeeded in establishing the panorama in the favour of the public; and at his death, which happened on the 8th of April, 1806, at his house in West Square, Southwark, at the age of sixty-seven,* he left a comfortable provision for his widow and family.

There are two portraits of Robert Barker: one engraved in 1802, by J. Singleton, after a picture by G. Ralph, 8vo.; and another engraved by Flight, from a picture by Allingham, folio. A memoir of Robert Barker will be found in the "Biographical Examiner," by Theophilus Quin, 1814.

The house in which Henry Aston Barker resided with his father, in Castle Street, Leicester Square, was nearly opposite the house of the celebrated anatomist, John Hunter, whose habit of early rising was an object of observation and emulation to Henry Barker; but rise as early as he would, there was John Hunter poring over his anatomical preparations. At that time, several other subsequently distinguished persons resided in the same street; and in the immediate vicinity lived Anna Maria and Jane Porter: to the latter Henry formed a boyish attachment, and was frequently seen escorting her to the parks, &c., where she, being then very handsome, attracted great attention, which induced Henry Barker to resign the fair one to the more dashing pretensions of a certain captain in the Guards.

Soon after coming to London, Henry Barker became a pupil at the Royal Academy, where, among his fellow-pupils and intimate associates, were John Wm. M. Turner (afterwards), R.A., and Robert Ker Porter, the cousin of his fair friends Anna Maria and Jane: the three were great companions and confederates in boyish mischief.

Henry Barker continued to be the chief assistant of his father in the panoramas until the death of the latter in 1806, when, being his father's executor, he took the panorama into his own hands, and, by his eminent artistic taste and skill in his particular branch of Art—by his energy, perseverance, and good judgment in selecting and placing before the public what was agreeable to them,—he succeeded

not only in paying off some incumbrances which had been left by his father, but in realising the handsome provision made by his father's will for his mother and sisters, and making a moderate and well-merited provision for himself and his own family.

Mr. Barker frequently travelled, to take his own drawings for his pictures, which were always remarkable for faithfulness and truth. His first journey was in 1799, to Turkey, to make drawings for the Panorama of Constantinople. We resume Mr. Barker's memoranda:—"On the 26th of August, 1799, I quitted home for Portsmouth, to join the vessel then lying off the Motherbank, that was to carry me to Palermo. December 6th I entered the harbour of Palermo. The next day, I went with our captain to call upon Sir William Hamilton, the English Ambassador at the Court of Naples. Sir William was not at home when we called; however, we saw Lady Hamilton, who kindly invited me to dine with them that evening. I cannot forget her appearance in the evening—her fine commanding form, dressed in a kind of robe, trimmed with roses from her neck to her feet—her beautiful countenance, with lovely dark eyes. I was introduced by Sir William Hamilton to Lord Nelson, who took me by the hand, saying he was indebted to me for keeping up the fame of his victory in the battle of the Nile for a year longer than it would have lasted in the public estimation. At the dinner, Lady Hamilton placed me on her left, while Lord Nelson sat on her right hand, and she cut his meat for him." During his stay at Constantinople, Mr. Barker had the opportunity of saving from destruction part of a portfolio of beautiful drawings by Tveddel, the traveller, which had been recovered from the wreck, and had lain rotting in the wet: this he did for Lord Elgin, who was very kind and attentive to him during his stay at Constantinople.

The Panorama of Constantinople was exhibited in 1802. A picture from the same drawings was exhibited by Mr. Burford in 1829. These drawings were engraved and published in four plates.

In 1801 Henry Aston Barker went to Copenhagen, to obtain a view and particulars of the battle. There he was kindly received and treated by Lord Nelson.

In May 1802, during the peace of Amiens, he went to Paris, and drew a panorama of it. He was on that occasion introduced to, and noticed by, Napoleon, then Premier Consul, by whom he was addressed as Citizen Barker.

The naval victories at the end of the last and the commencement of this century afforded admirable and most popular subjects for the panorama; and Henry Aston Barker's knowledge of nautical matters, and accurate representation of shipping, &c., made him a great favourite with Lord Nelson. The Peninsular campaign also furnished admirable subjects for pictures of the battles of Badajos, Vittoria, and others, of which Mr. Barker presented such able and spirit-stirring representations to the British public.

The drawings for these pictures were made chiefly, if not entirely, by Mr. Burford; but Mr. H. A. Barker went to Malta, where he made drawings of that port, exhibited in 1810 and 1812; of the latter of which the writer has a vivid recollection, being the first panorama he ever saw.

An incident is related of a Newfoundland dog, which being brought to the panorama, was so deceived by the natural appearance of the water in the harbour, that he leaped into the picture, to enjoy a bath in the briny element.

After the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, Mr. Barker also went to Elba, where he renewed his acquaintance with Napoleon, by whom he was graciously received. And after the battle of Waterloo he visited the field, and went to Paris, where he obtained from the officers at head-quarters every necessary information on the subject of the battle. A set of eight etchings, by Mr. J. Burnett, from Mr. Barker's original sketches of the field of battle, were printed and published. His drawings of Gibraltar were also published in two large sheets.

He went to Venice with Mr. J. Burford, to take views for a panorama which was exhibited in 1819. His last grand panorama was the coronation procession of George the Fourth, exhibited in 1822. The panorama of Waterloo was very successful. It had been painted on an older picture, but was not painted out, being laid by and re-exhibited some years later.

The rival panorama in the Strand was purchased, in 1816, by Mr. Henry Barker and the late Mr. John Burford, who paid a considerable sum to Mr. Reinagle, and secured an annuity to Mr. T. E. Barker and his wife for their lives, as the price of their interests in the Strand panorama, which Mr. Barker and Mr. John Burford then kept open in partnership, Mr. Barker retaining to himself the

panorama in Leicester Square. But the panorama of Waterloo had fortunately been so successful as to give Mr. Barker the opportunity, which he then required, of retiring from the labours and anxieties ever attendant on exertions to please the public; and in, or previous to 1826, he transferred the management of both panoramas to Messrs. John and Robert Burford, who had been the able and much esteemed assistants of himself and his father for many years.

Mr. John Burford dying however, in 1827, was succeeded by his brother, Mr. Robert Burford, the present able and indefatigable proprietor of the panorama in Leicester Square, which still continues its interest and attraction for the public, although the rival exhibitions of the Colosseum and the Diorama, in the Regent's Park, have not been able to hold their ground.

In 1802 Mr. Barker married Harriet Maria, the eldest of the six daughters of Rear-admiral William Bligh, commander of the *Douglas* at the time of the celebrated mutiny during a voyage to transplant the bread-fruit from the Society Islands to the West Indies, and subsequently Governor of New South Wales. By that charming and most amiable lady Mr. Barker has left two sons and two daughters: his eldest son, the Rev. Henry Barker, is vicar of Weare, Somersetshire, to which church Mr. H. A. Barker presented an organ on his son's institution; his second son, William Bligh Barker, was brought up to the medical profession, but preferred the Arts; his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was the wife, now widow, of the late William Glenzie, Esq., R.N., and civil-engineer, who died a few months since; and his youngest daughter, Mary, is wife of North Pritchard, Esq., of Willsbridge.

When all Britain was filled with military enthusiasm, Mr. Barker enrolled himself as a defender of his country from foreign invasion, and he bore a lieutenant's commission in the Princess Charlotte's regiment of Loyal Southwark Volunteers.

While carrying on the panorama, he lived at a house in West Square, St. George's, Southwark, next door to that in which his father had lived, and which was still inhabited by his widowed mother, behind which was his painting-room; and he built a home for himself in Lordship Lane, Dulwich; but, on giving up the panoramas to Messrs. Burford, he went to reside at Cheam, Surrey, and afterwards removed to Park Street, Bristol, from thence to Willsbridge, and lastly to Bitton, both near Bristol.

Mrs. Barker died on the 26th of February last, and was soon followed by her husband, who died at his house at Bitton, on the 19th of July, at the age of eighty-two: they were both buried at Bitton.

The distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Henry Aston Barker were firmness, neatness, and precision in whatever he did. In his works, in his writing, in his conversation, and in his dress, those characteristics were remarkable. His pictures, although on so large a scale, were highly finished; he bestowed perhaps too minute pains on them; but hence the almost magical appearance of reality which they possessed. He seemed to be imbued with a determination that whatever he did should be done as well as he could do it; and consequently he never did anything in a hurry or carelessly. His letters are very indicative of this, being examples of neatness of writing and expression; and he always wrote his signature at full length, in a large, upright, square hand. His manners and bearing were those of a polished gentleman, and his conversation was full of liveliness and anecdote, and was most particularly interesting from the observations he had made, the countries he had visited, and the people he had known.

The following is a chronological list of most of the panoramas painted and exhibited by Mr. Robert Barker, and his son, Henry Aston Barker:—

Edinburgh, exhibited at Edinburgh and Glasgow, 1788, in the Haymarket, London, 1789; London, at 28, Castle Street, Leicester Square, 1792; Spithead, at Leicester Square (where all subsequent panoramas were exhibited), 1794; Lord Howe's Victory, 1794; Bath, 1795; Windsor, 1798; Bridport's Victory; Margate, 1798; Plymouth; Cornwallis's Retreat; Dover; Battle of the Nile, 1799; Ramsgate, 1800; Constantinople, 1801; Copenhagen, 1802; Paris, 1803; Gibraltar, 1804; Trafalgar, 1806; Edinburgh, 1806; Bay of Dublin, 1807; Weymouth, 1807; Grand Cairo; Flushing, 1810; Brighton; Malta, 1810; Messina, 1811; Lisbon, 1812; Harbour of Malta, 1812; Badajos, 1813; Vittoria, 1814; Elba, 1815; Battle of Paris, 1815; Waterloo, 1816; St. Petersburg, 1817; Algiers, 1818; Spitzbergen, 1819; Lausanne, 1819; Naples, 1820; Berne, 1821; Corfu, 1822; Rome; Athens, 1822; Coronation of King George IV., 1822.

Each of the large circle pictures averaged 10,000 square feet of canvas; the small circle, 2700 feet.

* See Gent. Mag. vol. lxxvi. p. 389.

THE EARLY FLEMISH PAINTERS.*

No school of Art has ever attained to such a degree of excellence as the early Flemish school, and yet remained in obscurity. The fame of the Renaissance turned all eyes to Italy, and her prestige in Art eclipsed for centuries the rising claims of the schools of all other nations. Lightly, however, as the southern schools may have esteemed that of Flanders, Vasari does ample justice to the success of the northern painters. When we think of the early Flemish school, we think only of the Van Eycks; to us they constitute the early school. But they were preceded by one or two others worthy of mention. These were attached to the court of Philip the Hardy, Duke of Burgundy, being entertained as "*pointres et varlets-de-chambre*." It is of little interest to inquire relative to their duties in the latter department of their twofold capacity; but we learn that as "*pointres*," their duties were multifarious—such as designing and ornamenting banners and pennons, and painting heraldic equipments; but the works which assign them places among the painters of their school are their efforts in religious Art, of which some altar-pieces survive. The names of the "*varlet*," painters that have come down to us are Jean Malouel, Melchior Broederlain, and Jean de Hassett. Of the works of the first and last little remains to testify of their quality; but in the Museum of Dijon there is a remarkable production by Broederlain, consisting of several compartments, in which are represented the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Presentation, and the Flight into Egypt. The book before us contains an outline engraving of this work, which is characterised by the executive infirmities of its time—the last years of the fourteenth century. The artists and varlets above-mentioned, with a few others of minor note, were the predecessors of the Van Eycks.

The Van Eyck family had its origin in the Duchy of Limburg, on the banks of the Meuse; but such was the obscurity of the family, that there exists no record of it before it became famous by the works of the brothers Hubert and John. By some writers it is supposed that a certain Joes Van Eyck, a member of the Guild of Painters of Ghent, was the father of the Van Eycks. Very little of the life of Hubert van Eyck, is known previously to his admission to the Guild of Painters of Ghent; but subsequently to that it is ascertained that he painted more than one picture in *tempera*, and perfected the education of his brother John; and the discovery attributed to the latter was effected, according to Vasari and Van Mander, in 1410, when John was yet in his youth, and Hubert was in the vigour of manhood. In the respective associations and manner of life of the brothers there was a remarkable difference. Hubert was independent of courtly patronage—there is no mention of his having been numbered among the varlets of any reigning seigneur; while, on the contrary, John was the creature of courtly favour. The value of the discovery of oil-painting seems to have been at once understood by the good Flemish burghers, and they seem also to have comprehended with equal readiness the injury accruing to simple oil and colour by the introduction of experimental media. They in their days, as we in ours, had seen works of Art ruined by ignorance and caprice. Reynolds exhausted the possible and impossible arcana of vehicles; and the results are open to us—the surfaces of some of his best works are in rags. Of this fact, "*Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*" is a sad evidence; but yet, even of late years, the search for the lost medium of the old masters has been again revived, but only again to subside in disappointment. We discover only too late the value of simplicity in all things. Reynolds was bewildered by belief in some enchanted compound, as were also his followers: this was his and their weakness. Only nine years after the discovery of oil as a vehicle for colour, the sagacious burghers of Ghent, in contracting for the execution of certain works of Art, prohibited the use of anything but oil. "*Wilhelm Van Axpoile*," says the text of the book under notice, "and John Martiens, licensed painters (*vrie schilders*) were employed, in 1419, 'to paint in good

oil-colours, unmixed with any corrosive substance,' several important pieces for the Town-hall; John Van Coudenburg and Marc Van Gestele to adorn, in 1430, the church of Roslede with four great prophets 'à vif,' with 'The Death of our Lady,' 'Our Saviour in the Sun's Rays,' 'The Last Judgment,' and 'The Baptism of Christ,' all which aforesaid pictures the said John and Marc were bound to finish for eleven livres." It may be assumed that in those days painters had been endeavouring to improve upon oil as a vehicle, and had failed; hence the terms of the contract. If these works still exist, their condition would at once be an evidence for or against the simple medium. To Hubert Van Eyck was confided by Jodocus Vydts, a wealthy citizen of Ghent, the execution of an altar-piece for a chapel founded by him for the reception of the mortal remains of himself and family. When Hubert received the commission for this really great work, he was formally admitted to the honours and the privileges of the fraternity of the Guild of Painters. Hubert, however, died before he completed this work: the upper portion only is by him, the rest having been painted by his brother John. He died at Ghent in 1426, and was buried in a crypt of the chapel, we believe, which he was decorating. The epitaph inscribed upon his tomb is remarkable, it runs thus:—"Take warning by me ye who walk over me; I was as you are, but am now buried dead beneath you. Thus it appears that neither Art nor medicine availed me. Art, honour, wisdom, power, affluence, are spared not when death arrives. I was called Hubert Van Eyck. I am now food for worms. Formerly known and highly honoured in painting, all this was shortly after turned to nothing. It was in the year of our Lord one thousand four hundred and twenty-six, on the 18th day of September, that I rendered up my soul to God in suffering. Pray God for me, ye who love Art, that I may attain to his sight. Flee sin; turn to the best (objects), for you must follow me at last." As a memorial of the living man, the right arm with which he had so successfully employed the brush, having been severed from the body, was suspended in a casket above the portal of St. Bavon, where it still remained in the sixteenth century. It is supposed that John Van Eyck was born between the years 1382 and 1386, at Maaseyck, where his brother Hubert was his instructor, from whom also he acquired a knowledge of drawing, painting, and chemistry. In considering the probabilities in relation with the means employed by the Van Eycks, Vasari theorises at some length on the probable causes of their successes, but especially in reference to John Van Eyck, who is considered the greater genius. But to quote again from the book before us—how far was John Van Eyck the discoverer of these improvements, and what share had Hubert in them? The desiderated means of producing pictures in such materials as should withstand the changes of such a climate as that of the Netherlands, was probably an early subject of study with Hubert Van Eyck. The question was agitated in Germany and Flanders long before it became a matter of interest in Italy. This can be readily understood, from the perfect preservation of very early works of Art in Italy. It would appear that those writers who assign to John Van Eyck the employment of oil as a medium in Fine Art, have formed their conclusions on unsatisfactory evidence, for assuming the earliest employment of oil in Fine Art to have taken place in 1410, we find at this time Hubert Van Eyck with an established reputation as a painter, while John, not more than nineteen years of age, and perhaps only fifteen, must have yet been a pupil of his brother. It was not until 1420 that fame connected John Van Eyck with the discovery of oil painting: it was in that year, and not before, that he was present at an assemblage of painters at Antwerp, where he exhibited, in triumph, a picture of the Saviour, on the colour and character of which were pronounced the most lavish encomiums. It is probable that ten years had sufficed for a perfect knowledge of the new method of working, and that as his brother's practice was known to him, the honours of the discovery were awarded to him. In the works of the elder brother his superiority is manifest, and it was not until the decease of Hubert that John was regarded as the most eminent of his craft. This was the conviction of John himself, as

is evidenced by an inscription on "The Mystic Lamb," the work commenced at Ghent by Hubert, and finished by him. The work respectively of the brothers presents a contrast unfavourable to the younger. "The Mystic Lamb" was completed in 1432, six years after the death of Hubert: it was finished at Bruges, and as the panels were perfected they were sent, it may be supposed, to Ghent. The panels of this work are now separated, some are yet at Ghent, the rest at Berlin. It is to be regretted that the results of study so profitable, and the fruits of a mind so noble as that of Hubert Van Eyck, should be so inconsiderable—"The Mystic Lamb" being the only remnant of his work. In its finished form this altar-piece merited the great and lasting admiration which it excited; it formed not only in itself a splendid harmony, but having been executed for the place in which it stood, it harmonised with all around it. Chapels and churches were then furnished very differently from what they are now or were some time earlier. The walls were covered with tapestries and stuffs, and enriched with votive pictures and costly offerings to the patron saints. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, was the friend of John Van Eyck, who was treated with the highest consideration by the duke, inasmuch that he served him not only as his principal painter, but also in the capacity of ambassador on missions of confidence and importance. His death took place at Bruges in 1440—41. The powers of the elder Van Eyck are thus very fittingly described in the book before us:—"Hubert Van Eyck was sacrificed for centuries to the fame which John Van Eyck succeeded in engrossing by final improvements in the oil medium and varnishes. No neglect was more unjust than this, for Hubert transcended in genius John Van Eyck, and every other painter of the Netherlands. His grand characteristic, as chief of the Flemish school, was serenity and nobleness of expression: his great quality was colour, but he failed in idealism. The gravity and pensiveness which marked his saints, were not in every instance coupled with a sentiment of holiness and that elevated type which Scripture would impress; and though he never proved himself a trivial or a vulgar painter, his mind was not above some weakening conceits. Had he possessed the entire gift of simplicity, he would not have laden the broad and sweeping folds of his drapery with the superfluous ornaments which profusely cover them: with these exceptions nothing is wanting in the pictures of Hubert Van Eyck. Few men of his time in Italy, none in the Netherlands, have proved themselves as perfect as he was in anatomy and in the perspective of the human frame; but that in which he excelled was, as has been already said, colour."

The book contains a curious history of "The Mystic Lamb," with some account of the influence exercised by the work upon contemporary schools. The pictures which are attributed to Hubert Van Eyck neither support that attribution by any approach to the quality of the panels of "The Mystic Lamb," which were finished by him, nor can they be traced to his hand by any pedigree of proprietorship. It is probable that any works executed by him may have been destroyed by the iconoclasts of 1566, or in those military forays to which the cities of the Netherlands were so long exposed.

The works of John have survived the calamities which have, from time to time, devastated the Low Countries. It is remarked that the quality of his work declines in proportion to the remoteness of its date from the lifetime of his brother—an evidence strongly in favour of the superior intellect and power of Hubert. The picture in our National Gallery, absurdly called "A New Married Couple," we have long regarded as presenting portraits of John Van Eyck and his wife, notwithstanding the professed dissimilarity of the features from those of the portrait in that portion of the Ghent picture which is at Berlin.

The successors of the Van Eycks were Cristus, Van der Meire, Van der Goes, Justus of Ghent, Roger Van der Weyden, Antonella da Messina, Hans Memling, &c.; but the Van Eycks and their works are of paramount importance, and we feel that as we might have justly extended our notice of them far beyond the limits we assign it, we could in nowise do justice to painters whose names are more or less illustrious in the annals of Art by a simple record of dates and titles.

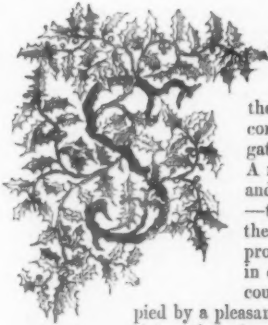
* "The Early Flemish Painters; Notices of their Lives and Works," by J. A. Crowe, and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Published by J. Murray, London.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART II.



SOON after we leave the valley in which the Thames is born, and where its infant wanderings are but promises of strength, the river becomes well defined, and of no inconsiderable breadth and depth; its waters have gathered force, and are turned to profitable uses. A mile or so of pleasant walk along its banks, and we reach THE FIRST MILL ON THE THAMES—the earliest effort to render it subservient to the wants of man, ministering to industry and producing wealth. The mill is sufficiently rude in character to be picturesque: it is in an open court, fronted by an old pigeon-house, and occupied by a pleasant and kindly miller, who reasonably complains that the engine of the canal frequently leaves him without water to move his wheel. He was, however, busy during our visit, and seemed well pleased to aid the artist in his efforts, apparently much interested in the progress of his work.

While the artist was thus employed, we had leisure to rove about the adjacent meadows, and to examine the numerous wild flowers and water plants which, in this vicinity, assume forms more than usually large. Among the most prominent was the Comfrey (*Symphytum officinale*), which appears in great abundance on the river-bank, rearing its bold form above the lowlier herbage. When in blossom—every branch decorated with clusters of pendant bell-shaped flowers, varying in every shade of colour from white to deep purple—the comfrey is one of the most ornamental among the many floral beauties that grace the water-side, and it once held a high place in the herbal of our forefathers for its great healing virtues: but its reputation for these qualities, whether deserved or not, has passed away, in common with that of most of our native medicinal herbs, to make way for the drugs of foreign lands, which, if sometimes less efficacious, are at least more novel and costly.



THE FIRST MILL.



THE COMFREY.

Hence a turn in the road (or through a pleasant meadow, if we prefer to cross it) leads to the village of SOMERFORD KEYNES, with its beautiful and graceful little church. It is covered with flowers—roses and honeysuckle intertwined with green ivy—from the base to the roof; and is lovingly cared for by its present incumbent; it is a model of cheerful aspect and simple beauty. It consists only of a nave and chancel, with a small side chapel. There is a small piscina by the altar; but the most curious features within are the fragments of paintings that once decorated its walls, and portray legendary histories of the Romish church. Thus, opposite the door is a gigantic figure of St. Christopher bearing the Saviour across an arm of the sea, his passage being assisted by the lantern held by a monk. So great a value was attached to the intercession of this saint in former times, that it was believed no peril could happen to him who during the day had offered a prayer before his image. Erasmus alludes to this superstition in his "Praise of Folly."*



THE CHURCH, SOMERFORD KEYNES.

From the church we traverse the river-bank; again through meadows, until we arrive at a graceful gravel walk overarched by trees, in the grounds of the ancient manor-house; and soon we reach the village of ASHETON KEYNES: the river here obtains a picturesque character by being arched over in numerous instances, forming footways to the various pretty cottages that skirt its bank. The church is old, but by no means picturesque—the interior being thoroughly modernised, and thus forming a contrast to the Church of Somerford Keynes. There are in this village the sockets of three ancient crosses.

Thence our path lay to WATERHAY BRIDGE, and then across several sloping fields laden with corn, from the elevations of which, above the river, are obtained many fine views:—and so we enter the ancient market town of CRICKLADE, in Wiltshire. It presents no feature of interest, except that at the bridge—a new bridge, outside the town—the rivers Churn and Rey† meet, and mingle their waters with the Thames. Its church-tower is, however, a "landmark" for many miles round. It was a famous town in old times, and is said to have been inhabited by learned monks, from whom it derived its name of *Greeklade*, corrupted into *Creeklade*—another fanciful invention of the poets; and Drayton, following ancient historians, makes this town the predecessor of Oxford, where—

"To Great Britain first the sacred Muses sung."

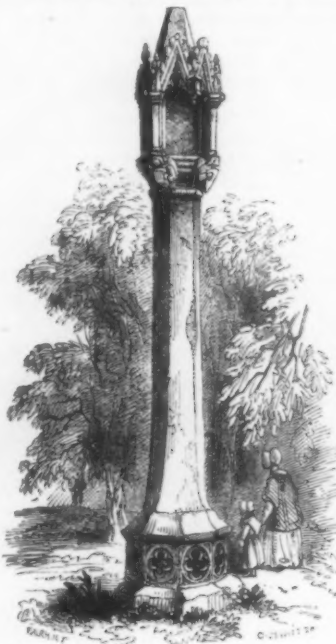
Its name is probably derived from the British *cerigwald*, a stony country; it has two churches, dedicated to St. Sampson and St. Mary; neither, however, advance any pretensions to architectural grace or beauty. The two crosses still preserved in Cricklade are unusually fine specimens of those sacred mementoes in England. That in our first engraving now stands beside an avenue of trees in the church-yard of St. Sampson's, but it formerly stood

* His legendary history declares him to have been a pagan giant of evil propensities, who used to destroy travellers by pretending to carry them across a river; but the Saviour appearing to him as a little child, miraculously surprised him by the almost immovable weight he was upon his shoulder. Christopher, astonished, inquired of him the reason, and was answered, "You bear now the whole world, and also its Creator." With much difficulty and fear he crossed the water; and, being christianised, performed as many good deeds as he had previously done evil. Our little engraving displays the ordinary manner in which this very popular saint was represented by mediæval artists, who in all instances worked to conventional rule; hence in England or upon the Continent there is a complete similarity of treatment for this saintly legend; in the same way the Greek Church at the present day preserves in its pictures the conventional forms of the tenth century unaltered. We constantly find traces of similar representations of the saint in old English churches; but in continental ones they abound: nor is it unusual to encounter gigantic statues of him at the gates of cities (as at Treves, on the Moselle), as if to cheer the parting traveller, or welcome him home on his return.

† The river Rey is of small account, although of some importance as one of the earliest tributaries of the Thames: it rises below Swindon, in Wilts. The Churn, however, demands especial notice, inasmuch as it advances claims to the honour of being the source, and not a tributary, of the great river. It has its rise at "Seven Springs," about three miles south of Cheltenham, and its course is above twenty miles before it loses itself in the Thames—"Thames Head" being not more than ten miles from the junction of the two waters. The Churn has changed its name but little—it is the *Churn* of the British, signifying rapid. Drayton calls it "the nimble-footed;" it passes through the villages of Cowley, Colesbourne, North Cerney, and Baunton; then waters Cirencester, passes through Siddington and South Cerney, and so joins the Thames at Cricklade.



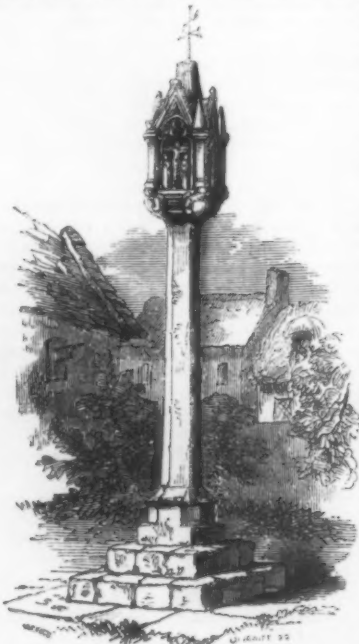
in the High Street of the little town. The finial has been broken, and the figures which once occupied the canopied niches have disappeared. Our second engraving exhibits the more perfect cross in St. Mary's church-yard, nearer the Thames. This remarkably graceful example has figures of saints in the niches, as well as a representation of the Crucifixion. Both appear to be works of the fourteenth century—a period when religious foundations flourished. It was at this time the custom in England (as it still is upon the Continent) to erect these sacred emblems not only near churches and in cemeteries, but by the road-side, to aid the devotions of the traveller,



CROSS AT CRICKLADE.

or ask his prayers for some other wayfarer who may have met death by accident or violence. They were also occasionally used to mark great events; such were the crosses erected to commemorate the places where the body of Queen Eleanor rested; or to signify where important battles had been fought. The town of Cricklade is about ten miles from the source of the Thames. "Thames Head," though in the county of Gloucester, is so near to its southern border that the river, after meandering a mile or two, enters Wiltshire—the village of Kemble being in that county: and it is in Wiltshire the great river first assumes the character of a perennial stream—for the meadows between that village and the source, are, as we have intimated, usually dry during the summer months; soon, however, the river re-enters its native county, which it continues to fertilise during many an after mile of busy toil and tranquil beauty.

Having rested awhile at Cricklade, we pursue the river on its course, and arrive at EISEY BRIDGE. At this bridge the traveller will pause awhile to examine the church, which, standing on a gentle acclivity, overlooks the stream, that here assumes a bolder aspect, and is navigable at all seasons for boats of small draught. A mile or two farther along its banks, and we reach CASTLE EATON—a village now, but once a place of size and strength: "the grete ruines of the Lord Zouche's castle" exist no more; but, here and there, some venerable walls bear records of "hoar antiquitie." A school, so aged as to have been the seat of learning of the great-great-grand-



CROSS AT CRICKLADE.

fathers of the urchins we found within; and a church, very old and very curious; with a pretty bridge, more than sufficient for its traffic—these are the only points that demand notice in this secluded and most pleasantly situated spot, where the "busy hum" is rarely heard.

The church is picturesque, but exceedingly simple in plan, consisting merely of a nave and chancel; the chancel arch is early English; but the general structure and the principal doors are Norman. The walls have recently been denuded of a thick coat of whitewash, and many of the ancient paintings that once covered them are again brought to light. They appear to be works of the fourteenth century, and to illustrate scripture history or saintly legends. The font is early English, with a simple wreath of foliage boldly carved around the basin, which is supported on a central pillar of carved stone. The church has boasted a fine cross at one period, but only the stone grooves now remain. Upon one of the bells is inscribed, "God prosper this place." The bell-turret is the most remarkable feature of the exterior; it stands upon the junction of the roofs of nave and chancel, and is entirely constructed of thick slabs of stone, the bell swinging on a massive beam within.

Our readers will have perceived that while we conduct them on their voyage down the Thames, we desire to "gossip" with them now and then, believing that "matters of fact" are rendered more impressive by indulgence in those "fancies" which are suggested by scenes and incidents described. Our visit to the school

at Castle Eaton naturally suggested a comparison between the venerable adjunct of the village in old times, and that by which it is now-a-days usually "adorned."

There are few things so changed in character throughout England, both internally and externally, as its village schools, which, in days not long gone by, were nearest in picturesque effect to the village church—simple, contemplative dwellings, covered with climbers, coroneted with flowers, a many-paned window at either side of the door, which was shaded by a covered porch, sometimes solid and thatched, or else open and matted with woodbine—this terminated the path whose line was carefully marked out, and guarded by a border of thrift or a box edging; while within the sanctuary flourished all kinds of "poseys"—wall-flowers, and stocks, and sweet-williams, and riband-grass, a white rose, and a red rose-bush; and, mayhap, a flaunting York-and-Lancaster, or tower of white lilies—the gift of sweet "Miss Mary," who married, and had children five, and now is in the church-yard underneath a marble tomb; "herb rosemary" grew there, and woody lavender, and lavender cotton—

"The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marigold
of cheerful hue,"

and streaky pinks, and rich crimson cloves, and sage (a leaf in tea to make it wholesome), and feathery fennel, and such hot turnip-radishes, and little onions, whose silver bulbs disdained the earth, and shot their waving green and narrow leaves above their heads; the row of double parsley was a green banquet to the eye—all was in harmony with the sweet low-roofed house,

from which came the hum of young voices, sometimes low and sweet, sometimes shrill and troubled. The low palings, which divided the garden from the road, were green from age, and had, as it were, taken root and grown their own way, some remaining upright in their rectitude of purpose, others, like weak-minded persons, leaning to the right or left, and having no will of their own. Often a blackbird or a thrush hung in a wicker cage beneath the porch; an old cat on the window-sill winked at the sunbeams; and beyond, close to the yew hedge, whose centre was clipped into some monstrosity called a "peacock," or "flower-pot," lay a shelf of bee-hives, more than half concealed from public gaze by a row of broad-beans, or blossoming peas, upon which the bees under the straw thatch came to banquet. Now the school-house is generally a new, clean, trim two-storied house, of no particular order of architecture; but upon the external ornamentation of which enough has been spent to clothe, as well as educate, a rising generation. Money, it has been said, is not wealth, neither is size or elaboration beauty—and as yet our national schools look hard and dictatorial. When the softening hand of time passes over those seats of embryo learning—when the bright red brick, or the pure white stone, is toned down by the weather, and ivy and Virginia-creeper clasp the gables, and take off the sharpness of those corners—when, in fact, the new becomes old—the schools of the present time will better harmonise with the character of our beloved English scenery.

But, if the change is so apparent in the schools, what is it in the teachers? Shenstone has drawn with fidelity the picture of the "dame," in the old times of dames' schools:—

"Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dyed in grain—as blue, I trow,
As in the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays."

She was old, and mild but firm; the nod was her help, the rod was her argu-



FONT AT CASTLE EATON.



BELL TOWER, CASTLE EATON.

ment; the shake was her warning, the foolscap her disgrace; a kind smile or word, accompanied by a gingerbread-nut on rare occasions, her reward. We cannot but wonder how those bright, clever-looking women, sent from normal schools to diffuse education in our country parishes, would look in close mob-caps, "whiter than the driven snow," linsey aprons, and "russet stoles and kirtles!" Alas! for the back-headed bonnets and gay muslin—or *mousseline*—dresses, that sweep the school-room floor, and the air of superiority with which our simple questions, born of domestic wants, are often answered—making us sigh for the days when girls were taught by dames to mend stockings, darn invisibly, sew on buttons to remain on, and piece linen or broadcloth so that the rent became a myth.

Some twenty summers have come and gone since we were much interested by an aged woman, who for many years had kept a dame's school in a quaint little village not a long way from the Thames—indeed, you could see its placid waters from the school-house door, shining and shimmering through the trees. She was called "Dame Madam," or, sometimes, "Madam"—people said that was not her real name, but the "real name" nobody knew. She combined the calling of nurse with that of schoolmistress; but she would only engage to "nurse" at night, as nothing could prevail on her to neglect the charge of "her children." The school outside was like a garland, a tangled mass of clematis and all kinds of climbers; it was built on a knoll facing the south; the ground had never been levelled, so the school-room stood on an inclined plane—the "top" form being considerably elevated over the rest. The Dame said that was an advantage, as, her seat being on high ground, she could at a glance overlook every little urchin, creep he where he would. The children, and, indeed, the villagers, held "Dame Madam" in great respect. There had been a rumour, when she first took the little cottage—consisting of two rooms and a shed—a quarter of a century before our acquaintance with her—that she had been "somebody," who was "whispered about and watched;" but the rumour faded away. She would rise in the night to attend the sick poor—if they could pay her, well, if they could not, that was well also; and the most incorrigible of village children did her bidding without birching. The time of her coming seemed so long past that it had become a legend; and although her delicate frame was worn and bent, and the dimples round her sweet placid mouth had grown into wrinkles, no one ever thought the time of her going was drawing near. She never had much to give, and yet, when in the summer's evening she sat knitting under her great rose-tree, the labourers or wayfarers never passed her door without a greeting or a blessing; she said she liked that seat in the gloaming, when there was no call for her elsewhere, because she could hear the children's voices, as they played and shouted to each other on the green; one would have thought she had had enough of those "sweet voices" during the day; but no, she would listen and exclaim, "There, that's Jimmy Grey; what lungs he has! and that's Peggy Lloyd; how she screams—she will hurt herself by screaming; and that's Bat Thompson's growl—Bat is so like a lion." The cottagers declared that Madam, under the rose-tree, was "quite a picture"—and so she was. Her mob-cap, of spotless white, was tied beneath her chin with a bow of soft white muslin, a white "Rockspun" shawl folded over her bosom, the ends concealed by a white muslin apron; she wore an open dress of brown stuff, and a quilted black petticoat: there was certainly vanity in those neat-fitting Spanish-leather shoes, peeping out daintily on the straw stool. One thing I had nearly forgotten to mention—the dame always wore a green silk over her eyes, like a pent-house; so that, between the shade, and the wide border of her mob-cap, and the great soft bow under her chin, you caught only glimpses of her pale face, except her mouth and the dignified tip of a nose decidedly aquiline; yet nobody ever heard her complain that she was short-sighted. For some time past Dame Madam felt the "shadow of coming events," which is surely the shadow of an angel's wing; she became more silent and thoughtful, and the Bible had almost usurped the place of her knitting; her fame as a nurse continued, and though she was unable to do much, yet the doctor said Dame Madam's head was worth five pair of hands. The first sweet month of summer had passed, the evening of the first of June closed in, and the dame had vacated her seat under the great rose-tree, and gone into the cottage; the birds had ceased to rustle among the leaves—the stars were made visible by increasing darkness—there were bright phosphoric lights glancing over the placid river, giving an almost unearthly interest to the scene; the ray of Dame Madam's candle threw the shadow of stems, and leaves, and tendrils across the path; she heard her little gate "click" and open, and a step struck upon the pavement of "pretty stones," which her scholars had laid down, that their beloved Madam's path might be always dry. She closed her Bible, repeating the last words she had read therein—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

"Dame Madam," said a rough voice at the window, "a gentleman at the inn be taken bad, and missus says please come up, for doctor wants ye."

"Has the gentleman no servant of his own, Giles?"

"Yes, his wife and a black-and-moor; but missus says they be fools—so come up, Madam, you're bad wanted."

The dame tied on her black hood, threw her scarlet cloak around her, and, having extinguished her candle, hastened to the inn. She found the poor lady-wife nearly as ill and worn out as the sick gentleman. She prevailed on her to go to bed, received the doctor's instructions, and took her seat by the bed-side. The patient slept: when he awoke, his voice shook the dame as if she had been galvanised, and when he asked her to move his pillows, he thought she would have fallen on the bed. With trembling hand she gave him his medicine—and then some instinct prompted him to ask her name; and that told,—as it never had before been told in the village,—it became his turn to tremble. Excited beyond all power of self-control, he entreated the wife he had married and abandoned in the days of their youth to have mercy on him; he swore that some years after his desertion he sent from India, and heard she had disappeared, believed her dead, and again married. The dame heard him with seeming calmness; she had recovered her composure; she knew his excuses were untrue, but still her heart yearned to the white-headed, attenuated old

man who had been the love of her youth. "He would make her rich," he continued, "give her gold"—anything so she would keep silence, and not destroy the mother of his children, and brand his sons with the name that blanches the cheek of honourable manhood. He would have crawled from the bed to her feet for pardon and mercy if he could. All this time she spoke not.

"If their child lived he would provide for it."

Then her mother's indignation burst forth—if her child *had* lived, she would have broken her vow of secrecy, and spoken out her honour to the world. No; her child watched for her in heaven!

The excitement and alarm was more than he could bear; he lay back gasping on his pillows, face to face with the woman whose peace and happiness he had destroyed; his hands clasped in supplication; every limb quivering with strong emotion. The Dame withdrew from beneath the folds of her handkerchief—where they had been concealed day and night during years of anguish—the certificate of her marriage, and sundry letters, yellow from age, and spotted with tears; one by one she opened them, and held them with her small transparent fingers before his bloodshot eyes—well he knew them,—and from his parched lips came the prayer, "Mercy, mercy! for HER and our children!" but he did not dare again to offer her gold. One by one she held those evidences of his dishonour and of her honour—those treasures of her life—over the candle, and saw them flutter and fall, in dark transparent flakes, upon the snowy sheets. She then drew out a riband, which passed round her neck and through a wedding-ring; she tried to break it—it would not yield. The man's heart was touched—"Noble, generous woman!" he faltered forth, and tears, hot scalding tears of remorse, if not of penitence, came from his eyes: "Not that—it is enough! Not that!" She fell on her knees by his bed-side, and her cheek, if not her lips, were pressed upon those yellow hands! There were no more words spoken between them; and when in the grey light of morning the lady, enveloped in her cashmere dressing-gown, stole gently into the room, she thought her husband's fever increased, and the old nurse, looking so ill, that she pressed a gold coin into her hand, and entreated her, in a soft low voice, to go home and sleep. When she turned from the bed, a ray of early sunshine was sporting with the coin upon the floor; and the nurse was gone. What power sustained her trembling steps until she arrived at her fragrant home, where every leaflet bore the wealth of jewels that Nature pours upon the sleeping earth—who can tell? She never shut the door, but laid her on her bed and died. The "gentleman" recovered, and, much to the amazement of the village, erected a monument to her memory; the text upon it is there still—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

In the meadows that lead by a somewhat steep ascent to Cricklade, our attention was attracted by a number of bright green insects flitting over the long grass: on capturing one, we recognised it as the moth known to entomologists as the Green Forester (*Ino statice*), by no means a common species in most localities, but here were thousands, either on the wing or at rest among the grass. The prevailing colour of this pretty moth is a very unusual one among the British lepidoptera—the whole surface, except that of the lower wings, being of a lustrous golden green, while the body glitters like a gem. The caterpillar feeds on the cardamine, dock, and some other semi-aquatic plants which everywhere abound in this humid district; we may thus account for the great abundance of the moth in this locality.

The perfect transparency of the water, with its uniform shallowness, gives great facility for studying the zoological, as well as the botanical curiosities of this well-stocked aquarium. Several species of freshwater shells (*lymneus*, *planorbis*, &c.) were plying about in great abundance on the sandy bed, or adhering to the herbage that fringed the water-side.

Again the river flows onward—again waters flat, but fertile fields—again affords a rich supply of water-plants, but undergoes no change of character; yielding no food for thought until re-entering Gloucestershire, the county of its birth, it passes under the beautiful church, and washes the foundations of KEMPSFORD—a palace of the Plantagenets long ago: of this there are some interesting remains, but of the dwelling of their Saxon predecessors there exists only a vague tradition, confirmed, however, now and then, by evidence gathered from adjacent earth-mounds.

The manor of Kempsford was the property of the great Harold; the Conqueror gave it to one of his Norman soldiers; it passed from him to the family of Chaworth; and from them, by marriage, to Henry Duke of Lancaster, who, in the year 1355, presented it to "the Church;" at the Dissolution, the crown granted it to the Thynnes, ancestors of the marquises of Bath; by whom it was sold to Lord Coleraine, whose tomb is in the church; by him the ancient mansion, erected by Sir Thomas Thynne in the reign of James I. (a quadrangular structure of large dimensions, of which two engravings exist), was dismantled and sold for the value of the materials, the trees were cut down, and a host of "fair memories" destroyed by the recklessness of one bad man. The place is, notwithstanding, full of rare associations; the foundations of the castle may yet be traced, the battlements being in some places unbroken.

The church is a noble structure, remarkable for the grand windows which light the junction of nave and chancel, and above which rises the tower. It was chiefly erected at the expense of Henry Duke of Lancaster, in the fourteenth century, whose arms, and those of other noble families, are conspicuously displayed amid the spandrels within. There are many fragments of fine painted glass in the windows, one of the most perfect delineating St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read. There is also a characteristic altar-tomb of a priest in the chancel, upon which is sculptured the Rood, and the Virgin in glory; but they have been grievously injured by the hands of iconoclasts. The floor is remarkable for its early English tiles, and the roof for its timber-work. The



THE GREEN FORESTER.

porch is early English, forming a framework for the earlier Norman door within it.

The vicar's garden, adjoining, was originally known as the Provost's Garden (probably the garden of the provost-marshal), and, until the year 1800, the road went to the ford across it. The level field on the opposite side is still known as "the Butts,"* and marks the site of the ground appropriated to the military exercises of the soldiery who once garrisoned the castle. "The Butts" were mounds of earth, marked with a ring like a target, and were used in practising archery. A strong arrow with a broad feather was necessary to be



THE CHURCH AT KEMPFORD; AND THE GUNNER'S ROOM.

used; such bows and arrows as gave "immortal fame" to the archers of the English army at Crecy and at Poitiers.

Of the castle itself but a few fragmentary walls remain, and a portion of a tower, which is traditionally known as "the Gunner's Room." The windows command the river, and the embrasures defend the castle at an exposed angle, which seems to have received an additional amount of attention from the architect. The walls are very massive, and now afford abundant room for wild plants and bushes, overshadowed by patrician trees; we may almost imagine we are in the gloomy room of him who guarded the approaches in days long past, when security depended more upon stone walls than on "even-handed justice." A horse-shoe nailed to the church-door continues to sustain the legend that when Henry Duke of Lancaster was quitting it for ever, his steed cast a shoe, which the villagers retained as a memorial, and placed where it is found to-day. However much we may lament over scenes of grandeur passed away, it is a rare consolation to see the church, the rectory, the grounds, and the whole neighbourhood kindly thought of, and well cared for, by the incumbent, who preserves what time has left, and restores where restoration is desirable.

A few miles further, but with little to detain the traveller,—unless he linger awhile at Hannington Bridge, and hence obtain a view of the distant church of Highworth,—and we approach LECHLADE; but, within a mile or so of the town, we pause at a place of much interest; for here the Coln contributes its waters to the Thames, and here terminates that gigantic undertaking—the canal which unites the Severn with the Thames, and which, when steam was thought to be a day-dream of insanity, poured the wealth of many rich districts into the channel that carried it through London to the world.

The Coln—a river which the angler loves, for its yield of trout is abundant—rises near Withington, in Gloucestershire, and, passing by Foss Bridge, Bibury, Coln, St. Aldwin, and Fairford—a town rendered famous by the painted windows in its church†—runs its course of twenty-three miles, and finishes by joining the Thames at the place we have pictured, the terminus of the canal being close to "the meeting." The nearest village, that of INGLESHAM, has a very ancient church, small and rude in character, and strangely isolated in

position, being at considerable distance from any cluster of houses. It consists of a simple nave and chancel, a bell-tower crowning the roof, somewhat similar to that we have already pictured at Castle Eaton. Beside the porch there is inserted in the wall the very curious piece of sculpture we here engrave. It represents the Virgin seated, and holding in her lap the Infant Saviour, who rests his left hand upon a book, while his right is extended, giving the benediction, as still practised in the Latin church. A similar benediction is given by a hand above, which is evidently intended for that of the first person of the Trinity. It is surprising how this sculpture (which may be a work of the thirteenth century, or earlier) has escaped the destruction awarded to so many monuments of early faith; but it is worthy of observation that these old villages on the Thames' banks retain many vestiges of a past age still unmo- lested: thus the steps and shaft of an old stone cross stand close to the porch at Inglesham, and we have already noted several such relics of the Romish faith in the earlier part of our tour.



CARVED STONE AT INGLESHAM.

The Thames and Severn Canal was commenced in 1782, and opened in 1789; but, so far back as the time of Charles II., the scheme of thus uniting the two great rivers of England had been entertained; and Pope mentions that to effect this object was a cherished thought of Lord Bathurst, "when he had finer dreams than ordinary." In 1782 Mr. Robert Whitworth, an eminent engineer, "formed plans and estimates," and, in the following year, an act was passed for carrying them into operation; it was complete within seven years, the first boat passing through on the 19th November, 1789. "This navigable canal [we quote from Boydell] begins at Wallbridge, where the Stroud navigation ends, and proceeds to the immediate vicinity of Lechdale, where it joins the Thames, taking a course of thirty miles seven chains and a half. From Stroud to Sapperton comprehends a length of seven miles and three furlongs, with a rise of two hundred and forty-one feet three inches; from Sapperton to Upper Siddington, including the branch to Cirencester, nine miles eight chains and a half, and is perfectly level; and from Upper Siddington to the Thames near Lechdale, it continues a course of thirteen miles, four furlongs, and nine chains, with a fall of one hundred and thirty feet six inches; the general breadth of the canal is forty-two feet at the top, and thirty feet at the bottom."



JUNCTION OF THE THAMES, THE COLN, AND THE CANAL.

"THE ROUND HOUSE,"—for so the lock-house is named from its form,—the lock, and the two rivers, at their "meeting," are pictured in the appended cut.

enters of the Church, surmounted by demons; and its upholders and protectors associating with angels. Although some of them are much injured, chiefly by hail-storms, they are for the most part in a good state of preservation. The history of these windows is curious:—a sea-captain, named Tame, took them on one of his piratical voyages, and, his conscience not permitting their personal appropriation, he built this church for their reception.

* Butts, or "dead-marks," as they were sometimes called, were embankments of earth having marks, or "bull's eyes," upon the flat face, for practising soldiers in archery.



They were in constant use in the middle ages, and erected near great towns, or where soldiers were stationed—hence the constant occurrence of the term "Butts," appended to names of streets and places near old cities. One of the most ancient pictures of the exercise is copied on a reduced scale in our woodcut. The original is a drawing in the famous psalter executed for Sir Geoffrey Loutrell, who died in 1345. It exhibits an archer aiming at the butts, his arrow drawn to the head, several others are stuck in his girdle. His companion points triumphantly to an arrow fixed in the bull's-eye, and awaits the prowess of his companion previous to trying again, for which purpose he already holds his bow and arrow.

† Fairford is but three miles from Lechdale, and will amply repay a visit. The windows are in number twenty-eight, and are said to have been painted from the designs of Albert Durer; they are certainly of his period, and are not unworthy of so illustrious a parentage. They are all allegoric, the more remarkable of them exhibiting the perse-

BOTANY,

AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,

LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF
SCIENCE AND ART.

PART II.

ADAPTATION TO PURPOSE.

THE first question which presents itself to our minds relative to this important subject is, What are the circumstances in which the various vegetable structures are to be placed?

First, we notice that plants are to be situated on a globe of a certain magnitude, the matter of which is of a given density. Without entering into details relative to this part of our subject, we notice that this consideration is one which must have been of high importance in the original creation of vegetable objects, as adapted to our earth. The conditions which were hereby rendered necessary were, that the various vegetable structures should be of a given strength, and that their weight should not exceed their strength; or rather, that the cohesion of the particles composing the structure should be greater than the attraction of the earth should be able to overcome. Though this consideration may appear trifling, it was one of paramount importance in the adaptation of vegetable products to our globe; for were the magnitude of our earth greater, and the matter composing it of the same density, then our structures would be incapable of supporting themselves,—for the attracting power of the body increases with its magnitude, if the density is not decreased; therefore, what we commonly call the weight of the body, is the degree of influence which the attraction of the earth exerts upon it, and is governed by the magnitude and density of the sphere. Or were our planet to possess the same mass of matter, but be condensed into half its bulk, the attracting power would be greater—as this influence is exerted in an increased ratio as the attracted body approaches the centre of the attracting mass; and consequently the vegetable structures which now grow on our globe would not be adapted to such circumstances. Thus the organisms which are appropriate to our planet, would not be appropriate to certain other planetary worlds. In this point, therefore, we see clearly adaptation to purpose, as we know from daily observation that the strengths of the objects forming the vegetable kingdom of our earth precisely accord with the mass and density of our globe, therefore, with its attracting force.

The next condition of our earth which we shall notice is, that its temperature is not uniform throughout its entire surface, but is variable in various latitudes, and at different altitudes. This necessitates the vegetable products which inhabit it to be variously organised, in order that they may cover the entire globe: some must endure heat to a given intensity, while others shall require a very small amount of this agent. This is also beautifully carried out in the vegetable products of our globe, for some can, and do, endure much heat, while others flourish in the colder zones. Thus the vegetable products of our world are perfectly adapted to this necessity.

Moreover, this sphere is one composed of land and water, and if both are to be the occupants of vegetable life, plants must on this account be diversely formed. Both are to be cheered with vegetable forms, therefore some are adapted to form a mantle for the wide-spread plain, some stud the parched rock, some clothe the woodland's floor, while others are wrapped in the bosom of the ocean; some are to garb the shallow rill, and therefore, after fixing their roots at the bottom, as if to secure themselves as by an anchor, develop their gay foliage, leaf after leaf rising from out the limpid waters; others are to mantle the deeper lake, and are therefore furnished with aerial floats, and thus the little plant, like a tiny bark, undulates on the rocking wave, fearless of the depth of the dark blue waters: thus are plants adapted in this particular, also, to their destined purpose.

Again, the planet which they are to occupy is one which has periodical intervals of light and darkness, and these are variable in most latitudes. That the plants of our globe are so organised as to be

perfectly adapted to this condition is at once obvious. Go forth and wander in your garden, and as night approaches you observe flower after flower closing up its blossoms, plant after plant folding up its leafy arms; yea, Nature is retiring—behold, she sleeps, for—

"Night, sable goddess! from her ebony throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre."

But soon the sable goddess Night brings forth a son, a spark of light and joy. He wakes, and, flapping his downy pinions, rises on the wings of the morning, and, smiling on all nature, takes his place on his mother's throne. The birds arise to sing his song of welcome and of praise, all nature wakes; the flowers unfold their arms and raise their drooping heads, for the season of repose is again past; and so beautifully intimate is this relation between the physiological constitution of plants and the seasons of light and darkness, that it is probable, yea, certain, that if these periods were materially altered in duration, that death must ensue to a great portion of the vegetable world. And so precise is the harmony existing between the members of the vegetable world and the constitution of our sphere in this respect, that Linnaeus, the immortal Swede, even ventured to propose a *floral clock*, which entirely rests upon this harmony. Thus the Day-lily opens at five in the morning, the common Dandelion at six, the Hawk-weed at seven, and so on; the closing of the blossoms marking corresponding hours in the afternoon. And Mrs. Hemans, in her homely verse, takes up the strain:—

"'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day."

"Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup or bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell."

The earth is also visited by periods of cold and heat, which are variable both in duration and intensity in various climates. To this condition of our sphere the products of the vegetable world are likewise adapted, for not only is nightly rest required by these structures, but a season of continued repose is also demanded, or a period in which a given work shall be completed internally, and the outer and more active life laid aside. This necessity is provided for by the existence of a period of cold, which is to vegetation a time of repose, or a period in which the outer and more active work of the organism is laid aside, and in which an internal work may be accomplished. The intensity of this variation of temperature being variable with climate, certain plants are adapted for given districts which may be exposed to the maximum or minimum of these variations: thus Lichens can flourish near the poles, Exogens in temperate zones (as our common trees), and Endogens in the tropics (as palm-trees).

The globe is also furnished with an atmosphere; hence with winds, clouds, rain, and snow. Therefore it follows, that as plants are exposed to winds, they must either be elastic or sufficiently strong to entirely resist its influence; to meet this requirement plants are possessed of elasticity, which is even so obvious in these structures, that elasticity is ascribed to the cell—which is the unit of the vegetable—as one of its particular attributes; therefore as the unit is elastic, the structure, which is a mere aggregation of these units, must be elastic also: but no system of reasoning is required in order to reveal fully this fact. See how the boughs yield to the whistling wind; they are rocked about by the storm, yet are not broken: this, therefore, is conclusive. However, another condition is hereby rendered necessary, namely, that if the vegetable structures are to proceed from the ground, and to occupy a vertical position, they must be in some way united with, or bound to the earth by some secure tie: this is beautifully accomplished in many ways by the various roots which are possessed by those developments which occupy this position. But time would fail us to examine the ways in which this is brought about, for nothing but a due examination of the diverse structures of this organ could fully reveal the manners in which this is accomplished: and as we must hereafter allude to this, we shall pass on,

receiving the fact, taught by daily experience, that plants do rise vertically from the earth to which they are bound by some peculiar means of attachment, and that sufficiently securely to resist (as a rule) the influence of the wind. As clouds are casual, but still natural and frequent phenomena, and intervene between the sun and the earth, and hence exclude the direct solar rays, plants must also be adapted to this contingency,—and so they are in every particular: but it is probable, yea, certain, that clouds play an important part in other atmospheric operations, but for their every phenomena the vegetable race is suitably adapted. But these clouds are also the reservoirs of rain, and from them it is poured forth on nature; therefore are vegetable structures formed of such substances as are insoluble in this medium, and receive no injury from momentary contact with it. The action of snow would be somewhat similar to rain, though of a more chilling character; but so beautifully has nature adapted her vegetable structures to its influence, that they not only sustain no injury from contact with it, but it is to them an ermine dress to protect from the biting frosts of the bitter Boreas. Thus we see that the vegetable products of the earth are beautifully adapted to these varied circumstances.

Vegetables are also required to be produced on a world the surface of which varies geologically, therefore its chemical composition is not the same in every part. To meet this emergency, nature has designed that some should grow on clay, some on chalk, and others on varied soils. Thus one race of plants flourishes on one soil and one on another, and so the whole earth becomes covered with these lovely gems.

The last condition which we shall name under this part of our subject is, that it is a world to which nothing shall be hereafter added. This necessitates one generation to make way for the next; and how beautifully is this carried out in the vegetable world! at a given, though variable period, the life of plants terminates, and as soon as the active principle of vitality deserts the organism, decomposition commences, it is resolved into its elements, which are again to unite, and form the coming generation. Thus there are no after additions required: the circle being once formed is now endless, and will continue to revolve till it is snapped asunder by Him by whom it was formed. Thus beautifully do we see that not only in one particular, but in all, are the members of the vegetable kingdom accurately adjusted and beautifully adapted to the existing conditions of the globe. And not only are plants so formed as not to sustain injury from the varied circumstances in which they are placed, but from nearly, if not quite, all of these varied conditions they reap congenial aid.

We next notice whether the globe on which these structures are to be placed is to be inhabited by animals, and if it is, what are their characters. The sphere which is to be the abode of these various vegetable structures is to be inhabited by an animal race, the members of which are variously organised and differently constituted physiologically; but the only difference which it is necessary for us to notice is that some are wholly herbivorous, some binivorous, while others are carnivorous. The fact that some live wholly, and others partially, on the vegetable products of the world, requires that a certain number of the members of this kingdom should be composed or formed of those materials which should not be poisonous or injurious to those whom they are destined to feed: nor is this all, these edible herbs must also exist in sufficient quantities to supply the demands of the entire race of vegetable eaters. How beautifully is this carried out in the vegetable creation—for not only are numbers of these products not poisonous or injurious, but they are nourishing and invigorating; and, added to this, they are precisely adapted to the taste of the various creatures which they are destined to feed. Also the quantity is in the strictest harmony with the requirements of the herbivorous races, or at any rate there is no lack, but enough and to spare.

Not only are plants called upon to supply a large portion of the animal kingdom with congenial nutriment, but they are also destined to fulfil other conditions. The result of the respiration of animals

is the presence in the atmosphere of a large quantity of carbonic acid gas; now as this gas is poisonous to animals, and its presence in more than a given quantity in the air is detrimental to their well-being, it must be removed. This duty is devolved upon the vegetable race. In order to this, plants have been so organised as to absorb this fluid greedily; and it even forms a part of their food. Also, the principle of animal life contained in the atmosphere is the gas named oxygen; therefore plants are not only called upon to purify the air by absorbing the carbonic acid, but likewise to decompose this latter gas, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, to retain the carbon, to exhale the oxygen, and thus continually furnish the air with a fresh supply of the stay of animal life. Not only do they furnish land animals with oxygen, but they also supply this element to marine creatures: thus upon the presence of these beautiful structures in the bosom of the deep, as well as upon the land, rests, to a great extent, the well-being and life of animals.

Another question relative to the physical constitution of animals may here be noticed: it is, that animals are the subject of diseases, whose energies, if not diverted, will terminate their existence. As antidotes to these maladies, many of the members of the vegetable race were formed, in whose system are accumulated those secretions which will alleviate many a woe, mitigate many a pain, and even defer the blow of Him who terminates the earthly existence of all animal beings. Thus beautifully are these requirements also fulfilled. We next notice the susceptibilities of these creatures for pleasure, and whence this enjoyment is derived: here we must confine our remarks chiefly to man, the masterpiece of creation. Experience teaches the fact, that man is susceptible of enjoyment of the purest and highest nature, which may be derived from various sources; thus certain forms, combinations of colour, odours, &c., yield enjoyment to this intellectual organism. Nature, that is the God of nature, in accordance with this fact, produced certain of the various constituent members of the floral world of such forms as should convey to man a maximum of delight when beholding them, and of such colours and such combinations of colours as should seem to him most beautiful and gorgeous; and also imparted to them such odours as should be most cheering and reviving: thus the vegetable race having to charm man by its forms, colours, and odours, is adapted to these requirements.

One other point relative to this part of our subject suggests itself, viz.: that as the animal race is to be perpetuated, and the life of each vegetable structure is limited, the latter must be endowed with the power of reproduction, in order to supply the wants of the higher races which they are to feed. This requirement is also beautifully fulfilled, for not only do plants reproduce themselves in embryo in the form of seed, which they have the power of scattering and setting, but diverse means of propagation are furnished by nature, which are too numerous to be here mentioned: provision is hereby fully made, not only for the perpetuation of the race, but also for its non-annihilation by the ravages of the herbivorous and binivorous races.

Thus beautifully do we see the varied products of the vegetable world adapted in every particular to the necessities of those animals, the life of which they have to sustain. Some, however, may object to this latter argument, as animals were formed subsequent to vegetables; to this we reply, by asking the question, whether it is at all probable that the greater was formed to suit the lesser? is it not much more reasonable to suppose that the lesser was formed for the greater. Again, it may be objected that, owing to vegetables being formed before animals, and therefore before their characters were developed, it was impossible to adapt them to the then unknown characters of future animals. To this we merely reply, that the Creator had a perfect knowledge of what he was about ultimately to form, and He prepared the world by clothing it in living vegetation for the reception of its more noble guests.

We next notice, that although the varied structures of the vegetable kingdom are so beautifully and perfectly adapted to their varied positions, nevertheless the constitution of this sphere is such

as must necessarily prevent them (in certain cases) from occupying the position which they were especially designed to fill, therefore they must be adapted to these contingencies.

This point, though of great interest, we shall not dwell upon, but will merely view those circumstances which are of primary importance to the ornamentist.

First we notice, that although a plant may be designed for, and specially adapted to a given position, when its station is altered, hence the surrounding circumstances, it will even modify its manner of growth in order to adapt itself to this contingency.

For example, take a tree, and view it when situated in an open position, in which case nature appears to feel that it can, and is to be viewed equally from all sides, it is developed as a perfectly symmetrical structure, extending its arms equally in all directions. Now let a similar tree, when young, be placed close by a wall, and you have not the same result, for it is obvious that branches cannot be protruded in the direction of the wall without meeting with such an interrupting cause as would altogether mar the beauty of the structure; also, there is no necessity for the development of those branches which would protrude in that direction, for a wall being opaque cannot be seen through, therefore the buds thus situated remain undeveloped, the development taking place exclusively in the direction of the spectators, who must be on the same side of the wall as the viewed object. Thus, in this instance, we notice that the normal development of the structure is departed from in order to secure the greatest amount of beauty in the given position—for doubtless there is far more beauty displayed by that portion of the structure which is external being regularly developed, and the other portion being undeveloped, than in all being protruded and thereby forming a confused irregular mass.

Having now noticed that plants will modify their



Fig. 17. GOOSE-GRASS.—*Galium aparine*.

normal developing energy in order to adapt themselves to those stations in which they may be called casually to exist, we proceed to notice that the organs developed will also deviate from their normal

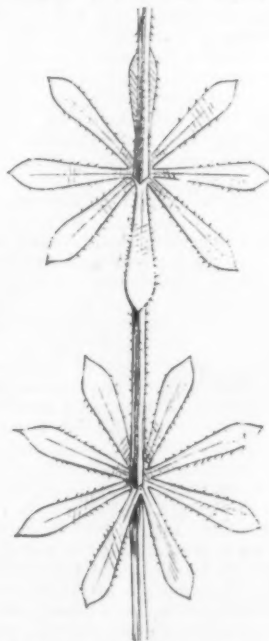


Fig. 18. GOOSE-GRASS.—*Galium aparine*.

positions, in order to perfectly adapt themselves to their particular stations. Thus, if we wander by a "border" (a strip of ground running in front of a wall), and gaze on the varied vegetable structures

there situated, we observe that each leaf and every flower is turned outwards, or towards us, the spectators; now the normal position of most leaves is that in which one surface faces the sky and the other the earth, but here they are more or less oblique, which is certainly the most beautiful position when in this situation. Again, this variation in the direction of the leaves in some cases produces a modification which is well worthy of notice; thus the verticillate leaves of the Goose-grass—*Galium* (which was figured in our last paper, Fig. 2)—proceed at a given angle from the stem, each member of the whorl leaving the stem at the same angle; but this only takes place when the plant occupies a vertical position, which it gains by climbing hedges, &c., and this it can readily accomplish by means of the little hooks with which it is furnished. In some cases, however, it is compelled to remain prostrate, its stem being too feeble to support it, and no kindly friend offering its aid, in which case it has to become an horizontal decoration; it now no longer develops its leaves, so that each member of the whorl forms with the stem the same angle, but some form with it an angle which is very acute, and others remarkably obtuse; in fact the whorls of leaves, instead of being more or less at right angles with the stem, are almost parallel with it (Fig. 17), appearing from above as a series of circles connected by the axis (Fig. 18).

But more than this, the normal arrangements of leaves is departed from, as well as their primitive directions. Thus, if a spray of the Ivy be examined which has grown in an open space, and hence is an object to be viewed on all sides, it will be seen that the arrangement of its leaves is spiral, two revolutions of the spiral thread encountering five



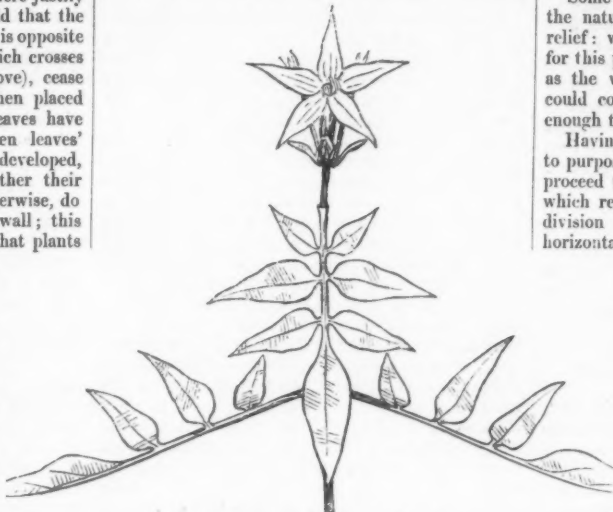
Fig. 19. IVY.—*Hedera helix*.

buds, as was delineated of the Oak in a figure in our last paper (Fig. 6); but let us now take a branch of the Ivy which has grown against a wall, where it is an object to be viewed on one side only, and we no longer find the leaves disposed in a somewhat complex spiral manner, but they assume simply the alternate disposition, one being at the right, the other at the left of the stem (Fig. 19). Again, if a spray is taken from a plant of Jasmine which has

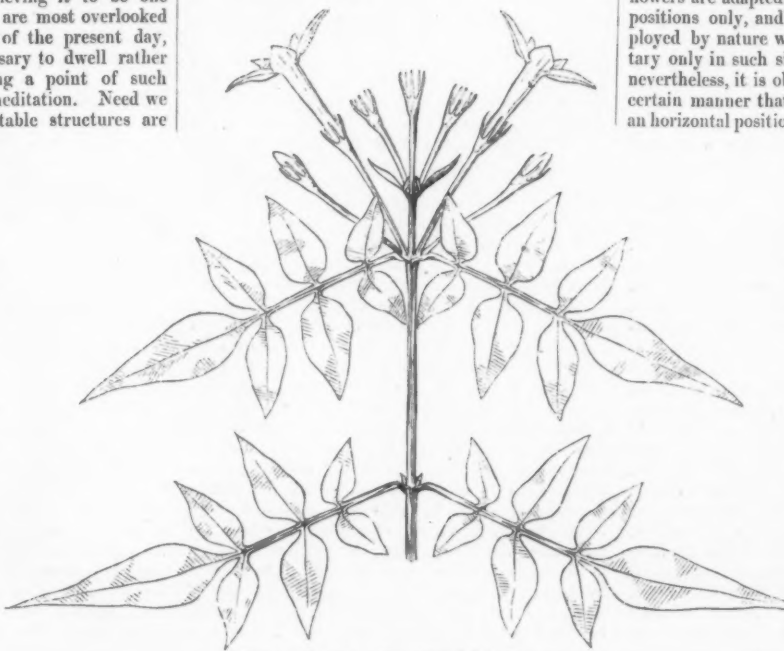
grown in an open space, its leaves will be found to be *opposite* and *decussate*, two proceeding from the same point of the stem in opposite directions, and each pair crossing those both immediately below and above them (Fig. 20); but take a spray from a plant which has grown close to a wall, and you will find that each successive pair is over those both immediately below and above it, and does not cross it (Fig. 21); this also occurs with the flowers. Thus we see that nature will adapt herself to her position. We must here justify ourselves before proceeding: we have said that the leaves of a plant, the arrangement of which is opposite and decussate (that is in pairs, each of which crosses the pair both immediately below and above), cease to form right angles with each other when placed against a solid background; also, that leaves have in their axils (the angles formed between leaves' stalks, and the stem) buds which, when developed, are branches; and yet that plants, whether their leaves be opposite and decussate, or otherwise, do not develop those buds which face the wall; this apparent contradiction arises from this, that plants with very strong stems will not often alter their leaves, if decussate, from the cross to the parallel series, whereas those with thinner stems readily do; also, if a young plant is moved to such a position (as against a wall) after the buds are formed, say just after the fall of the leaves, those buds only which are exterior will develop.

Having now examined, at as much length as space will permit, the manner in which the products of the vegetable kingdom are adapted to their varied positions, it only remains for us to make one or two general remarks upon this subject. First we notice that, in order to the perfect adaptation of the structure to its destined purpose, each part must perform its particular duty, and each part must be adapted to its particular office; for if one part is not adapted to its particular purpose, the beauty of the whole is sacrificed. Without entering into further detail, we proceed to apply these preliminaries to our purposes. Noticing first that we have dwelt longer on this point than we otherwise should, believing it to be one of those considerations which are most overlooked in the aggregate productions of the present day, and therefore deeming it necessary to dwell rather longer upon it, and also being a point of such high interest it demands due meditation. Need we say in the outset that all vegetable structures are relief decorations, and must necessarily be such, as a living structure demands a circulating system of fluids, &c., and that this necessitates thickness or rotundity; also, as these beautiful structures are destined to break the monotony of the plain, they must have magnitude, and therefore must be relief decorations? A permanent decoration, or one which is never to increase in magnitude or alter, may be without thickness, but a growing ornament must be relief. Nature, then, appears to have started upon this principle, and first, having taken all circumstances into consideration, produces a series of vegetable structures which harmonise, or form a beautiful contrast with all surrounding objects, and which are in every particular adapted to the varied positions in which they may be placed, as well as possessed of capabilities for performing their every duty: to accomplish this, she, knowing that rotundity was necessary, instead of trying to disguise it, fully reveals it; therefore every marking on the stem, and other members of the vegetable, go to express more definitely their solid forms. Need we go further to apply our subject? need we throw out the hint to all who are engaged in the lovely art of original composition, do as nature did?—first duly consider the purpose of the required

object; secondly, the material at disposal for its formation; thirdly, the circumstances with which it will be continually surrounded; and lastly, let there be no shade of hypocrisy about any part of the production, but let every line go to express and give force to the intention of its every part, and this will be found advantageous rather than otherwise, if, having duly considered what was necessary, the most fitting forms have been em-

Fig. 20. JASMINE.—*Jasminum officinale*.

ployed, whether relief or otherwise, varying according to circumstances. If we have duly learnt the lesson of consistency, which has been the object of these paragraphs, we shall pardon their tediousness, and, we think, acquiesce in the proposition of Vitruvius where he says—"The perfection of all works depends on their fitness to answer the end proposed, and on principles resulting from a consideration of Nature herself."

Fig. 21. JASMINE.—*Jasminum officinale*.

We need not say that all the products of the vegetable kingdom, being relief ornaments, furnish no proof that all ours should be such; on the contrary, the very fact that nature has employed relief decorations only, which were the only ones which would be adapted to her requirements, proves to our mind that we should in certain instances employ those decorations which are not only minus relief, but also the very appearance of such, as they, and they alone, can carry out, in certain cases, the principle of adaptation to purpose—for example, a floor is a

plane, the beauty of which is its evenness, or why form it of smooth boards? why, then, should not the decoration carry out this delightful feature, and not convey the idea of a rough and rugged stony path; fully persuaded are we that, if Nature were assigned such a task, she would accomplish it in the above described manner: in this statement we are supported by all markings in flowers of various colours, as Sweet-williams, &c., for none ape relief.

Some may, however, argue that grass, which is the natural carpet of the great floor of nature, is relief: we reply that that grass, which is congenial for this purpose, is short, and gives merely a texture, as the velvety pile of some carpets, which none could condemn; and those plants which are large enough to cast bold shadows we gladly avoid.

Having now worked out the principle of adaptation to purpose, as set forth in the vegetable world, we proceed to notice one or two points in this subject which refer to form only, carrying out our original division of plants, as destined for vertical or horizontal ornaments. We have noticed that a principle of symmetry is carried out in the developments of the vegetable world, but that this symmetry varies in quality or extent. Thus the Violet has only its two halves corresponding with each other, while the Stonecrop is composed of a series of similar units. Now it is obvious that where the structure is composed of a series of similar units that it is equally well adapted for an horizontal or a vertical ornament—say to adorn a wall or a floor; and this is carried out in nature, for the Primrose has an horizontal position, while the Cowslip has a vertical—that is, in the

former case we view it from above, as a floor decoration, in the latter laterally, or as a wall decoration. On the contrary, those flowers the two sides of which only are alike, are solely adapted for a vertical position, such as a wall decoration, &c. However, though individually such flowers are adapted for such positions only, and are employed by nature when solitary only in such situations, nevertheless, it is obvious that when aggregated in a certain manner that they are perfectly adapted for an horizontal position. Thus the flowers of the Candy-tuft (Fig. 22), as well as those of most umbelliferous plants, are so formed that the two halves only correspond, nevertheless they enjoy an horizontal station, but here there are a number of flowers, arranged round a common centre in the most rigid order, and the smaller portion of each flower points to the centre of the aggregation:—thus does Nature beautifully adapt her varied structures to their particular purpose. Although we have said that a composition composed of a series of similar units is equally adapted for an horizontal or a vertical position, nevertheless, there is a slight modification in these structures oftentimes brought about by nature when placed in these diverse positions; thus, if the flower is to stand erect or be horizontal, the central organ, or rod of the



Fig. 22. CANDY-TUFT.

flower (the pistil) is usually erect, and is surrounded by a series of awl-shaped members (stamens), which are situated equidistant from it at all sides, whereas, if the flower occupies a vertical position (as adapted for a wall decoration), this central rod, with its accompanying members, usually recline on the lower portion of the flower, as in the Cactus.

These considerations we deem amply sufficient to fully establish the fact that the various vegetable structures are adapted in every particular to their fixed destiny.

RAMBLES IN ROME.

No. I.—THE MODERN ROAD TO ROME—FIRST IMPRESSIONS THERE—THE FORUM AND ITS MONUMENTS.

How much of truth, as well as poetry, is conveyed in the phrase by which we generally designate Rome—"the Eternal City!" Its interest is indeed immortal; the very earth upon which its palaces once stood is eloquent with history, and has inspired poets with their richest imaginings; while the relics of "the masters of the world" draw from all lands pilgrims as devoted as those who travelled in the past ages to Jerusalem. The student of history finds here the very monuments which make part of its records; the antiquary studies here the fragments which aid him in reconstructing its ruined temples and its past life, by which we may the better understand the historian's pages. The artist in his youth yearns towards the great old city—it is the hope and earnest struggle of his life to visit it, and in maturer age the memory of the sojourn there is ever present among his happiest experiences. The poet dreams amid its ruins, or rather, sounds his rhyme like a trumpet-call to the civilised world, gathering other devotees:—

"With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

But yet let us not, while worshipping the past, forget the greatness of the present age, nor do it the injustice of not feeling its own peculiar power. It is not our necessity to construct a Coliseum, but our great commercial works are often as noble, and aid the march of civilisation in a manner unknown to any previous era. Thanks to "the iron road," and the power of steam, time, wind, and tide, are partially subdued, and their rule, once absolute, rendered more amenable to our necessities or pleasures. "Distance" has resolved itself into "time," and thus Rome is very much nearer now to us than it ever was before.

If the traveller be fond of classical antiquities—and it is not very likely that he would guide his steps to Rome without being so—he will find much to interest him on his way thither. The artist, also, who may have the Eternal City in view for its Art-treasures only, cannot fail to be interested by those *en route*; which will, in fact, prepare him for the grander ones he has to see. Less striking in quantity, the old Provençal cities contain some few antiques equal to those in Rome—nay, the *Maison Carrée*, at Nîmes, is the most perfect Corinthian temple existing. If he be a lover of landscape, the banks of the Rhone are as grand as those of the Rhine; while the view from Orange across the fertile olive gardens of Provence toward Mont Ventoux has been compared to the scenery of Greece by travellers of taste and discrimination. To those for whom the mediæval era has charms, and the pages of Froissart delight, we would suggest a stay at Montelimart, Rochemaure, or Tarascon, where René of Anjou kept court in the old troubadour taste. All travellers of mind, be they artist or amateur, author or student, must own the influence of such scenes; and, while flying through them by the express train, regret that the passing glance should not rather be the leisurely survey. We whirl through life so rapidly in the present day that youth and old age are the only resting-places of "the fitful fever" we have made out of its great middle course. Let the traveller arrange for a due knowledge of the country through which his journey lies—it will well repay him. Avignon may detain the poet. Here Petrarch lived, and here first met his Laura; his classic home at Vaucluse is but a few hours distant, and is reached by travelling over a country of truly poetic beauty. Where the poet leads, the artist may safely follow, and if he be not detained by the grandeur of the old city of the popes, or the castle-crowned rock of Villeneuve opposite, the magnificence of the scenery around him, and the beauty of the home of Petrarch, cannot fail to charm. Its climate has been happily described in the proverbial words:—"Avenio ventosa, sine vento venenosa, cum vento fastidiosa."

But now let us imagine the dangers and difficulties of the journey over, and the traveller safely within the walls of Rome. He has settled the last extortion of the last conductor of the diligence, and may go to St. Peter's and return thanks that the *genus* is

extinct where railways are laid down. The misery and expense of the old diligence travelling has made these "institutions" a greater blessing to the tourist abroad than among ourselves—but in Italy railways are comparatively unknown. A short line from Rome to Frascati, a distance of about seven miles, is all that is to be met with in the Papal States, and the visitor to Rome must be prepared for a city far behind in the race of improvement which characterises the great capitals nearer home.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to describe the conflicting feelings which crowd the traveller's mind on a first visit to Rome. The most indifferent experience this, the most enthusiastic are bewildered in expressing them. Conflicting they necessarily are—feelings of satisfaction or disappointment continually chase each other through the mind. Some celebrated things do not come up to a preconceived idea of them, others surpass expectation. Rome, as a city, is not striking, particularly on approaching it over the desolate campagna. A wearisome plain stretches from the sea, a few elevations occasionally break the monotony, but they are of no significance, nor do they present picturesque features. High walls shut in the city, above which is seen the dome of St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo; but the view is disappointing, the scene has little to interest the stranger, or give him a realisation of preconceived ideas of imperial Rome. The historic localities, the ruins which are part of the world's history, lie some distance on the other side of the Tiber, and away from the modern, or fashionable localities, where the richer classes reside. The city of the popes lies northward of the city of the classic Romans, and the column of Antonine marks the boundary of interest to the archaeologist.

Upon the Capitoline Hill is a square of palaces, sacred to Art and Science. Here the ancient sculptures are enshrined, and modern *sacants* hold their meetings. The noblest equestrian statue in the world occupies the pedestal in its centre: it is the bronze of Marcus Aurelius, which Michael Angelo worshipped with an artist's enthusiasm. Let us ascend the grand staircase, whose easy gradient was formed for the convenience of Charles V. of Spain, and passing the statue, mount the steps of the central palace beyond, known as the Palace of the Senator, which is built on the oldest structure in Rome, the "Tabularium," believed to have been formed in the days of its republic. High above this building rises a tower, which, when ascended, furnishes the best panoramic view of Rome. Immediately beneath us lies the Forum, "the heart" of the ancient city, but now nearly the southern boundary of the modern one. You still look upon the irregular masses of stone which paved the road, winding from the arch of Septimius Severus between the temples of Saturn and Vespasian, to the summit of the Capitol. The ruts of the Roman chariot wheels deeply impress these stones, and invest them with an almost sacred interest when we recall the history of past ages, and the scenes of triumph and glory enacted by the masters of the Old World in the classic ground beneath us. The rows of trees across the Campo Vaccino lead in a direct line to the Arch of Titus, famous for its bassi-relievi commemorating the conquest of Judea. To the left, close to the Capitol, and below the Church of Ara Cœli (where Gibbon first conceived the idea of his immortal work) is the little Church of St. Pietro in Carcere. It is built over the famed Mamertine prisons, completed by Servius Tullius 578 years before the Christian era. Opposite this stands the Church of St. Luke, where the far-famed Academy meet, and in which is the noble figure of the Saviour by Thorwaldsen; and this is separated by a small street from another church, the brick front of which belonged to the Temple of Hadrian. A short line of plain modern houses leads to the centre of the Forum, and here we perceive the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, partially converted into the Church of St. Lorenzo. It was consecrated to their memories as deities by the adulation of the Roman Senate, and the inscription recording the act is still upon the frieze. Opposite is the walled garden of the Villa Farnese, bounding the Palatine Hill, and enclosing the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. In front of this stand the three solitary columns of a temple, which has already received as many names as learned men have contended it should do. The deep excavations recently made beside them reveal

the marble floors of many noble buildings which once crowded the Forum, and so bring us back to the solitary column of Phœbus, in the foreground of our view. If we carry our eye beyond the Arch of Titus, we shall see the vast circle of the Coliseum, and the gigantic arches of the Basilica of Constantine, rising far above the puny buildings around them; while gardens, churches, and houses, cover the rest of old Rome. Turning the other way, modern Rome, with its crowded houses, spreads to the foot of the Pincian Hill; the columns of Trajan and Antonine, the dome of the Pantheon, and the Castle of St. Angelo, being the only striking remains of ancient labour we detect in the midst of modern work.

Let us descend, and walk to the Arch of Titus, which bounds the view in the modern forum. How noble are the fragments (alas, that they are fragments!) which the artist of his day sculptured to commemorate the fall of Jerusalem. Little did the vainglory of old Rome consider that the representation of the half-despised spoils of the Temple should give one chief point of interest to their city, when the hated Christianity should flourish on the ruins of classic heathenism. The Coliseum could only be effectually preserved by consecrating it to the early Christian martyrs. How powerful are the lessons which history teaches! But let us not leave these damaged bassi-relievi without an acknowledgment of their artistic beauty; it is an acknowledgment that we do not remember to have hitherto seen rendered to them—their great historic interest has absorbed all attention:—yet note the glorious beauty of these horses' heads, as they bear along the triumphant Cæsar; their eyes glow and nostrils dilate as if conscious of their charge. They are as fine as the Elgin marbles; nor will the chaste beauty of the heads of the attendants who crowd the scene suffer by a comparison with these glorious works.

We will pursue our way down the inclined plane of the *Via Sacra*, which Horace relates he used to make his favourite walk; and then let us study the older parts of the Arch of Constantine. These older parts are portions of the Arch of Trajan, which the unscrupulous Constantine "appropriated" to his own glory. They all represent events in the life of Trajan, with that fidelity of detail, that perfect *vraisemblance* so conspicuous in the finer works of antiquity, and which never injures the grandeur of their conception, or the breadth of their treatment. They are true pictures, and noble works of Art at the same time. Criticism has not yet done justice to the admirable figures of Dacian captives that surmount its columns. They look down upon you in dignified silence, erect and kingly, though bound by their conquerors; it is as if the Roman sculptor felt obliged to respect and express the innate nobility of the despised barbarian, and magnanimously accorded to their stony representatives the expression which was their due. They seem now rather placed to claim respect and pity, than to swell the glory of a conqueror.

Time has dealt leniently with these ancient works: to a northern eye, the cleanness and perfection of monuments which have been exposed to the weather during so many centuries, are most surprising. Age has merely tinged them with a warm rich glow; but has "written" no "strange defacements on their brow." It is the barbarism of man alone which has done mischief; and the deep indents we perceive so constantly between the stones are the works of the old Goths, who chipped down to the clamps which held them together to get at the metal. Since their period, the popes and nobles used the monuments as stone quarries, and constructed from them palaces so enormous, that they have become a trouble to keep up. But the Roman people, however poor and debased, have never destroyed their monuments. We see now the finest works of ancient and modern Art fully exposed and unscathed. The old Roman Janus Quadrifrons, which gives the name to the Ponte Quattro Capi, is unprotected; so is the beautiful modern sculpture on the road up the Pincian Hill. Hundreds of other examples might be given of the most valuable works freely exposed night and day. The people are familiarised with them, and respect them as public property; they are the treasures of the poor in Rome, who jealously guard them, as the noble may his own works in his own palazzo. Let us be taught the lesson thus offered.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXII.—ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.



F historical records and associations were sufficient of themselves to create a great national school of historical painters, then assuredly the Scottish would stand second to none of the European schools, ancient or modern. The whole country north of the Tweed is a vast field of incidents, real and legendary, over which an army of artists might expatiate without weariness, and gather ample stores of material without exhausting its productiveness. Mountain and moor, loch and fastness, abbey and castle, town and city, are haunted with the spirits of past ages, whose deeds have been sung in ballad or epic, or narrated by the historian and the writer of fiction in language scarcely less inspiring than that of the poet: the feuds of hostile clans, the contests of rival claimants of the throne, from the Pictish king, Angus MacFergus, to the last of the Stuarts; the public and domestic scenes associated with the histories of the great Scottish families; the peculiar

habits, customs, and superstitions of the lower classes; the religious controversies and persecutions in which the whole people were at various times involved; their heroic endeavours during a very long period to maintain their position as an independent nation;—what a volume do not these offer to the observation and thought of the painter! and if, moreover, his eye surveys the romantic and picturesque beauties of the land in which these events were enacted, no country on the surface of the globe possesses so rich a heritage at the command of the artist, nor, as we said before, one so well calculated to produce a great national school.

It is a fact, however, that till the pen of the novelist had made the public familiar with Scottish history, it had rarely evoked the genius of the painter;

the pages of Sir Walter Scott have been, and are, the great text-books which the latter has consulted; almost every picture drawn from recorded incidents is exhibited with a quotation from his writings, just as Shakspeare appears to be the authority of the painter of English history, rather than Rapsin or Hume: the dramatist or the novelist suggests the subject, sketches it out, gives it character and expression, and colours it—the artist transfers it to his canvas. Yet the latter is neither a copyist nor plagiarist: there may be as much originality of conception, as much depth of thought, as much poetry of feeling and truth of character in the language of the pencil as in that of the pen; and, after all, books are the only sources to which the painter can apply. We can but reiterate a wish often expressed, that our historical painters would look a little farther than they are accustomed to do for what they require; their world is almost limitless in extent, as it is infinite in variety and inexhaustible in wealth.

If Scotland has produced but few painters of history, it certainly has not arisen from a scarcity of subject-matter in her annals. Wilkie and Allan are generally considered to stand foremost in the ranks of the Scottish school; yet there are others, and among them must be included the name of Alexander Johnston, who are not unworthy followers of these leaders, and whose works are even more strictly "historical" than those of either Wilkie or Allan. And if the country of Bruce and Wallace has a shorter array of great artist-names among her sons than England can show, her glorious records and her magnificent landscape scenery have been the means of adding many bright leaves to the laurel crown of the Southron. We do not intend by these remarks to make any invidious distinction between the two countries, and altogether repudiate any idea of contending about nationalities; Scotland has been, and will always be a great benefactor in every way to British Art, and what she has not created, she has fostered and matured; over her mountains, amid her glens, and through her palaces and fortresses, the English painter has found the path that led him to the temple of fame.

Alexander Johnston was born in Edinburgh, in 1815: his father, whom he had the misfortune to lose at a very early age, was an architect of considerable repute. At the age of fifteen his son was placed with a seal-engraver of that city, and, having displayed considerable talent, as well as taste, for Art, he was, at the expiration of a year, admitted a student in the Trustees' Academy, then



Engraved by

THE ARREST OF JOHN BROWN, A LOLLARD.

J. and G. P. Nichol.

under the presidency of the late Sir William Allan. Here he continued for three years, when he left Edinburgh for London, bringing with him an introduction to Wilkie, who recommended him to enter the schools of the Royal Academy, into which he was admitted in April, 1836. Hilton at that period filled the office of "keeper," whose principal duty it is to superintend the studies of the pupils; under this judicious teacher and fine painter the young Scotch student made good progress, and gave favourable evidence of the latent talent which future years were destined to unfold and develop. We will venture to assert that, notwithstanding the neglect that Hilton himself experienced as a historical painter, such was his enthusiasm for this noble department of Art, he would never have attempted to dissuade a young artist from pursuing it when he saw promise of ultimate success.

Previously to his quitting Edinburgh, Johnston had devoted his attention to portraiture; and on the first year of his arrival in London he exhibited at the Royal Academy a portrait of the youngest son of Dr. Morison, and, in the year following, a group of portraits of Dr. Morison's family. In 1838, he exhibited at the Academy another portrait, and a little picture called "The Mother's Prayer;" this was his first approach towards historical painting. In the same year he sent to the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, a small painting entitled "Scotch Lovers," now in the possession of Sir George Crewe, Bart.: and to the same Gallery, in 1839, a picture called "The Mother's Grave;" it was the first time the works of this artist had attracted our notice—or rather, we should perhaps say, that inasmuch as the *Art-Journal* was only established in that year, it was the first opportunity afforded us of publishing our opinion

of any picture. We spoke thus approvingly of the painting in question:—"The Mother's Grave," by A. Johnston, whose name we meet for the first time, is one of the sweetest and most effective pictures in the Gallery. It represents a forlorn orphan-boy standing beside the humble grave of his parent. It is touching to the highest degree. The mind that conceived it, and the hand that painted it can be of no ordinary character. There is nothing in the collection that we so much covet, and sure we are it will not be long unsold." His contributions to the Academy, in 1839, were two portraits, and a "subject-picture," called "The Departure."

In 1840 he exhibited at the Academy "THE GENTLE SHEPHERD," a charming composition, which forms one of our engravings; it was bought by Mr. E. Miles: and in the Edinburgh Exhibition "The Departure," just mentioned, and "The Happy Contest," a well-composed and cleverly executed picture, representing a group of rustic urchins amusing themselves with swimming tiny boats in a tub. Another painting of this year, a commission from Mr. H. Britton, was never exhibited: the subject is a "Highland Bagpiper."

In our notice, last month, of Mr. E. Bicknell's Collection, we spoke of the "Sunday Morning," by this artist; it was hung in the octagon-room of the Academy, in 1841; yet, even in that "den," it could

not escape the eye of this discriminating collector. To Edinburgh, Johnston sent a small, but sweetly-painted picture of a girl with a lamb, to which he gave the title of "Affection," and a work of far greater importance, the first of his historical works, "The Interview of the Regent Murray with Mary Queen of Scots;" the picture is characterised by truthful and masterly drawing, and by the varied and appropriate expression of the heads; it is altogether a work of great merit, and was purchased by the Edinburgh Art-Union. In 1842, he exhibited at the British Institution two pictures—one the "Braw Wooer," as sung by Burns; the other a large canvas, "The Landing of Jeannie Deans at Roseneath," a picture of considerable ability, yet scarcely equal to some of the artist's earlier performances: it was bought by a prize-holder of the London Art-Union. "The Martyr's Grave," exhibited in Edinburgh this year, found a purchaser in a subscriber to the Art-Union of that city. "The Covenanter's Marriage" was purchased from the Royal Academy Exhibition by Mr. G. Virtue, and is still in the possession of that gentleman; this admirable picture, which so truthfully and painfully describes the perils to which these persecuted champions of a religious faith were exposed, was engraved for the "Gems of European Art." The ceremony—one can scarcely call it joyous under the circumstances—takes place under the open canopy of the blue heavens, in the midst of an amphitheatre of hills; the friends of the bride and bride-

groom are many of them armed, to repel any hostile attack that may be made upon them; others are on the look out, and one seems to be making a signal of danger, arising from the appearance of two or three horsemen riding up in the distance, whose object, it may be presumed, is not that of congratulation on the event that has assembled together the picturesque group in the composition.

Of two pictures exhibited by Johnston at the British Institution in 1843, that which stood first on the catalogue has our preference: it is called "The Highland Repast," suggested by a passage in "Waverley," where the hero of the tale is seen listening to the song of the young Highland girls. The other is a composition of two rustic figures, to which the title of "Rural Life" was appended. At the Royal Academy this year his single contribution, "The Highland Home," was again assigned to the octagon-room; nevertheless, the stalwart Highlander, who is represented in the picture as playing with his child at his cottage-door, soon found an admirer in a prize-holder of the London Art-Union, who paid one hundred guineas for him and his bairn.

A solemn and affecting subject, treated with characteristic feeling, is

"The Highland Lament," exhibited at the Academy in 1844. Campbell's lines—

"O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where the band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?"—

form the argument of this composition, which is replete with touching sentiment, expressed in the most poetical language that the pencil can supply. The picture is in the possession of Mr. R. Twentyman. In 1845, Mr. Johnston exhibited at the Academy his picture of "Lord William Russell and his Lady receiving the Sacrament:" it was bought by Mr. Vernon, and is now at Marlborough House. Most of our readers are, of course, acquainted with the work from the engraving we published in our "Vernon" series: in truthfulness of feeling, united with simplicity yet beauty of composition, we have ever regarded this as one of the most successful productions of this artist; it is painted with vigour and firmness, while the light and shade are most judiciously managed.

"Prince Charles's Introduction to Flora MacDonald, after the Battle of Cullod-n" we have not seen since it was hung at the Academy, in 1846; the impression it made upon our mind at that time was not the most favourable—owing chiefly to the varnish upon the canvas having

unfortunately "chilled," which proved very detrimental to the colouring of the picture; the composition we remember to have been good. The scene—which the history of the period tells us took place when the English government offered a reward of £30,000 for the apprehension of the prince—is laid in what our northern countrymen call a "bothie;" Flora MacDonald, attired in the ordinary costume of a Scottish maiden, is introduced by a gentleman, one of the prince's party; Charles appears as if he had just left the battle-field, unshaven, wan, and weary: the point of the subject is well sustained, though it leaves a painful impression from its peculiar character. In 1852, the committee of the Glasgow Art-Union awarded the premium of fifty guineas to Mr. Johnston for this picture, which he very honourably declined to accept on the ground of the work having been painted so long previously.

From Scottish history the artist passed, in 1847, to a mournful incident in English annals, by exhibiting at the Academy a picture of "The Burial of Charles I. in St. George's Chapel, Windsor." The authority whence the painter derived the treatment of the subject which he adopted, is Rapin, who says that the interment took place in the presence of the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earls of Southampton and Lindsey, and Bishop Juxon, who had attended the unhappy monarch during his last moments on the scaffold. Whitechot, the Roundhead governor of the castle, was also present; and

when the bishop, who was attired in full episcopal robes, was preparing to read the burial-service, according to the rites of the Church of England, over the body, the governor peremptorily forbade him, and the mutilated remains of the king were consigned to their resting-place like those of a dog, without an audible prayer for the peace of his soul; Whitechot keeping his hat on while the noblemen, uncovered, placed the coffin in the vault. The picture is most carefully studied, and painted with great power of execution: it is in the possession of Mr. E. Pemberton, who must congratulate himself upon possessing a fine work of Art.

The year 1848 was almost a blank with Mr. Johnston, the only appearance he made being at the British Institution, where he exhibited a pretty little picture of a Highland soldier, just returned from the wars, embracing his wife at the door of a cottage. But he was not idle during this period; on the contrary, he was girding up his strength for the following year, having received a commission from Messrs. Graves to paint a large picture of "The Trial of Archbishop Laud," which was hung at the British Institution. The picture greatly enhanced the reputation of its author: it is, we believe, in



Engraved by

THE MAGDALEN.

[J. & G. P. Nicholls.]

the hands of the engraver at the present time. Another work, exhibited at the same time, was a scene from the "Gentle Shepherd," entitled "Roger and Jenny;" a small "domestic bit," painted with much delicacy of feeling: it was purchased by Mr. C. Cope, of Easton Square. The Academy picture of this year illustrated a passage from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," that wherein the poet describes Douglas separating the "struggling foes," Graeme and Roderick, in the presence of Ellen, Margaret, and the aged harper. This is a most spirited composition, sustained by perfect and powerful individuality in the characters, and offering a charming contrast in the fierce and angry attitudes of the one group, and the serenity of the other. The picture is in the possession of Mr. Wallis. It is right we should add that it obtained the premium of £50 from the Academy of Liverpool, where it was exhibited in the autumn of 1849.

Speaking of two cabinet pictures, "The Novice," and "A Highland Shepherd and Maiden," exhibited at the British Institution, in 1850, we made at the time the following remarks:—"The 'Novice' is seated, and apparently engaged in divesting herself of her worldly attire. The treatment is exceedingly simple; the colouring is remarkable for its unassuming propriety, and

the clean working and neat touch afford a rare example of masterly execution:" of the other it was said:—"The figures are drawn with the usual firm touch of the artist, and many passages exhibit extraordinary power." His contribution to the Academy this year was entitled "The Hay-field," suggested by two lines in the old ballad of "Twas within a mile of Edinbro' town,"—

"Bonny Jockey, blythe and gay,
Kisses sweet Jenny, making hay."

There are many other figures in the composition than the two principal characters, and the whole are most felicitously placed with regard to pictorial effect, heightened by the luminous and brilliant colouring which the painter has given to his canvas. This work was painted for Mr. Wallis; who is also the possessor of "Family Worship," exhibited at the Academy in 1851, representing a Scotch family group engaged in their evening devotions: we do not recollect any picture by Johnston that bears stronger evidence of his skilful disposition of figures, and masterly arrangement of light and shade: it is certainly one of his best works. A brilliant example of colouring, and most happy in its general treatment and expression, is a small picture exhibited in the same



Engraved by

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.]

gallery, of a lady with a guitar, seated with a music-book before her; it was called "Music" in the catalogue.

We have spoken of a picture, painted in 1841, called "The Covenanter's Marriage;" a kind of companion to this, though the respective narratives differ so widely, is "The Covenanter's Burial," exhibited at the Academy in 1852. What a tale of persecution and distress does that scanty assemblage of mourners furnish, as they stand in the midst of their native hills to lay their dead in ground consecrated by no priestly ceremony! language never spoke to the ear in more pathetic and poetical accents, nor more impressively, than this mute interpreter of real sorrow and tribulation—the painter's canvas—makes its striking appeal to the heart. Throughout the composition there is a solemnity of feeling and sentiment befitting the occasion: it is seen not only in the group of mourning friends or relatives, but also in the absence of all glare and obtrusiveness of colour, though the strong contrast of light and shade, forcibly opposed to each other, gives the picture a brilliancy which the most positive colours could scarcely produce. The painting is in the possession of Mr. Baily of Cornhill, for whom it is being engraved. Certainly not less pathetic as a subject than this picture is another exhibited at the same time, "The Flitting" (Scotch); it represents a young female, in the

garb of widowhood, quitting the home she has enjoyed but for a brief period: the cottage seems to have already been emptied of its humble furniture, and the husbandless, accompanied by her pastor—on such an occasion a true minister of consolation—turns to take a last look on her late home. The narrative is both eloquently and artistically described: the picture adorns the gallery of an eminent collector of British Art, Mr. Bashall, of Manchester.

In the north room of the British Institution hung, in 1853, a small picture, a female figure, to which the title of "Genevra" was appended: the work is a gem of its class. To the Academy exhibition of the same year Johnston contributed two works, both of them important in size and character. One, entitled "Melancthon," illustrates an incident in the life of Luther's friend, as related by D'Aubigné in his "History of the Reformation;" where we are told that a French traveller, calling on Melancthon, found the great "Preceptor of Germany" rocking his infant to sleep with one hand, while in the other he holds a book he is reading. In the picture Melancthon is seated, beside him is his wife, and the visitor stands near the door: the character of the work is very truthful yet dramatic, the colouring rich, luminous, and transparent: it was painted for Mr. J. N. Turner, but is now in the possession

of Mr. Gibson, of Saffron Waldron. The other picture forms the subject of the engraving on this page, "THE FIRST INTERVIEW OF EDWARD IV. WITH ELIZABETH GREY," not Woodville, as it was described in the catalogue. The lady was daughter of Sir Richard Woodville, and married Sir John Grey, who was slain at the battle of St. Alban's, fighting on the side of the Lancastrians against Edward: her two children by this alliance form part of the group in Mr. Johnston's picture. The king, coming accidentally to the house of her father, where she was residing after the loss of her husband, the young and beautiful widow flung herself at the feet of the monarch, and entreated his clemency on behalf of her children. The result of the interview was—as most of our readers know, it is presumed—that Elizabeth became the wife of Edward. Like the majority of the pictures by Johnston, this is distinguished by great simplicity of treatment; there is in it little of accessory subject to divert the attention from the chief points of the narrative, and what there is, serves some useful purpose in the entire composition. It is a picture that will please as much from its elegance of design—no other term seems adapted to our meaning—as from the power with which the design is carried out. It is in the possession of another eminent provincial collector, Mr. J. Leathes, of Leeds.

At the British Institution in the following year, Johnston exhibited a small

replica, with some slight alterations, of his "Melancthon," and a picture of two figures, entitled "Peggy and Jenny," in an open landscape; figures and landscape are painted with extraordinary brilliancy. D'Aubigné was again referred to for the Academy picture, and a subject was found in "Tyndale translating the Bible into English;" Tyndale was at this time in exile, but so sought after for persecution's sake, that he was forced frequently to change his residence to avoid arrest: a companion is introduced into the picture—another of the sufferers in the cause of truth—Fryth, who had escaped from confinement in the prison of Oxford, and had joined his friend. "The force of the picture lies in the painful earnestness with which Tyndale devotes himself to his task. The composition is in excellent taste, and the execution has that remarkable precision which is found in all the works of this artist." It is the property of Mr. J. Cressingham, and has been engraved, we understand, by G. R. Ward, for the London Art-Union, for future distribution.

"Hope," a finished study for a large picture, very small, yet very sweet in colour, was hung at the British Institution in 1855. It was followed, at the Academy, by "The Abdication of Mary, Queen of Scots," which she is forced to sign by Lord Lindsay, her most bitter and relentless enemy, who is seen grasping the wrist of the unfortunate Mary in his gauntleted hand, so firmly as to cause, it seems, severe torture. There is but one other personage intro-



Engraved by]

EDWARD IV. AND ELIZABETH GREY.

[Daniel Brothers.

duced on the canvas, the queen's female attendant; and more would only have appeared intrusive, so admirably has the painter excited the interest of the spectator in those that are before him. A greater ruffian, with an aristocratic mien and in knightly costume, than the fierce zealot Lindsay, never was portrayed; nor could queenly beauty, under the influence of pain and terror, be more truthfully rendered by the pencil. The picture is in the possession of Mr. Penn, of Lewisham, the eminent engineer.

"THE ARREST OF JOHN BROWN, OF ASHFORD, A LOLLARD," and one of the first martyrs in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., was exhibited at the Academy last year; it is engraved on the first page of this notice. Brown was a gentleman of Kent, of comparatively slender means, and living at Ashford in quiet retirement: he and his family were among the earliest converts to the new doctrines promulgated by Luther: his arrest, at the instigation of Archbishop Laud, is thus described by the French historian of the Reformation:—"Brown's wife having been churched that same day, a feast was prepared for their friends, as was usual on such occasions, and they had all taken their seats at table, joy beaming on every face, when the street-door was abruptly opened, and Chilton, the constable, a cruel and savage man, accompanied by several of the archbishop's apparitors, seized upon the worthy townsman—all sprang from their seats." This is the precise moment chosen by the artist for illustrating the story: the assembled party manifest, in various

attitudes and actions, their surprise and agitation, Brown alone retaining his self-possession and calm bearing on hearing the business on which the officials of the episcopacy have forcibly entered his dwelling; the incident is graphically placed on the canvas. Another of our engravings we can only briefly refer to; it is that of the "MAGDALEN," a picture in the possession of Mr. Wallis: the finished sketch, from which our print is taken, is in the collection of Mr. Twentyman; we have introduced it to show the artist's treatment of a class of subject that differs so entirely from his usual works. The larger painting was exhibited at the British Institution in 1849.

Ours is little else than a running comment on the works of this excellent artist: but enough, it is hoped, has been said to show that he is one in every way worthy of being included in our series of eminent British painters. His subjects, it will be seen, are almost invariably selected from the history, public or domestic, of the country to which he owes his birth. He never attempts to grasp at more than he is equal to,—grand and complicated themes, requiring the powers of the greatest masters of art: nor, on the other hand, does he content himself with the ordinary and commonplace. Furthermore, whatever he undertakes is done well and satisfactorily; his pictures are always welcome and most pleasing contributions to our annual exhibitions. We think Mr. Johnston has deservedly earned a title to academical honours, which we hope soon to learn have been conferred on him.

OBITUARY.

MR. FREDERICK CHRISTIAN LEWIS.

We regret to have to record the death, from an attack of apoplexy, of this excellent artist and most inestimable man, which occurred on the 18th of December, at Enfield. Mr. Lewis was in the 77th year of his age. He was born in London, in 1779, and was placed by his parents at an early age with an engraver of some celebrity, named Stadler. Subsequently he became a student of the Royal Academy, and a most diligent one; he here formed friendships with most of those great artists, his contemporaries, who were then his fellow-students, and whose esteem he had the satisfaction to retain during life. At the commencement of his profession on his own account, he contracted an intimacy with Girtin, and engraved his "Views of Paris." Shortly after this the late William Young Ottley, who was publishing his "Italian School of Design," engaged him to engrave as *facsimiles* most of his celebrated collection of drawings by Michael Angelo, Raffaele, &c. He now felt that his sympathies were excited, and admirably did he perform his task, for it is admitted that no modern engraver has ever produced such transcripts of such great works. While thus occupied, he lived for five years at Enfield, and when the *burin* was not employed, he was sketching early and late from nature. Returning to London, Sir Thomas Lawrence, who thoroughly recognised the talent which had reproduced "Ottley's Raffaeles," &c., placed in his hands some of those exquisite chalk drawings of portraits, so celebrated for their delicacy and refinement, and which then no engraver had succeeded in imitating. But here Mr. Lewis was at home, and until the death of his friend Sir T. Lawrence, in 1830, he was almost wholly occupied in engraving from his works. Mr. Lewis had the honour of being appointed engraver to H.R.H. the late Princess Charlotte, and successively to their majesties George IV., William IV., and the present Queen. Mr. Lewis, in addition to his talents as an engraver, was a landscape-painter of no ordinary excellence. Till within some few years, he exhibited at the Royal Academy regularly, and frequently at the British Institution. His engravings from his own sketches of Devonshire rivers will be well recollected by many of our readers. Nothing could exceed his delight when, in conjunction with the "Sketcher" of *Blackwood's Magazine* (the Rev. John Eagles), he was exploring some Welsh waterfall, or Devon moorland.

He has left three sons: the eldest, John F. Lewis, President of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours; the second, Charles G. Lewis, the well-known engraver of some of Landseer's most important works; and the third has pursued his career as an artist in India. Two daughters are also left to deplore the loss of their venerable parent.

MR. FREDERICK NASH.

We are now enabled to give our readers some account of this artist, whose death was announced in our last number. Mr. Nash was the son of a respectable builder, and was born in Lambeth in 1782: he early displayed a taste for drawing, which ripened into an unconquerable desire to become an artist, steadily rejecting the advantages that were offered him by a wealthy relative to pay all the costs of a legal education, and to advance him in the law. The boy "thought to be an artist was greater than to be a king;" and his parents, finding him bent upon following his favourite pursuit, yielded to his desire, and placed him with an architectural draughtsman, of some reputation in his day, of the name of Moreton, under whom he acquired a thorough knowledge of perspective, and received the bias for architectural subjects, to which, in after life, he devoted himself. As a young man, he was occasionally employed by Sir Richard Smirk, and other eminent architects, to make drawings from their designs. In 1808 he was elected into the Society of Painters in Water-Colours at the same time with Copley Fielding and Dewint, and soon after was appointed architectural draughtsman to the Society of Antiquaries, which office he retained for many years, and executed for the Society some important works; one of the principal being a series of drawings of the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey,

York, afterwards lithographed by himself for that Society's publications. In 1810 Mr. Nash commenced his work on St. George's Chapel, Windsor, which obtained for him an introduction to his late majesty George III., who received him most graciously, and presented the young artist to the queen and the princesses; conducting him through the rooms, to show him the works of Art which graced the walls of the palace. In 1819 he executed the drawings for the work well known as "Nash's Paris," for which he received five hundred guineas: these drawings were afterwards purchased by Sir Thomas Lawrence. In 1824 he visited France, to execute a series of views of the "Environs of Paris" for a gentleman of fortune, and for which he was paid three hundred guineas; and in 1825 he was again in Paris at the urgent request of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was there painting the portraits of the French king and royal family, to assist the court painter in the accessories of his work. The throne in perspective, and certain other parts that came within the speciality of Mr. Nash, were painted by him. In 1837 he narrowly escaped destruction whilst at work upon his picture of Arundel. A heavy stack of chimneys being thrown down by a hurricane, broke in the roof of his painting room, burying him in the ruins, from which he was with difficulty extricated.

Switzerland, Normandy, the Moselle, and the Rhine, were successively visited upon sketching tours: sometimes Mr. Nash was accompanied by his amiable wife, who read to him, or recorded in her journal the passing incidents, whilst the painter sought to fix in varied colours the beautiful scenes that lay spread out before them. An ardent lover of his art, he lost no time in seeking to make himself acquainted with the diversified aspects of nature. An early riser, he might be constantly seen between five and six o'clock in the morning, portfolio under his arm, wending his way to some favourite scene that had attracted his attention, and where he laboriously worked out the day. His practice on such occasions was to make three studies of the same subject, under the different effects of "early morning," "mid-day," and "evening," a habit that might be beneficially followed by landscape-painters generally. But it is upon his architectural subjects that his reputation will mainly rest; and we may judge of the estimation in which his works of this class were held by the character of the purchasers, and the high prices that were paid for them. So early as 1811, a hundred and fifty guineas was paid by Mr. Wheeler for the drawing of "The Inside of Westminster Abbey, with a Funeral Procession." A few years later Mr. Allnutt purchased another drawing of the "Interior of the Abbey, with Monks," for one hundred and twenty-five pounds; and Sir Thomas Lawrence a third "Interior" of the same edifice for one hundred and fifty pounds. These were sums rarely realised by artists in water-colours at that period. Turner is reported to have pronounced Mr. Nash the finest architectural painter of his day—a high compliment from one who had given no little time and study to the examination of the monastic remains of this country. To judge fairly of the merits of an artist, we must look to the works of his best period, and not to those executed in declining years and failing health. Those who have only seen the recent works of Mr. Nash can ill judge of his talents. Of his industry it may be stated that, from 1810 to 1856, he exhibited no less than 472 drawings in the Water-Colour Society's exhibitions alone.

Devoted to his profession, which he loved above all things, he used to say that he should die with a brush in his hand, a prediction in some measure realised,—for in the delirium that accompanied his last illness, his hand moved as though at work, and he complained of the fatigue which he had undergone by painting upon his picture all night: exhausted with the effort, he gradually sank, and calmly expired on the 5th of December, 1856, at his residence at Brighton, to which place he had retired from London in 1834.

A good husband, amiable and upright in all the relations of life, we are not often called upon to record the death of one who leaves a worthier name behind him.

MR. JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A.

This veteran antiquarian and architectural artist is among those whose death it is our melancholy duty to record in our pages this month. Mr. Britton died on New Year's Day, at his residence in Burton Street, Burton Crescent, having nearly reached the advanced age of eighty-six, and retaining almost to the last his mental and physical qualities in an extraordinary degree of vigour: he has gone down to his grave like a shock of corn fully ripe. Only a few weeks prior to his death we were in his company, enjoying his animated and kindly conversation, and witnesses of his constant desire to afford pleasure, and to promote the happiness of others.

A remarkable man was Mr. Britton. Born at Kingston St. Michael, Wiltshire, in 1771, the first few years of his life were passed either at the village school, or in assisting his father, who carried on a sort of general business, and also cultivated a small farm. In 1787 he was brought to London by an uncle, who apprenticed him to the then host of the Jerusalem Tavern, Clerkenwell, where his chief employment seems to have been in the wine cellars. He spent nearly six years of his life in this ungenial occupation, and then engaged himself as cellarman at the London Tavern. His next employment,—as we learn from the *Builder*, in an article written, we presume, by the editor of that publication, who, like ourselves, had for many years the pleasure of enjoying the friendship of Mr. Britton,—was with a hop-merchant in the Borough, to which succeeded a three years' service with an attorney in Gray's Inn. Notwithstanding the obstacles which these various occupations offered to mental improvement, Mr. Britton continued to find a few opportunities for reading. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Esser, the bookseller, father of the well-known enamel-painter, and also had become intimate with Mr. E. W. Brayley, who was afterwards connected with him in some of his publications. "He was now able," says the writer referred to, "to give time to reading at booksellers' stalls and shops, and he frequented debating societies, where he attained a fluency of speech which never failed him."

In 1799 Mr. Britton was engaged by a Mr. Chapman, at a salary of three guineas per week, "to write, recite, and sing for him, at a theatre in Pantion Street, Haymarket." This engagement brought him into association with theatrical persons, and was probably the origin of most of his early literary productions, pamphlets, song-books, &c. We must pass over these matters, however, to others of more importance.

Mr. Wheble, a publisher in Warwick Square, persuaded Mr. Britton to undertake an illustrated work on the "Beauties of Wiltshire." With the aid of Mr. Brayley, it was completed in two volumes, and published in 1801. This was followed by the "Beauties of Bedfordshire," and, in succession, by the "Beauties" of all the other counties; the whole embracing twenty-six large volumes, occupying twenty years in their production. Mr. Brayley and Mr. Nightingale were associated with Mr. Britton in the production of this work, but the last-mentioned author had by far the largest share of the labour.

In 1805 he engaged with Messrs. Longman to publish his "Architectural Antiquities of England," a work extending to five quarto volumes, containing 360 engravings. It was followed by his "Cathedral Antiquities," in fourteen volumes, folio and quarto, with 300 engravings. It was commenced in 1814, and completed in 1835.

We have no space even to enumerate the numerous publications of minor importance to which Mr. Britton's name was attached, either as author or editor: it must suffice to say that his contributions to the antiquarian literature of the present century are a library in themselves: it is wonderful how much his energy and perseverance accomplished.

From 1845 to nearly the last day of his life, he was occupied in preparing his "Autobiography;" we believe it had almost approached completion; and there is little doubt of a very curious and entertaining volume resulting from the experience of so long and so chequered a history as that of Mr. Britton's life.

About a fortnight after his death, the Institute of Architects voted unanimously that a tablet should be erected to his memory in Salisbury Cathedral, provided the Dean and Chapter will give their assent—of which there can be no reasonable doubt.

MR. ARTHUR WILLIAM HAKEWILL.

Though several months have elapsed since the death of this gentleman, whose lectures and writings upon architecture are well known beyond the profession, we did not chance to hear of the event till quite recently. The following brief sketch of his life, by one who knew him well, cannot fail to be interesting.

The late Mr. Arthur W. Hakewill was born in the year 1808; inheriting the genius of his mother, under whose watchful care he grew, he at an early age responded to her desire by discovering a decided talent for literature;—well would it have been for him had he never deserted that profession, for which nature intended him. Seldom, however, do we find circumstances favour our wishes. He was, contrary to his inclinations, placed with Mr. Decimus Burton for the purpose of studying architecture, where, under the chilling influence of an office, his sensitive mind pined, as it were, after his favourite studies, and he became perfectly incapacitated. This painful circumstance rendered it necessary for him to visit Italy, where he remained for the space of three years: nevertheless, without deriving permanent benefit, in consequence of his being compelled to follow the same profession upon his return to England. Being forcibly struck by the graceful buildings in Rome, he devoted some time to the study of classical architecture, and upon his return published several works of great merit, consoling himself with the conviction of it being a worthy task to preserve and to hand down to generations to come the works of great men. He confined his notice to the architecture of the seventeenth century, the productions chiefly of Inigo Jones and Wren. His ability in design equalled his judgment in that which was the work of others. At the competition for the Nelson Memorial, he produced a design which, to use his own words, "should make the silent language of art eloquent." In 1848 he was appointed lecturer to the Architectural Society in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. His contributions to various periodicals, the *Art-Journal* among them, were numerous, and for the last few years he fulfilled an engagement with the *Daily News*. Worn by the fatigues and cares of life, his strength gradually declined, but his hope brightened as his end drew near; he died in peace June 19, 1856, aged 48.

Among the published works of which Mr. Hakewill was the author are "Modern Tombs," "Architecture of the Seventeenth Century," "An Essay on Porticoes," &c. &c. His lectures include one on Barry's Paintings in the Adelphi, and another on the proposal for the Shakspeare Monument.

MR. THOMAS SEDDON.

Scarcely six months have elapsed since we noticed the exhibition, in Bond Street, of a considerable number of pictures and highly finished sketches, painted on the spot, in Egypt and the Holy Land, by Mr. Thomas Seddon; and now intelligence has recently reached England of his death, near Cairo, after a few days' illness: his age was only thirty-five.

Prior to his first departure for the East, Mr. Seddon exhibited occasionally at the Academy; his pictures chiefly consisting of scenery of Brittany. About four years since he left England, in company with Mr. Holman Hunt, for Egypt; the paintings exhibited in Bond Street, and also three which were hung at the Academy last year, were the results of this first visit. Having disposed of these works, and receiving commissions for others of a similar character, he again set out for the East, and was actively pursuing his labours when he was attacked by dysentery, which his constitution was unable to resist. In noticing the death of this artist our contemporary, the *Athenæum*, narrates an incident so honourable to his memory that we cannot forbear quoting it:—"Our readers will probably remember that we especially drew their attention to 'Sunset behind the Pyramids' as a picture of singular beauty. Connected with this very beautiful work of Art, is a little history, which, now that death has placed his seal upon the hand which painted it, sheds a glory over the painter and the picture. In the Desert Mr. Seddon had accidentally met with a young Englishman who was near to death; and, in order to soothe his last weeks of suffering, took up his abode with the invalid in the true spirit of the 'good Samaritan,'

and never left him until he had closed his eyes in peace. It was during this time of watching beside the otherwise desolate bed of a stranger in the Desert that this beautiful picture was commenced and almost entirely painted. It is lovely to recognise how, when the hour of his own need arrived for the painter, also in the Desert, a ministration of human love was raised up for him who had, on a similar occasion, so nobly acquitted himself of the last sacred duties towards a fellow-sufferer." To render the last paragraph intelligible to our readers, it will be necessary to state that when Mr. Seddon was attacked with the disorder that proved fatal, he received every attention from the Rev. Mr. Lieder and his family, who caused him to be removed from the village in which he was staying, to the Church Mission House in Cairo, where he expired.

MR. JOHN MIDDLETON.

This rising artist was born at Norwich, in 1828, and having evinced very early a taste for Art, he received some instruction from the late J. B. Crome, and also from Stannard, in Norwich. His feeling for painting increased with his years; so much so, that in 1846 he determined to pursue Art as a profession. Accordingly he became a pupil of Bright, with whom he studied until the death of his father caused him to return to his native city, where he resided till his death, which took place on the 11th of November last. From 1847 to 1855 he was a regular contributor to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the British Institution. During the last two years of his life the declining state of his health denied him the gratification of longer practising that art from which he had derived so much enjoyment. Among his best works may be mentioned, "A Study, in March, on the Norfolk Coast," which was exhibited in 1852, and is now in the collection of Mr. Arden; "Weybourne, on the Norfolk Coast;" "Summer," exhibited at the British Institution in 1852. His last work was in the Royal Academy in 1855. Having generally resided in Norwich, he was not personally known to many of his brother artists; but those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance cherish a warm remembrance of his kindly nature, and regret sincerely the decease of one who, had he lived, would have signalled himself in his profession.

MR. ROBERT RONALD MCLAN.

This excellent and estimable artist died at his residence, in Hampstead, on the 13th of December, at the age of fifty-four years; and he was interred at the cemetery, Highgate, on the 23rd of that month, according to the ritual of the Church of England. He was a true Scottish Highlander, one of the ancient and renowned race of the McLans or Macdonalds, of Glencoe; and he loved, with a hearty and manly affection, the solitary home of his ancestors, whose persecutions he felt as a personal grievance two centuries after they occurred. The earlier years of McLan's life were passed upon the stage; and he obtained high repute as an actor of parts associated with his native country, especially as the Dougal Creature in "Rob Roy." About fifteen or eighteen years ago, however, he quitted the profession, and adopted that of Art, in which he arrived at considerable excellence, applying himself with the indomitable energy that was the leading feature in his character. A writer in the *Literary Gazette* thus speaks of his pictures:—"The results were visible in his fine pictures of 'The Battle of Colloden,' and of 'An Encounter in Upper Canada,' in which a party of the clan Fraser made a gallant stand against a greatly superior force of French and American Indians. His picture of 'The Coronach' will also be fresh in the memory of many of our readers. His pencil never seemed so much at home as in painting scenes of savage life, or of violent conflict. There was no posture-making or child's play in his battle-pieces. It was all genuine work. You felt that every shot told, and every stroke left its mark. Mr. McLan was a warm-hearted, honourable man, and highly esteemed by all who knew him. Both as actor and painter, he was held in respect by his brethren, for he pursued both arts with enthusiasm, and with elevated aims. His friends mourn the loss to their circle of a kind and manly heart, a gallant spirit, and an independent mind; and the English school of Art has lost a devotee,

who, in his own particular department, gave promise of adding to its renown. Mr. McLan leaves a widow, the able mistress of the London School of Design, herself well known by her admirable pictures, of which, unfortunately, the public has of late years seen too few."

To these remarks we might add much; but we prefer to occupy our space with the following tribute to his memory from the pen of one of his many friends, Mrs. S. C. Hall, by whom his friendship was largely estimated and valued:—

A Memory of the late R. R. McLan.

While we write the bells are ringing the old year out!—the year which commenced as a giant to run its course, and is now departing amid the damps and dreariness of a dim winter's night, while rejoicing bells are loudly calling on their fellows from steeple to steeple, after the world's fashion, to spurn the old and triumph with the new. Pass away old year! you take much with you we have loved and cherished—to our grief, but to the deliverance and exceeding joy of those we loved. Our last "brother" whom you called "home" was a true, cordial, earnest man, who would rail at an enemy openly, and shield the honour of a friend with his life. It is impossible to gather rapidly the memories that extend over fifteen years; but the past is pleasant to recall; and it was so ordered that, deeply as we regret his departure, to him it was an act of mercy. For more than two years the frame of the Highland painter wrestled with an illness that would have vanquished an ordinary man in as many months; the spirit of life beat warmly in his pulses, and at times so triumphantly that his medical attendants hoped he might yet regain all he had lost; but the palpitating hope, the desolating fear, have settled into the stern reality:—on the 23rd of December the mortal part of Robert Ronald McLan found its last resting-place in the cemetery at Highgate. It seems but yesterday when we first made the acquaintance of the painter and his painter-wife—two who went hand in hand, and heart with heart, together through the world, two in one—one in the same pursuit, one in truth and faithfulness, in love and friendship, one in life, and all but one in death,—for their friends feared that Mrs. McLan's devotion to her husband would have brought her to a premature grave before his time for departure arrived.

Our memory goes back to a time when the theatre rang with well-merited applause as McLan's delineation of a particular class of character, more particularly of "Dougal," in "Rob Roy;"—the actor so identified himself with the wild Highlander that a great tragedian is said to have directed that no weapon should be placed within McLan's reach during his performance of the "Cataran," for that he was so "terribly in earnest" as not to be master of himself. It was a singular transition from the brightness and glare, the excitement and exhilaration of the foot-lights to the calm and quiet, the seclusion and repose, the "inner life" of the artist's studio; but though McLan quitted the stage, his sympathies remained with his old profession—he took a lively interest in theatrical affairs, and was ever ready to help a brother of the buskin. His mind was essentially dramatic, and unconsciously he "dramatised" with equal power on the canvas and in the social circle; his portraits of character, his developments of Scottish national scenes and circumstances were amongst his most successful pictures, and there was always some touching and delicate episode, which told the story with eloquent power and pathos. Those who have heard him sing "Donald Caird," or "We are na fou," can never forget the inimitable reading he gave to both Burns and Scott. On one occasion, while a guest—as he often was, and ever a welcome one—at our house, he so perfectly acted the passage—

"We are na fou,
We're not that fou,
But just a drap in our ee,"

that an old servant, thinking the gentleman quite unfit to remain in society, whispered to his master, with a glance towards Mr. McLan, "If he should go for a cab?" When in health and spirits he was a charming companion, his memory well stored and ready, and his keen appreciation of the beautiful, finding words in enthusiastic language, created an

interest which a cooler or calmer person could never achieve;—he talked pictures even faster than he painted them. He was too rapid in his judgments, too often suffered his heart to run away with his head, not to have been frequently mistaken in his estimate of personal character; but it was difficult to make him relinquish what he had once adopted, and even when deceived, the kindness of his heart permitted him to be deceived again; and, if his prejudices were strong, his affections were stronger. There are few greater treats in the world than to witness the zeal of a friend in a friend's cause, and, however hurt Mcfan might have been at times, at his pictures being "badly hung" on the crowded walls of the Royal Academy, it was delightful to see him forgetting it, even on the "first day," in the enjoyment he experienced at a great "success;" and to observe how he dragged up one critic after another to see some "marvellous bit of nature," or "wonderful effect" (never his own), which, but for his zeal, might have failed to attract notice. At such moments his eyes would flash like lightning, and, if his earnestness induced smiles, it also called forth sympathies; people were sure to be the better for his good word, for it was spoken to the world before the world, and not whispered in a corner. It is some years since we journeyed through the Highlands together, and enjoyed with him their matchless scenery; the heather grew in his heart, and there was no music he loved so well as the bagpipe on the wild hill-side. There are people who would open their eyes in wide astonishment if you assured them that all his experience of the foot-lights had not chilled an atom of Mcfan's love of nature; that though he enjoyed deer-stalking, and has lived weeks amongst the hills in the "shooting season," he would shed tears over a sick dog; indeed, his tenderness towards beast and bird was the tenderness of a girl: this may not be considered "consistent" with his hunting and shooting, but we believe no Highland gentleman could withstand the chance of hooking a salmon or shooting a deer—certainly our friend never passed a river without peering and "speering" as to the chance of finding a salmon within its depths, and he was just as keen in his inquiries after the deer and blackcock. He seemed to us to know every inch of the Highlands; he accompanied us both by daylight and moonlight through the "Pass of Glencoe"—through the wilds of Arasaig—round and over the well-known lakes, and to the renowned islands of Staffa and Iona—paused and pondered and conjectured, with us, beside Rob Roy's grave, and listened to the rush of the waters and the sigh of the wind in the island burying-ground of the Macnabs—where the last grave has been made, for the clan has sought its home in the new world. How we enjoyed Blair-Athol, and revelled in the pass of Killiecrankie! Mcfan's ready and rapid pencil caught every passing scene, and transferred it to his sketch-book; and then, in the mountain inns, he would tell us stories and sing us songs, all in keeping with the time and place. We shall never forget the spirit with which he poured forth, from the summit of the monument in Glenfinnan, his friend Bennoch's song of "The old Highland Gentleman," or how eloquently he described *there* the march, in costume, of the clans to meet their prince. It seems almost impossible that high-beating heart, so warm and true and earnest, should have ceased to palpitate. The loss of so many of his dear and loved friends—those noble Highland officers who fell in the Crimea—affected him greatly; his friendships were wound about his heart—they could not change; his friends' sorrow was his sorrow; and he mourned the loss of those gallant gentlemen as if they had been his brothers. These losses worked upon his excitable temperament in a way which more evenly balanced natures would find it difficult to understand; his illness came on gradually but surely throughout, and especially during the last few months. He was keenly alive to the watchful tenderness of his loved and loving wife: who, before and after her daily duties at the Female School of Design, was blessed with strength to watch him day and night; her presence became more and more his light, his joy, his life, and nothing could exceed his gratitude to her. His deep and earnest affections remained in full activity to the last,—they were the strongest elements of his nature.

THE APPLICATIONS OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. 2.—THE USE OF MAGNETO-ELECTRIC MACHINES IN PLATING AND ORNAMENTING METALS.

We have, by the steady advances of electrical science, proved the identity of the several forms under which this force presents itself for our consideration.

Man, through a long period of time, witnessed with terror the phenomena of the lightning, and heard with superstitious awe the rolling thunder, little thinking that the age would come when this agent of destruction should be applied to the uses of humanity. The fossil resin *amber*, the *electron* of the Greeks, was long exhibited as a rare curiosity, from the remarkable property it possessed of gathering up light bodies which floated near it when it was rubbed. The province of Magnesia, in Greece, was known to produce a singular iron ore, which exhibited strange powers of attraction and of repulsion; and there is good evidence to show that this *loadstone*, or *leadingstone*, was employed by the oriental tribes, at an early period, to guide them over the desert and the ocean.

There was no suspicion that the principle or power of the thunder-cloud had any relation to the amber or the loadstone. Eventually, however, came the time for the birth of a new truth. Then Franklin rose his kite into the air, and the spirit of the storm, answering to his call, revealed the secret to man, that the flash of lightning, and the attractive power of the amber, were identical. Man thus learned how to protect himself and his temples from the "angry bolts of Jove," and the phenomena of frictional electricity were carefully studied by Franklin and his followers. Galvani then discovered that chemical change would develop a peculiar force; or, rather Volta, correctly reading the results which Galvani obtained, showed that a metal undergoing oxidation, gave out a power analogous to the electricity of the machine. Galvanism, or voltaic electricity, became, in the hands of Sir Humphrey Davy, a most important element in the investigation of nature. This philosopher, who has not yet obtained his true position amongst the great ones of the earth, succeeded by the voltaic battery in proving the true composition of the earths and alkalis—lime and magnesia, potash and soda, were shown to be metals combined with oxygen: and Davy opened the road which has led us to the discovery of that peculiar and valuable metal *aluminium*, the base of the most common of the substances which constitute the superficial coating of the earth—clay.

Ersted, of Copenhagen, demonstrated that a current of voltaic electricity possessed the property of compelling a magnet to place itself at right angles to its direction: and Sturgeon taught us that such a current converted a piece of soft iron into a powerful magnet. Thus, step by step, we became acquainted with the fact, that the lightning of the air, the electricity of the machine, the galvanism of the battery, and the attractive power of the magnet, were but modified forms of one principle. There was still one question to be replied to—Could we from a magnet develop a force which should have the powers of that developed by friction from the electric machine, or by chemical action from the voltaic battery? Faraday, by a series of beautiful inductive experiments, proved that every motion of a copper wire near a magnet, or of a magnet near a copper wire, produced an electrical disturbance, which circulated as a current. The identities of the electricities were thus fully proved: and, yet more recently, improved arrangements in coil machines have shown that all the intensity of static electricity can be produced by securing perfect insulation of the arrangement; and thus that a very small quantity of current electricity may be developed as electricity of high tension. Such is a brief outline of the progress which has led to the construction of magneto-electric machines, to which we desire especially to direct attention.

If a reel of copper wire, covered with silk, be placed in front of the poles of a good steel magnet, with some arrangement for giving it motion, we shall find, when motion is established either in the magnet or the coil, that an electric disturbance is produced,—that an intense current traverses the wire.

The intensity of this electric force is regulated by the strength of the magnets employed, the extent of the wire, and the rapidity of motion. This curious electrical disturbance may be produced by very simple means. If a loop of copper wire is merely passed up and down over the poles of a magnet, an electric current will circulate through the wire; and if the wire is connected with a galvanometer, the needle of the instrument will be deflected every time the loop of wire is passed in either direction, up or down, over the pole of the magnet.

For practical purposes a number of magnets are fixed in a circle, and the armatures, carrying coils of copper wire, are made to move rapidly in front of their poles: thus is generated a current of any power, capable of effecting any amount of electro-chemical decomposition. Arrangements of this kind are employed in many establishments, instead of the voltaic battery, for all the purposes of the electrotype; and to some new and peculiar processes we have to direct attention.

It is important to the correct understanding of what takes place when a magneto-electrical current is produced, that the philosophy of it should be, as far as possible, understood. A magnet is a reservoir of power, as far as we know, quite inexhaustible; and the force—intensity—with which that power is developed, depends upon the mechanical force applied to move the machine, the rapidity of motion determining the working value of the current. All compound bodies appear to have their constituent elements held together by some electrical condition. One of the most beautiful of the laws established by Faraday being this—*The quantity of electricity which is required to decompose any substance exactly represents the quantity which that body contained previous to decomposition.* Now, if the terminal poles of the coils of copper wire which are in motion in front of a magnet are dropped into a solution of a salt of gold or of silver, the electricity passing through the fluid liberates the metal, which appears at one pole, and the acid, which escapes at another. The rapidity with which this is effected depending upon the mechanical power employed to drive the machine. Magneto-electric machines have been for many years in use in the electro-plating and gilding establishments of Birmingham, and it is found that, notwithstanding there has been a constant demand upon them for electricity, yet they exhibit no diminution of the supply.

Recently, on the Continent, some novel processes have been introduced, by which ornamentation of various kinds are produced on metals. A plate of steel, brought to a very high polish, is connected with one of the poles of a magneto-electric machine, and the other is brought to a fine point; when the point—the pencil of the artist, which is fixed in a handle of glass or ivory—is brought within a certain distance of the plate of steel, a brilliant spark passes; this is due to the combustion of the steel, and it will be found that after every spark, a white spot is left on the polished surface of the steel plate. As these sparks may be produced with any degree of rapidity, a line is soon formed, and any design traced upon the steel. The result is extremely pleasing, and we learn that the process is employed in France and Austria to ornament sword blades and other articles of steel.

M. Alex. Henri Dufresne, of Paris, has patented an invention which relates to the gilding, silvering, and ornamenting of metals not susceptible of direct amalgamation. This invention embraces any of the means now in use for producing coatings of the metals, by either chemical, electro-chemical, or mechanical means, or for removing portions of the coatings thus formed. The invention divides itself into several parts:—First, the precipitation by a magneto-electrical machine, or by voltaic batteries, of one or several metals. Secondly, in the application of protecting matter, such as varnish, printer's ink, &c., upon the intermediate metals, to form the reserves to be gilded, silvered, or ornamented: such reserves being produced by photographic means, or by a general coating of some kind sensitive to light. Thirdly, in the destruction of the intermediate unreserved metals by baths of different kinds—such as ammoniacal or acid solutions, applied so as to preserve the polish, or to act on the surface of the metal to be gilded, sil-

vered, or ornamented, for the production of flat or of relief designs. Fourthly, in the removal of the protecting matters which have served to preserve the surfaces operated on. Fifthly, in gilding or silvering the surfaces by means of mercury, according to the ordinary processes of gilding and silvering by amalgamation; and, finally, the volatilization of the mercury by heat. The details of this process may be described in a single example—the ornamentation of steel. A sheet, or any object of polished steel is taken, and by means of the magneto-electric machine, it is coated with copper. If any of the alkaline salts of copper are used, the steel beneath the copper loses little of its brilliancy, and, when the copper is eventually removed, it appears again in its true colour and brightness. If the object of the artist is to obtain an elaborate design, it is best effected by photography: either of two processes may be employed:—1st. The coppered surface of the steel is covered with bitumen of Judea, by warming the plate, and pouring upon it the resin dissolved in French oil of lavender, the heat being still continued, the essential oil is evaporated, and a sensitive coating left upon the plate. The design, drawn upon paper—an engraving or otherwise—is placed upon this sensitive tablet, pressed close by a glass, and exposed to sunshine. The parts which have been covered, and those which have been exposed, acquire unequal degrees of solubility—so that one portion can be dissolved off by means of ether or naphtha, while the other remains unchanged. 2nd. Bichromate of potash and gelatine may be used instead of the bitumen of Judea, in the same manner as it is employed by Mr. Fox Talbot for engraving upon steel, and by Mr. Pretsch in his photogalvano-graphic process. When this coating is exposed to sunshine with any object superposed, all those portions which were preserved in shadow are capable of being dissolved off by water, while the chromic acid liberated by the solar action combines with the gelatine, and renders it insoluble. By either of these processes we have the design formed on the plate, the metal along certain lines being left quite bare. It is desired to remove the copper from those exposed parts—chromic acid is poured on the plate, and the copper is readily removed, while the steel is not affected by it. The exposed steel may now be left bright, or it may be bitten into by acids, or any design may be worked upon it; and if we choose to gild it, we have but to connect it with the magneto-electric machine, and place it in a solution of gold, by which means any thickness of gold can be thrown down. If we desire to have silver in relief on the steel, that metal is roughed by an acid; the plate is put into a solution of the oxide of silver in cyanide of potassium, and by the electro-chemical action any thickness of the metal can be deposited along the exposed lines, the other parts being still protected by the resin or the gelatine. If with a resinous varnish any design is traced upon the exposed steel, those parts will be protected from the action of the deposit, and the resin being subsequently removed, bright steel remains in the midst of the design traced out by the gold or silver. Now the resin or the gelatine remaining on the plate can be removed, and we thus expose the copper surface. We may treat this as we have described in respect to the steel, and precipitate upon it any metal we may desire.

To operate upon platinum, that metal is covered with copper by the battery, and then the design is formed as already described. The unprotected parts of the copper are then dissolved out by nitric or any other acid, and the varnish being removed, any process of ornamentation, by amalgamation or otherwise, can be applied.

To operate on silver the processes are modified. First, there is deposited on the silver surface a triple metallic coating—copper, then iron, and then again a coating of copper. This is done by the magneto-electric machine. Produce by photographic processes, or otherwise, the reserves on this, the last coat of copper, and then destroy in succession the unreserved parts of the superposed metals, so that the iron, which presents itself on the removal of the upper coat, prevents the mercury from adhering to the first copper or silver surface during the amalgamation. The iron is subsequently removed by any suitable solvent. The object of interposing the iron between the two copper surfaces is to facilitate and shorten the operation, by limiting the employment of the reserves to the surfaces to be gilded

or ornamented. This object is effectually attained by the agency of chromic acid, which readily dissolves the copper, without at all interfering with the iron.

Instead of employing an interposed coating of iron between the two coats of copper, there may be employed, and in many cases more advantageously, a surface of nickel or antimony, which are readily acted on by chromic acid. The last surface of the copper may be removed by an ammoniacal solution, which has the advantage of leaving the silver untouched.

It will be seen that this invention involves the agency of electricity, light, and chemical affinity. It is surprising how greatly these processes can be varied, and what an infinite number of beautiful effects can be produced. To all who are acquainted with the electrotype and the photographic processes, it will be evident at once that they are here combined in practice, with much apparent advantage. We are enabled to produce the most complicated arabesques and designs in a variety of metals. Upon the same tablet we may have steel, copper, platinum, gold, and silver, in any thickness we please. For such purposes as these, the electricity of the magneto-electric machine, being of higher intensity than that of the battery, is found to be the most effective. We regard this as a step in advance, in the direction of employing the physical powers of nature for the purposes of Art-decoration. By the agency of the sun-beam and electricity we have already several beautiful and useful processes; this process of Dufresne is another added to the list, and we expect ere long to see it become of general application.

ROBERT HUNT.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

ALNWICK.—A window of stained glass to the memory of Hugh, the late Duke of Northumberland, has recently been placed in St. Paul's Church, Alnwick, an edifice erected and endowed, at a cost of nearly £20,000, by his grace. The window was designed by Mr. Dyce, R.A., and executed at the Royal Manufactory at Munich, under the direction of Professor Ailmüller. The subject of the design is the preaching of the Apostles Paul and Barnabas, at Antioch; it occupies the five lower lights of the window, the tracery lights being entirely filled with ornamental patterns. The scene is represented as taking place within a recess or shrine of Gothic architecture, the back of which is pierced with windows, through which the blue sky appears; the front is open, with the exception of an overhanging, flat-fronted canopy of delicate workmanship which terminates the upper part of the composition, and the base of the canopy, which terminates the lower part of the window, and upon which are represented the family coat-of-arms of the Percy family, and the arms of the several baronies to which the duke was entitled, as well as the following inscription:—"In the year 1856 this window was placed, by public subscription, to the much-valued memory of Hugh, third Duke of Northumberland." The principal group occupies the centre light; the two apostles stand upon the raised step of a throne, or canopied chair of state, and are in the act of addressing the unbelieving Jews, who are grouped together on their left, some seated on a bench on the foreground, others standing in various attitudes behind. On the right of the Apostles is a group of male and female figures, and from their expressive countenances, while listening to the preaching of Paul and Barnabas, who are directing the attention of the others to them, it is easy to perceive they are converts to the new religion. The window, both in design and execution, is considered a very fine example of the art of glass-painting.

LOWESTOFF.—Somerleyton Hall, the new mansion recently erected by Sir Morton Peto near this town, contains some excellent specimens of modern wood-carving, in the style of the period of James I.: the library is entirely lined with carved oak, the whole of which was, we understand, designed and executed by Mr. J. M. Willcox, of Warwick; the furniture in that apartment, as well as that in the drawing-room, boudoir, &c., was also executed by him.

WORCESTER.—The number of pictures, &c., recently exhibited in the Gallery of the Worcester Society of Arts was four hundred and thirty-one, including paintings by Creswick, E. W. Cooke, Frith, Hollins, Davidson, Peel, Havell, Callow, Boddington, H. Dawson, Duffield, Noble, Mrs. Oliver, &c., &c. The sales were comparatively few in proportion to the number exhibited, yet sufficient to inspire hope for the future. Thirty-four pictures found purchasers, realising upwards of £580.

THE FRUIT-GATHERER.

FROM THE STATUE BY E. WOLFF.

AMONG the foreign sculptures exhibited in the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, are several by E. Wolff, a distinguished German sculptor: we will briefly refer to them. They consist of—"Telephus suckled by a Hind," a group smaller than life-size, the original of which was executed for the King of Prussia; a life-size statue of a "Nereide," or rather of a nymph, fishing—she is reclining on the sea-shore, with some shell-fish near her; a small life-size statue, entitled "Winter," who is symbolised by a boy, dressed in a lion's skin, and holding in his hand a cone of the fir-tree, with which the Italians light their fires; "Diana," standing and resting on her bow, also small life-size; "A young girl in German costume, with a lamb;" and "The Fruit-Gatherer," that forms the subject of the engraving. This statue, which is executed in what is generally called the "ornamental" style, is a bold and well-designed composition. The form and limbs of the figure are not modelled from the figure of a Greek Venus, graceful in outline, and delicate in expression; they are those of one who has laboured in the vineyards of Italy, aiding to pluck and gather in the purple fruits of the vintage; her limbs are strong and vigorous, yet not masculine. The sculptor has placed her in a picturesque, natural attitude, as if stopping to rest for an instant; but much of the "repose" of the figure, and its "breadth" of effect is lessened by the multitude of lines into which the sculptor has thrown the drapery. On the other hand, such a treatment rather assists the florid and ornamental character in which the statue is designed.

Emile Wolff was born at Berlin in 1802; he studied first under J. G. Schadow, director of the Berlin Academy, and afterwards went to Rome, where he had the advantage of attending the atelier of Thorwaldsen. Since the death of Rudolph Schadow, in 1822, Wolff has occupied the studio of that sculptor in Rome, where, under the direction of Thorwaldsen, he completed Schadow's last great work, left unfinished, "Achilles defending the body of Penthesilea." He was also entrusted with the execution of the marble monument erected to the memory of Schadow, in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, Rome. On a bas-relief, in front of the monument, Schadow is represented standing before his unfinished statue of "La Noueuse de Sandale:" the angel of death arrests him at his work, while Fame places on his head a crown of laurel. The composition is fine, though it exhibits much of that ultra-poetical feeling we so frequently meet with in foreign monumental sculpture.

Several of Wolff's principal works we have pointed out already; others, deserving of especial mention, are the following:—In the possession of the King of Prussia is a "Sportsman." In the same collection is a "Shepherd" playing the flute as he rests against a tree; his dog lies by his side. A replica of this group is, we have heard, in the possession of a gentleman in England, a Mr. Douglas. His Prussian majesty was also the purchaser of Wolff's "Fisherman," a nude figure, holding a line in one hand and a fish in the other.

At the country mansion of the Prince Royal of Prussia, Charlottenhof, near Potsdam, is a charming group of "Thebe and Ganymede."

There are two statues by this sculptor, we are informed by Raczynski, in his "*L'Art Moderne en Allemagne*," in the possession of an English gentleman, Mr. R. Holt. One is an "Armed Warrior," the other a "Huntsman holding back his Dog." Wolff, we may remark, is distinguished for his clever sculptures of animals. For the Countess Wielhorski he executed a "Thetis seated upon a Dolphin, with the arms of Achilles;" and, in 1837, a fine group, the destination of which we have not learned, representing a "Wounded Amazon leaning on the shoulder of another female warrior." A "Pandora" may also be mentioned as among his best works.

In 1841 Wolff was in England, and obtained the patronage of the Queen and the Prince. He executed a statue of the latter in the costume of a Greek warrior.



THE FRUIT-GATHERER.

ENGRAVED BY E. ROFFE, FROM THE STATUE BY E. WOLFF

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

THE OLD CHURCH OF TRINITY COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

THE Town Council of the "modern Athens" have been justifying the right of their city to its self-assumed title after a fashion which, as regards the taste, is borrowed from the Vandal, and, as regards the morality, from the Carthaginian. Luckily, there is a protesting element among the people, which affords some prospect that the matter in dispute may yet be redressed in the interests at once of Art and of good faith.—The old church of Trinity College, in Edinburgh, was founded about the middle of the fifteenth century by Mary of Gueldres, the widow of the Scottish monarch James II. It is one of the most remarkable fabrics in Scotland, and dear to the antiquarian heart as nearly the only surviving specimen of the Scots-French development of Gothic architecture which that kingdom affords. Well, the great modern iconoclast, our readers know, is the Iron Horse. The grass will not grow where its hoof of fire has been, and column and fane go down before the rush of its headlong career. One day, it will ride down St. Peter's itself, unless St. Peter's successor will open up a pathway for it to go round. Coming through the Calton tunnel, some years ago, the Iron Horse found the old college church standing right in its way. Then, poured down the wise men of the northern Athens,—the priests of Art, and the worshippers of the picturesque,—and in the name of Mary of Gueldres they exorcised the Iron Horse. In plain language, the North British Railway entered into negotiation; and the then Lord Provost, Mr. Black, intrusted with the city interests in the British Parliament, of which he was a member, accepted a compromise in the matter. Seeing that the impatient monster, who stood pawing by, would fairly bury the old church beneath his tread, if the latter were allowed to stand where it then did, and he came in upon a higher level, it was agreed between the parties, that the railway company should remove and rebuild the church on a convenient site, as near as might be to the site on which it then stood, and on the model of the ancient monument,—or, as an alternative, that the magistrates and Town Council of Edinburgh should accept a sum of money from the company as compensation, and take the rebuilding on themselves. In pursuance of this agreement the railway company, in due time, presented plans for a new church, at a cost of £16,371; and these plans, we beg our readers particularly to observe, the Council opposed, chiefly on the ground that they were not a restoration of the ancient edifice. So, the above sum was, then, offered in money, instead of the plans, and was accepted on behalf of the city of Edinburgh,—the church was taken down in 1848, and, its restoration being still kept in view, the stones which composed it were carried to the slope of the Calton Hill, and there left to await their place in the reconstruction. Delays and disappointments have since succeeded one another in the matter of procuring a fitting site; and now, at this distance of time, a new Town Council have arisen,—to whose proceedings we desire very particularly to call the attention of our readers. First, let us observe, Mr. Black distinctly informs this Council, that he rested his case for compromise and compensation before the parliamentary committee on the ground of restoration alone:—and let us observe, also, that a sum exceeding £16,000 was far beyond what would have been needed for the erection of an ordinary church, and was paid with a direct view to the reconstruction of the old edifice of Mary of Gueldres. And avowedly, as we have seen, because the plans offered instead were not such reconstruction. What do our readers think, then, of a Town Council who now declare, that, having got this large sum of money into their hands for a specific purpose, they consider themselves at perfect liberty to apply it to another,—that, having increased the compensation on the ground of restoration, they are under no obligation to restore! The conditions of their trust they affirm to be satisfied when they shall have built a "suitable church" for the parish where and at what price they will. Let the old monument perish as a fact:—it did its work as a pretence when it extorted a few thousands more from the railway company!—The members of the Society of Antiquaries protest,—

the bar protests,—the men who represent literature, Art, and taste in general, in the metropolis of the north protest. A public meeting resolves, that "the rebuilding of the church in strict accordance with the original model was not only desirable on grounds of Art and history, but was imperatively demanded by the obligations of public faith." In vain! Vainly does Colonel Mure plead for the true model, as an old relic,—vainly does Mr. Robert Chambers, with a shrewd apprehension of civic susceptibility, insist on the advantage of preserving to Edinburgh the elements of its beauty and attraction,—vainly does Mr. Black affirm, that "he could no more have thought of not restoring the church with the money than he could have thought of not paying an honest debt." Certain it is, that if Edinburgh be the modern Athens, the present Lord Provost is not Pericles. The old church of Trinity College is lost to its Acropolis, unless the law courts shall come in aid of the Scotch Minerva, or the British Parliament, before whom the matter will in all probability be brought, shall give now an explicit and authoritative interpretation of its own previous oracle.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—On the 12th of December the members of the Royal Academy met for the election of an academician in the place of the late Sir Richard Westmacott, and filled up the vacancy with the well-known name of Mr. Alfred Elmore. The contest lay principally between that gentleman, Mr. Frederick Richard Pickersgill, and Mr. Sydney Smirke; though a few scattered votes were given to men whom this Academy seems unaccountably to have left behind,—and some to men whose claims are yet comparatively young, and who can well afford to wait. Mr. Elmore's election to their full honours by his academic brethren is one which the public voice will very cordially ratify. It is probable that his fine picture in the last year's exhibition—"The Emperor Charles V. at Yuste"—had much to do in determining the present contest in his favour against such competitors.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY has, we hear, adopted, through the Council, the following resolutions:—"That with a view to the instruction of students, lectures may be given in the Royal Academy, by the members, irrespective of the professorships. That such instruction may comprehend, not only painting, sculpture, and architecture, but also engraving, and such other subjects as, when submitted to the Council, may be deemed by them desirable. That such instruction may consist of short courses, or even of single lectures, to suit the convenience of members. That members, including associates of the Royal Academy, and honorary members, on testifying their wish to the council, may, with the sanction of the council, be authorised to give lectures accordingly." This is another step—the election of engravers into full membership was the first—towards that change in the laws and constitution of the Royal Academy which the artists of the country, and the public, too, have so long required. We shall look with some degree of anxiety and curiosity to ascertain what use will be made of the privilege now granted, and who among the members and associates will step forward as a voluntary and gratuitous Art-teacher.

THE "VARNISHING DAYS" AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—We have learned with great regret, and certainly not without some surprise, that an attempt is making within the body of the Royal Academy to restore to the academicians the most obnoxious of all the privileges which, for so long a series of years, they exercised under the diploma,—that of painting on their pictures after they were hung in the place of exhibition. The rule under which this injustice—so unworthy of the rank and character, and in most instances, let us add, the talent of those who benefited by it—was perpetrated, was as follows:—"Three days or more, according to the convenience of the arrangement, and the discretion of the Council, shall be allowed to all the members of the Royal Academy, for the purpose of varnishing or painting on their pictures, in the places which have been allotted to them, previous to the day appointed for the annual dinner in the Exhibition Room." When, a few months ago, we offered a somewhat lengthened comment on the defective constitutions

of the Royal Academy, and the abuses which had grown up under them, we purposely abstained from all allusion to this offensive rule and practice, because the academicians themselves had not long before made a voluntary surrender of so unhand-some an advantage over their brother artists, and it seemed to us ungenerous to refer to a wrong, however long persisted in, which had at length been redeemed by an act of grace. We desire to use no harsher terms in reference to this academic privilege than we have heard applied to it by academicians themselves. There were many of the body who sat uneasily for years under a prerogative which, while it inflicted a wrong on others too glaring for the public to overlook, lent itself to a world of epigram against themselves. If the pictures of the Royal Academicians could not be made to show advantageously on the walls of the Academy without this process of naturalisation, what could be thought of the men who kept the process for themselves, and left their brethren to the disadvantage from which they thus, in the matter of their own works, escaped? What could be said for those who, being the strong on the authority of the diploma, compelled those who by the inference of its absence were comparatively the weak, thus to carry weight in the race for fame and for bread. Practically, the wrong was a double one. The academician who painted up his own picture, usually painted down his neighbour's. The original defect of tone in both works became increased in the one by the means taken in the other to redeem it. The academician's *plus* was the non-academician's *minus*. The legends of the varnishing days are many of them sad, some ludicrous, and none to the credit of the Academy. The attempt to revive so unquestionable an abuse, just at the moment when public attention is likely to be particularly directed to the doings of this Academic body, is singularly injudicious; and we hope—and, indeed, scarcely doubt—that the Council, to whom, for the present, the matter is referred, will deal with it in that higher spirit which so recently resigned the privilege. If it be found that it is really desirable, for the gain at once of the artist and of the public, that the former should have the opportunity of touching on his picture with reference to the accidents of its place, then, we trust that arrangements will be made for extending the opportunity to all. Either way, there must be equality in this matter. Those of the academicians who felt strongly, before, that the privilege could not be retained, will surely think with us, now, that it cannot be restored.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—Another statue, that of the Earl of Chatham, by Mr. MacDowell, R.A., has recently been added to the number of similar works which stand, like watchful sentinels over the laws and constitution of the British empire, in the grand entrance of the Houses of Parliament. The figure of the illustrious statesman is a fine example of portrait-sculpture, dignified in its action, and truthful as a likeness. This makes the tenth statue, if we mistake not, which has reached its final destination; two more are to follow, those of Burke and Grattan, whose impassioned speeches shed such brilliancy over the senatorial debates in the lower house, in an age when parliamentary eloquence was the rule and not the exception.

THE STATUE OF THE LATE LORD HARDINGE, the work of Mr. J. H. Foley, A.R.A., is now completed, and will, ere long, be forwarded to its destination at Calcutta. The members of the United Service Club are about to have a meeting to consider a proposal for erecting a "replica" of the statue in some conspicuous part of the metropolis.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—We have examined a series of landscape photographs by Mr. Henry White, which for delicacy of detail, choice of subject, and artistic taste and feeling, surpass all that we have yet seen in this way. They comprise sketches of wood and water, distance and foreground, studies of foliage and river scenery, which cannot fail to charm the amateur of this delightful art, and to the artist must be invaluable, bringing as they do Nature herself in her most beautiful and varied forms into his studio—depicted, too, with such fidelity, minuteness of detail, and accuracy of drawing, as the graver can never hope to equal. This may be especially remarked of the studies of ferns and brambles, corn, and other natural objects. Mr. White obtained for some of these works a first-class medal at the Paris

vered, or ornamented, for the production of flat or of relief designs. Fourthly, in the removal of the protecting matters which have served to preserve the surfaces operated on. Fifthly, in gilding or silvering the surfaces by means of mercury, according to the ordinary processes of gilding and silvering by amalgamation; and, finally, the volatilization of the mercury by heat. The details of this process may be described in a single example—the ornamentation of steel. A sheet, or any object of polished steel is taken, and by means of the magneto-electric machine, it is coated with copper. If any of the alkaline salts of copper are used, the steel beneath the copper loses little of its brilliancy, and, when the copper is eventually removed, it appears again in its true colour and brightness. If the object of the artist is to obtain an elaborate design, it is best effected by photography: either of two processes may be employed:—1st. The coppered surface of the steel is covered with bitumen of Judea, by warming the plate, and pouring upon it the resin dissolved in French oil of lavender, the heat being still continued, the essential oil is evaporated, and a sensitive coating left upon the plate. The design, drawn upon paper—an engraving or otherwise—is placed upon this sensitive tablet, pressed close by a glass, and exposed to sunshine. The parts which have been covered, and those which have been exposed, acquire unequal degrees of solubility—so that one portion can be dissolved off by means of ether or naphtha, while the other remains unchanged. 2nd. Bichromate of potash and gelatine may be used instead of the bitumen of Judea, in the same manner as it is employed by Mr. Fox Talbot for engraving upon steel, and by Mr. Pretsch in his photogalvano-graphic process. When this coating is exposed to sunshine with any object superposed, all those portions which were preserved in shadow are capable of being dissolved off by water, while the chromic acid liberated by the solar action combines with the gelatine, and renders it insoluble. By either of these processes we have the design formed on the plate, the metal along certain lines being left quite bare. It is desired to remove the copper from those exposed parts—chromic acid is poured on the plate, and the copper is readily removed, while the steel is not affected by it. The exposed steel may now be left bright, or it may be bitten into by acids, or any design may be worked upon it; and if we choose to gild it, we have but to connect it with the magneto-electric machine, and place it in a solution of gold, by which means any thickness of gold can be thrown down. If we desire to have silver in relief on the steel, that metal is roughed by an acid; the plate is put into a solution of the oxide of silver in cyanide of potassium, and by the electro-chemical action any thickness of the metal can be deposited along the exposed lines, the other parts being still protected by the resin or the gelatine. If with a resinous varnish any design is traced upon the exposed steel, those parts will be protected from the action of the deposit, and the resin being subsequently removed, bright steel remains in the midst of the design traced out by the gold or silver. Now the resin or the gelatine remaining on the plate can be removed, and we thus expose the copper surface. We may treat this as we have described in respect to the steel, and precipitate upon it any metal we may desire.

To operate upon platinum, that metal is covered with copper by the battery, and then the design is formed as already described. The unprotected parts of the copper are then dissolved out by nitric or any other acid, and the varnish being removed, any process of ornamentation, by amalgamation or otherwise, can be applied.

To operate on silver the processes are modified. First, there is deposited on the silver surface a triple metallic coating—copper, then iron, and then again a coating of copper. This is done by the magneto-electric machine. Produce by photographic processes, or otherwise, the reserves on this, the last coat of copper, and then destroy in succession the unreserved parts of the superposed metals, so that the iron, which presents itself on the removal of the upper coat, prevents the mercury from adhering to the first copper or silver surface during the amalgamation. The iron is subsequently removed by any suitable solvent. The object of interposing the iron between the two copper surfaces is to facilitate and shorten the operation, by limiting the employment of the reserves to the surfaces to be gilded

or ornamented. This object is effectually attained by the agency of chromic acid, which readily dissolves the copper, without at all interfering with the iron.

Instead of employing an interposed coating of iron between the two coats of copper, there may be employed, and in many cases more advantageously, a surface of nickel or antimony, which are readily acted on by chromic acid. The last surface of the copper may be removed by an ammoniacal solution, which has the advantage of leaving the silver untouched.

It will be seen that this invention involves the agency of electricity, light, and chemical affinity. It is surprising how greatly these processes can be varied, and what an infinite number of beautiful effects can be produced. To all who are acquainted with the electrotype and the photographic processes, it will be evident at once that they are here combined in practice, with much apparent advantage. We are enabled to produce the most complicated arabesques and designs in a variety of metals. Upon the same tablet we may have steel, copper, platinum, gold, and silver, in any thickness we please. For such purposes as these, the electricity of the magneto-electric machine, being of higher intensity than that of the battery, is found to be the most effective. We regard this as a step in advance, in the direction of employing the physical powers of nature for the purposes of Art-decoration. By the agency of the sun-beam and electricity we have already several beautiful and useful processes; this process of Dufresne is another added to the list, and we expect ere long to see it become of general application.

ROBERT HUNT.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

ALNWICK.—A window of stained glass to the memory of Hugh, the late Duke of Northumberland, has recently been placed in St. Paul's Church, Alnwick, an edifice erected and endowed, at a cost of nearly £20,000, by his grace. The window was designed by Mr. Dyce, R.A., and executed at the Royal Manufactory at Munich, under the direction of Professor Aimmüller. The subject of the design is the preaching of the Apostles Paul and Barnabas, at Antioch; it occupies the five lower lights of the window, the tracery lights being entirely filled with ornamental patterns. The scene is represented as taking place within a recess or shrine of Gothic architecture, the back of which is pierced with windows, through which the blue sky appears; the front is open, with the exception of an overhanging, flat-fronted canopy of delicate workmanship which terminates the upper part of the composition, and the base of the canopy, which terminates the lower part of the window, and upon which are represented the family coat-of-arms of the Percy family, and the arms of the several baronies to which the duke was entitled, as well as the following inscription:—"In the year 1856 this window was placed, by public subscription, to the much-valued memory of Hugh, third Duke of Northumberland." The principal group occupies the centre light; the two apostles stand upon the raised step of a throne, or canopied chair of state, and are in the act of addressing the unbelieving Jews, who are grouped together on their left, some seated on a bench on the foreground, others standing in various attitudes behind. On the right of the Apostles is a group of male and female figures, and from their expressive countenances, while listening to the preaching of Paul and Barnabas, who are directing the attention of the others to them, it is easy to perceive they are converts to the new religion. The window, both in design and execution, is considered a very fine example of the art of glass-painting.

LOWESTOFT.—Somerleyton Hall, the new mansion recently erected by Sir Morton Peto near this town, contains some excellent specimens of modern wood-carving, in the style of the period of James I.: the library is entirely lined with carved oak, the whole of which was, we understand, designed and executed by Mr. J. M. Wilcox, of Warwick; the furniture in that apartment, as well as that in the drawing-room, boudoir, &c., was also executed by him.

WORCESTER.—The number of pictures, &c., recently exhibited in the Gallery of the Worcester Society of Arts was four hundred and thirty-one, including paintings by Creswick, E. W. Cooke, Frith, Hollins, Davidson, Peel, Havell, Callow, Boddington, H. Dawson, Duffield, Noble, Mrs. Oliver, &c., &c. The sales were comparatively few in proportion to the number exhibited, yet sufficient to inspire hope for the future. Thirty-four pictures found purchasers, realising upwards of £580.

THE FRUIT-GATHERER.

FROM THE STATUE BY E. WOLFF.

AMONG the foreign sculptures exhibited in the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, are several by E. Wolff, a distinguished German sculptor: we will briefly refer to them. They consist of—"Telephus suckled by a Hind," a group smaller than life-size, the original of which was executed for the King of Prussia; a life-size statue of a "Nereide," or rather of a nymph, fishing—she is reclining on the sea-shore, with some shell-fish near her; a small life-size statue, entitled "Winter," who is symbolised by a boy, dressed in a lion's skin, and holding in his hand a cone of the fir-tree, with which the Italians light their fires; "Diana," standing and resting on her bow, also small life-size; "A young girl in German costume, with a lamb;" and "The Fruit-Gatherer," that forms the subject of the engraving. This statue, which is executed in what is generally called the "ornamental" style, is a bold and well-designed composition. The form and limbs of the figure are not modelled from the figure of a Greek Venus, graceful in outline, and delicate in expression; they are those of one who has laboured in the vineyards of Italy, aiding to pluck and gather in the purple fruits of the vintage; her limbs are strong and vigorous, yet not masculine. The sculptor has placed her in a picturesque, natural attitude, as if stopping to rest for an instant; but much of the "repose" of the figure, and its "breadth" of effect is lessened by the multitude of lines into which the sculptor has thrown the drapery. On the other hand, such a treatment rather assists the florid and ornamental character in which the statue is designed.

Emile Wolff was born at Berlin in 1802; he studied first under J. G. Schadow, director of the Berlin Academy, and afterwards went to Rome, where he had the advantage of attending the atelier of Thorwaldsen. Since the death of Rudolph Schadow, in 1822, Wolff has occupied the studio of that sculptor in Rome, where, under the direction of Thorwaldsen, he completed Schadow's last great work, left unfinished, "Achilles defending the body of Penthesilea." He was also entrusted with the execution of the marble monument erected to the memory of Schadow, in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, Rome. On a bas-relief, in front of the monument, Schadow is represented standing before his unfinished statue of "La Nouvelle de Sandale;" the angel of death arrests him at his work, while Fame places on his head a crown of laurel. The composition is fine, though it exhibits much of that ultra-poetical feeling we so frequently meet with in foreign monumental sculpture.

Several of Wolff's principal works we have pointed out already; others, deserving of especial mention, are the following:—In the possession of the King of Prussia is a "Sportsman." In the same collection is a "Shepherd" playing the flute as he rests against a tree; his dog lies by his side. A replica of this group is, we have heard, in the possession of a gentleman in England, a Mr. Douglas. His Prussian majesty was also the purchaser of Wolff's "Fisherman," a nude figure, holding a line in one hand and a fish in the other.

At the country mansion of the Prince Royal of Prussia, Charlottenhof, near Potsdam, is a charming group of "Thebe and Ganymede."

There are two statues by this sculptor, we are informed by Raczynski, in his "L'Art Moderne en Allemagne," in the possession of an English gentleman, Mr. R. Holt. One is an "Armed Warrior," the other a "Huntsman holding back his Dog." Wolff, we may remark, is distinguished for his clever sculptures of animals. For the Countess Wielhorski he executed a "Thetis seated upon a Dolphin, with the arms of Achilles;" and, in 1837, a fine group, the destination of which we have not learned, representing a "Wounded Amazon leaning on the shoulder of another female warrior." A "Pandora" may also be mentioned as among his best works.

In 1841 Wolff was in England, and obtained the patronage of the Queen and the Prince. He executed a statue of the latter in the costume of a Greek warrior.



THE FRUIT-GATHERER.

ENGRAVED BY E. ROFFE, FROM THE STATUE BY E. WOLFF.



THE OLD CHURCH OF TRINITY COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

THE Town Council of the "modern Athens" have been justifying the right of their city to its self-assumed title after a fashion which, as regards the taste, is borrowed from the Vandal, and, as regards the morality, from the Carthaginian. Luckily, there is a protesting element among the people, which affords some prospect that the matter in dispute may yet be redressed in the interests at once of Art and of good faith.—The old church of Trinity College, in Edinburgh, was founded about the middle of the fifteenth century by Mary of Gueldres, the widow of the Scottish monarch James II. It is one of the most remarkable fabrics in Scotland, and dear to the antiquarian heart as nearly the only surviving specimen of the Scots-French development of Gothic architecture which that kingdom affords. Well, the great modern iconoclast, our readers know, is the Iron Horse. The grass will not grow where its hoof of fire has been, and column and fane go down before the rush of its headlong career. One day, it will ride down St. Peter's itself, unless St. Peter's successor will open up a pathway for it to go round. Coming through the Calton tunnel, some years ago, the Iron Horse found the old college church standing right in its way. Then, poured down the wise men of the northern Athens,—the priests of Art, and the worshippers of the picturesque,—and in the name of Mary of Gueldres they exorcised the Iron Horse. In plain language, the North British Railway entered into negotiation; and the then Lord Provost, Mr. Black, intrusted with the city interests in the British Parliament, of which he was a member, accepted a compromise in the matter. Seeing that the impatient monster, who stood pawing by, would fairly bury the old church beneath his tread, if the latter were allowed to stand where it then did, and he came in upon a higher level, it was agreed between the parties, that the railway company should remove and rebuild the church on a convenient site, as near as might be to the site on which it then stood, and on the model of the ancient monument,—or, as an alternative, that the magistrates and Town Council of Edinburgh should accept a sum of money from the company as compensation, and take the rebuilding on themselves. In pursuance of this agreement the railway company, in due time, presented plans for a new church, at a cost of £16,371; and these plans, we beg our readers particularly to observe, the Council opposed, chiefly on the ground that *they were not a restoration of the ancient edifice*. So, the above sum was, then, offered in money, instead of the plans, and was accepted on behalf of the city of Edinburgh,—the church was taken down in 1848, and its restoration being still kept in view, the stones which composed it were carried to the slope of the Calton Hill, and there left to await their place in the reconstruction. Delays and disappointments have since succeeded one another in the matter of procuring a fitting site; and now, at this distance of time, a new Town Council have arisen,—to whose proceedings we desire very particularly to call the attention of our readers. First, let us observe, Mr. Black distinctly informs this Council, that he rested his case for compromise and compensation before the parliamentary committee on the ground of restoration alone:—and let us observe, also, that a sum exceeding £16,000 was far beyond what would have been needed for the erection of an ordinary church, and was paid with a direct view to the reconstruction of the old edifice of Mary of Gueldres. And avowedly, as we have seen, because the plans offered instead *were not such reconstruction*. What do our readers think, then, of a Town Council who now declare, that, having got this large sum of money into their hands for a specific purpose, they consider themselves at perfect liberty to apply it to another,—that, having increased the compensation on the ground of restoration, they are under no obligation to restore! The conditions of their trust they affirm to be satisfied when they shall have built a "suitable church" for the parish where and at what price they will. Let the old monument perish as a fact:—it did its work as a pretence when it extorted a few thousands more from the railway company!—The members of the Society of Antiquaries protest,—

the bar protests,—the men who represent literature, Art, and taste in general, in the metropolis of the north protest. A public meeting resolves, that "the rebuilding of the church in strict accordance with the original model was not only desirable on grounds of Art and history, but was imperatively demanded by the obligations of public faith." In vain! Vainly does Colonel Mure plead for the true model, as an old relic,—vainly does Mr. Robert Chambers, with a shrewd apprehension of civic susceptibility, insist on the *advantage* of preserving to Edinburgh the elements of its beauty and attraction,—vainly does Mr. Black affirm, that "he could no more have thought of not restoring the church with the money than he could have thought of not paying an honest debt." Certain it is, that if Edinburgh be the modern Athens, the present Lord Provost is not Pericles. The old church of Trinity College is lost to its Acropolis, unless the law courts shall come in aid of the Scotch Minerva, or the British Parliament, before whom the matter will in all probability be brought, shall give now an explicit and authoritative interpretation of its own previous oracle.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—On the 12th of December the members of the Royal Academy met for the election of an academican in the place of the late Sir Richard Westmacott, and filled up the vacancy with the well-known name of Mr. Alfred Elmore. The contest lay principally between that gentleman, Mr. Frederick Richard Pickersgill, and Mr. Sydney Smirke; though a few scattered votes were given to men whom this Academy seems unaccountably to have left behind,—and some to men whose claims are yet comparatively young, and who can well afford to wait. Mr. Elmore's election to their full honours by his academic brethren is one which the public voice will very cordially ratify. It is probable that his fine picture in the last year's exhibition—"The Emperor Charles V. at Yuste"—had much to do in determining the present contest in his favour against such competitors.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY has, we hear, adopted, through the Council, the following resolutions:—"That with a view to the instruction of students, lectures may be given in the Royal Academy, by the members, irrespective of the professorships. That such instruction may comprehend, not only painting, sculpture, and architecture, but also engraving, and such other subjects as, when submitted to the Council, may be deemed by them desirable. That such instruction may consist of short courses, or even of single lectures, to suit the convenience of members. That members, including associates of the Royal Academy, and honorary members, on testifying their wish to the council, may, with the sanction of the council, be authorised to give lectures accordingly." This is another step—the election of engravers into full membership was the first—towards that change in the laws and constitution of the Royal Academy which the artists of the country, and the public, too, have so long required. We shall look with some degree of anxiety and curiosity to ascertain what use will be made of the privilege now granted, and who among the members and associates will step forward as a voluntary and gratuitous Art-teacher.

THE "VARNISHING DAYS" AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—We have learned with great regret, and certainly not without some surprise, that an attempt is making within the body of the Royal Academy to restore to the academicians the most obnoxious of all the privileges which, for so long a series of years, they exercised under the diploma,—that of painting on their pictures after they were hung in the place of exhibition. The rule under which this injustice—so unworthy of the rank and character, and in most instances, let us add, the talent of those who benefited by it—was perpetrated, was as follows:—"Three days or more, according to the convenience of the arrangement, and the discretion of the Council, shall be allowed to all the members of the Royal Academy, for the purpose of varnishing or painting on their pictures, in the places which have been allotted to them, previous to the day appointed for the annual dinner in the Exhibition Room." When, a few months ago, we offered a somewhat lengthened comment on the defective constitutions

of the Royal Academy, and the abuses which had grown up under them, we purposely abstained from all allusion to this offensive rule and practice, because the academicians themselves had not long before made a voluntary surrender of so unhand-some an advantage over their brother artists, and it seemed to us ungenerous to refer to a wrong, however long persisted in, which had at length been redeemed by an act of grace. We desire to use no harsher terms in reference to this academic privilege than we have heard applied to it by academicians themselves. There were many of the body who sat uneasily for years under a prerogative which, while it inflicted a wrong on others too glaring for the public to overlook, lent itself to a world of epigram against themselves. If the pictures of the Royal Academicians could not be made to show advantageously on the walls of the Academy without this process of naturalisation, what could be thought of the men who kept the process for themselves, and left their brethren to the disadvantage from which *they* thus, in the matter of their own works, escaped? What could be said for those who, being the strong on the authority of the diploma, compelled those who by the inference of its absence were comparatively the weak, thus to carry weight in the race for fame and for bread. Practically, the wrong was a double one. The academican who painted up his own picture, usually painted down his neighbour's. The original defect of tone in both works became increased in the one by the means taken in the other to redeem it. The academican's *plus* was the non-academican's *minus*. The legends of the varnishing days are many of them sad, some ludicrous, and none to the credit of the Academy. The attempt to revive so unquestionable an abuse, just at the moment when public attention is likely to be particularly directed to the doings of this Academic body, is singularly injudicious; and we hope—and, indeed, scarcely doubt—that the Council, to whom, for the present, the matter is referred, will deal with it in that higher spirit which so recently resigned the privilege. If it be found that it is really desirable, for the gain at once of the artist and of the public, that the former should have the opportunity of touching on his picture with reference to the accidents of its place, then, we trust that arrangements will be made for extending the opportunity to all. Either way, there *must* be equality in this matter. Those of the academicians who felt strongly, before, that the privilege could not be retained, will surely think with us, now, that it cannot be restored.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—Another statue, that of the Earl of Chatham, by Mr. MacDowell, R.A., has recently been added to the number of similar works which stand, like watchful sentinels over the laws and constitution of the British empire, in the grand entrance of the Houses of Parliament. The figure of the illustrious statesman is a fine example of portrait-sculpture, dignified in its action, and truthful as a likeness. This makes the tenth statue, if we mistake not, which has reached its final destination; two more are to follow, those of Burke and Grattan, whose impassioned speeches shed such brilliancy over the senatorial debates in the lower house, in an age when parliamentary eloquence was the rule and not the exception.

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Universal Exposition, in 1855; and we are happy to see that he has again obtained the highest prize—a medal with special mention—at the late Universal Exhibition of Photography at Brussels, where, among upwards of one hundred photographers of all nations, only seven obtained this high distinction, two of whom were our countrymen, Mr. Fenton and Mr. White, whose landscapes are placed by the reviews of that Exhibition—lately published in the bulletin of the French Photographic Society, and in the *Compos* of October last—at the head of all English landscapes, which they, at the same time, admit to surpass those of all other countries.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM has recently received some interesting accessions of antiquities, found in the Crimea during its occupation by our armies. These objects consist of Grecian vases of various shapes, material, and colour, sculptured figures, and fragments of monumental decorations, the latter being chiefly flowered ornaments carved in wood, sculptures in ivory, and wall-paintings rich in colour. The Roman antiquities consist of numerous glass vessels; while some objects of Anglo-Saxon date and workmanship show, as a contemporary remarks, "that in remote times our ancestors had habitations on the same spots which have been occupied by our troops during the recent war."

MAYALL'S IVORY PHOTOGRAPHS.—The want of a tablet for photographic pictures, which should be, at least, equally as absorbent as paper, and free from those inequalities and impurities which are such constant sources of annoyance to the photographer, has long been felt. Mr. Mayall appears to have succeeded in producing a surface possessing all the required qualities—perfect whiteness, uniformity of absorption, and chemical purity. This well-known photographic artist has very properly used the term ivory to express the character of the surface upon which he now produces his pictures. Except ivory itself, we do not think a more beautiful medium could be produced. It appears to be composed of barytes and albumen; and this, when solid, is well rubbed down and polished. The photographic portraits which are printed upon this surface are in themselves remarkably fine productions. It is, however, the purpose of Mr. Mayall that all this class of picture should be finished by the hand of the artist. We have examined several portraits, which possess the highest degree of finish—being, indeed, in scarcely any respect inferior to ivory miniatures of the highest class. These are produced at one-fifth the cost of the work of the miniature-painter—the sun, by one impulse, works in all the beautiful and minute details, so that a wash of transparent colour from the artist's hands is all that is required to produce these truly beautiful pictures. Beyond these points of excellence we were much pleased with the artistic and picturesque arrangement of Mr. Mayall's figures, each one of which was evidently a careful study. In the place of the cold and formal daguerreotype portrait which used to perplex us, we may now possess portraits of our friends which are truly artistic productions, pleasing in whatever light they may be viewed, and truthful beyond the artist's power.

WALLACE AND HUME MEMORIALS.—We have seen in a Dundee paper, and quoted in some of the London journals, a notice that the sums subscribed for these monuments have only reached, in the one case £2000, and in the other £1300—indicating them as failures, and thence taking occasion to say that we attempt too many public memorials of this nature! Why any one can be so "superfluous" to use our old friend Falstaff's expression, as thus to check the encouragement of a noble Art inadequately fostered as yet in this country, and also akin to the records of literature, we cannot imagine. Government, through its board of trade, applies several tens of thousands a year in direct efforts to inculcate public taste, and promote its spread; but these costly endeavours were worse than vain, if no eventual high rewards are to be held out; and, it must ever be remembered that the highest classes of Art must be encouraged, or we can never hope to pull up to their due level the lower, though wider spread, grade of ornament. We are the more surprised at the remark, as it bears on its face its own refutation. £2000 is quite enough for a fine bronze statue of the Scottish Hero; and in the case of Hume, what could be a more fitting memorial to him than a marble statue in the Houses of Parliament, the

scene of his honourable labours; and why should it cost more than the seven foot statues in St. Stephen's Hall already erected at a cost of £1,000 each? What could his nearest friends and chief admirers desire more fitting than this; and, supposing the fund reached no more than the sum quoted by our contemporary, does not that leave £300 surplus for extras? We do not, as we have said, understand the animus that has dictated the remark to which we allude, but we are glad to perceive that it is calculated to bear different fruits from those contemplated, and rather to encourage than repress public monuments to the good, the wise, and the great; inasmuch as it might well be said, if such worthy consummations are the results of failure, what would be accomplished by a success?

THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.—The interest of this great undertaking increases from day to day: there is absolutely a glut of Art-treasures; and the Committee will now have to encounter the irksome duty of selection, for the building cannot contain half the proffered contributions. The new appointments are very judicious: Mr. Delamotte undertakes the task of selecting and arranging Photographs; and Mr. Holmes, barrister, will select and arrange the Engravings, assisted by Messrs. Smith and others. The Royal Academy has decided on lending some of the diploma pictures—another departure from "rule" which does credit to that body. The Committee are indefatigable in their exertions, and are getting satisfactorily through their herculean labours.

BARON MAROCHETTI, whom, we presume, may be designated the "Court Sculptor," has completed, and erected in St. Thomas's Church, Newport, Isle of Wight, the monument to the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I. The monument was a commission from the Queen; it represents the figure of a young female reclining in a kind of recess, the head resting on an open Bible, which forms its pillow. The princess died in Carisbrook Castle, in 1640, and was buried beneath the chancel of the church in which the tomb is erected.

WALL CLOTH HANGINGS.—Mr. Joseph Adshead, of Manchester, has patented what is described as a durable and economical substitute for plastering, papering, painting, &c., called "Anti-moisture Cloth," to supersede ordinary paper-hanging, &c. The material is in imitation of woods, marbles, &c., and also flower-groups; and several examples of it are placed in one of the rooms of the Mechanics' Institution. The imitations of the woods include most of the kinds known in this country, with specimens of granite, painting, marble, &c. The surface is varnished, and can be cleaned even with hot water without injury. The cloth is a warm fabric, and of fine quality, and, as a cloth-hanging, appears to be admirably adapted for all the purposes of house decoration, and peculiarly suited for the paneling and ornamentation of public buildings, &c. The extra cost of the material is by no means considerable, while the advantages are obvious. The invention is, indeed, a near approach to the ancient tapestry, for the material is capable of receiving any amount of art. The specimens shown at the inauguration of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution were of great merit, and attracted general attention; but since then several important improvements have been introduced; and although not yet perfected, the invention already holds a high place in public favour. We shall probably be enabled to furnish a more detailed report on this subject at no distant period.

THE PLAYS AT TAVISTOCK HOUSE.—It has been made known by the public press that Mr. Charles Dickens has been receiving "company" at his residence, and has been there entertaining them by the representation of plays, in which he acts the leading characters. A drama of very great excellence, entitled "The Frozen Deep," was written by Mr. Wilkie Collins expressly for these occasions; and it is unnecessary to say the audience—exclusively the friends and acquaintances of the great and popular author—were gratified to an extent inconceivable by those who were not of the invited. The invitations, however, were very numerous—on each of four evenings the guests numbered nearly 150, including a very large proportion of the men and women of "mark" who are the "celebrities" of the age and country—statesmen, judges, artists, men of science, poets, and authors of all classes. To meet such an

assembly was, in itself, a rare intellectual treat. Much of the scenery was painted by Mr. Stanfield, and the "mise en scene" was as perfect as we can imagine it to be in a private house. The dramatic powers of Mr. Charles Dickens have been the theme of frequent comment; they are unquestionably of the very highest order; there can be no doubt that if he had been an actor he would have been as truly great as he is in that higher and more enduring art of which he is the leading professor in modern times. This is saying much, but not too much. We can conceive nothing finer than his performance of the part allotted to him in Wilkie Collins's play. There were other parts—those, especially, that were sustained by Mr. Mark Lemon and Mr. Augustus Egg—of rare excellence; and, altogether, an evening more agreeable, more intellectual, or more entirely instructive it would be impossible to pass under any roof, public or private.

A SALE OF DRAWINGS took place last month at the rooms of Messrs. Foster: the principal were:—"The Gallant Act," Stanfield, 25 guineas; "Grapes," W. Hunt, 31 guineas; "Newark Castle," Cattermole, 15 guineas; a pair by J. D. Harding—"Aurillac" and "Bologna," 30 guineas; "Shooting Pony and Dogs," F. Taylor, 32 guineas; "The Rustic Toilet," P. F. Poole, 28 guineas; "Grapes, Plums, &c.," W. Hunt, 57 guineas; six tinted drawings, by Turner, from Dr. Munro's Collection, £27 8s.; and, lastly, Turner's "Windermere," engraved; this, after an eager competition, was knocked down to Mr. Gambart for 255 guineas—about one fourth of the entire sum realised by the whole collection. With the exception of this work, and Hunt's "Grapes, Plums, &c.," the drawings seem to have realised an unusually small sum.

MR. W. SIMPSON, whose pictures of the recent war have become universally known, has been commissioned by the Queen to paint a picture of the visit of her Majesty to the Arctic ship, the *Resolute*, to receive the courteous gift of the American government. Permission has been accorded for an engraving to be executed from the painting.

HAMPSTEAD CONVERSAZIONE.—These agreeable reunions recommenced for the season on January 21st, after our sheets were closed for press. If we may be permitted to judge of the future from the past, we augur that the subscribers and visitors may anticipate exceeding gratification from what the committee will provide for their inspection. These "Evenings at Hampstead" are well supported by the numerous artists and amateurs resident in the vicinity.

THE ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE holds its first meeting for the season on the 5th of the month, at Willis's Rooms. Four meetings are arranged for, to take place respectively on the first Thursday of each month, commencing with the present. This Society includes among its members many names of good repute in our circles of Art, and of amateurs of scarcely inferior talent: its president is Mr. J. D. Harding. An annual subscription of one guinea for each season qualifies for membership. We ought also to add that ladies are very properly admitted into the society as members.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.—Mr. Calder Marshall's statue of Captain Coram, the founder of this institution, has recently been placed at the entrance-gates, in Guildford Street; the funds for the work were raised by public subscription. Hogarth's portrait of the benevolent seaman has furnished the sculptor with a model for the head and features: the work well sustains the reputation of Mr. Marshall.

THE EARL OF SUFFOLK'S PICTURES.—No clue has been obtained to unravel this mystery: we are therefore inclined to think the proper steps have not been taken to discover the thief—a liberal reward to an efficient "detective" would surely have traced the lost treasures to any part of the globe. It is probable they have been painted over in distemper, with a view to their exportation: but they can be valuable only when their value is made known; and although they may be out of sight, cannot be "out of reach." It is the opinion of those who know something of such "doings," that Lord Suffolk's pictures have found their way into Russia, a sure market for good ancient pictures. A correspondent—"H. Clark, M.D."—suggests that of all fine pictures in private collections photographic copies should be made, inasmuch as successful thefts would then be much more difficult.

REVIEWS.

THE GRAMMAR OF ORNAMENT. By OWEN JONES. Illustrated by Examples from various Styles of Ornament. Drawn on Stone by F. BEDFORD. Printed in Colours and published by DAY & SONS, London.

On looking over this work, the concluding parts of which, with the explanatory text, have just reached us, we are almost astounded at what the artists and publishers have accomplished. Such a publication would have been considered, not many years ago, the labour of a life, and the project of a Lorenzo de Medici, or some other powerful and liberal patron of the Arts. But to produce one hundred folio plates, each containing several subjects—in some instances twenty, thirty, and even more, the whole three thousand in number, and all full of delicate and intricate details, coloured, too, with the utmost brilliancy and delicacy,—to effect this within the short space of one year is a marvel, as it is also a sign of the enterprising spirit that actuates the producing classes of the day, from the capitalist and master down to the lowest "hand" he employs. Having explained the character and nature of Mr. Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament" towards the close of the last year, it seems only necessary now that we announce its completion, with the remark that a more valuable publication for the instruction and gratification of the man of taste, and for the use of all engaged in ornamental work of every kind, has never been put forth in any age or country. A few words are, however, due to those who have aided Mr. Jones in his gigantic and laborious undertaking, and have enabled him to bring it to so successful a termination. In the formation of the Egyptian collection, he was assisted by Mr. J. Bonomi and Mr. J. Wild, the latter gentleman contributing also the materials for the Arabian collection. For the plate of stained glass he was indebted to Mr. T. T. Bury; from Mr. C. J. Richardson the principal portion of the materials of the Elizabethan collection was obtained; those of the Byzantine collection were contributed by Mr. J. B. Waring, who also wrote the valuable essays on Byzantine and Elizabethan ornament. Mr. J. O. Westwood assisted in the Celtic collection, and wrote the interesting history and exposition of the style. Mr. C. Dresser, a contributor to the columns of the *Art-Journal*, provided the plate that exhibits the geometrical arrangement of natural flowers. Mr. Digby Wyatt is the author of the essays on the ornament of the Renaissance and the Italian periods. The drawings, not hitherto mentioned, were chiefly executed by Mr. Jones's pupils, Messrs. A. Warren and C. Aubert, who, with Mr. Stubbs, reduced the whole of the original drawings, and prepared them for publication. To Mr. Bedford and his assistants—Messrs. H. Fielding, W. R. Tynms, A. Warren, and S. Sedgfield—was assigned the onerous and most important task of reproducing the drawings upon the stone; how well it has been executed the publication itself will testify. And, lastly, Messrs. Day and Son are entitled to no small commendation for the manner in which they have performed their duties as printers. None but a large establishment conducted with vigilance, care, and attention could have accomplished a work of such magnitude and beauty—one as well adapted for the library and drawing-room table as for the studio of the ornamentist; in truth, we cannot imagine a few hours more agreeably passed than in the examination of its multitudinous and varied examples of Decorative Art.

NOTES ON THE TURNER GALLERY. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co., London.

The first impression made by the Turner bequest upon its proprietors, the public, is by no means favourable, principally from the fact that they are hidden rather than exhibited in Marlborough House. Nevertheless, and invisible though they be, much has been written and said about them. From Mr. Ruskin's prolonged silence, we expected a volume from him on the subject of the Turner bequest—but we have only a *brochure*. In a few prefatory observations, the writer assigns four periods to Turner's career of art—but these refinements of distinction are by no means easily determinable. In the artist's earlier time, everything he did had more or less relation to the contemporary English school; this is more observable in his water-colour than his oil-pictures; and when he departed from this affinity everything was transitional, approaching nearer and nearer to that style of Art which was his own only. Every painter who ceases to be a student becomes a hopeless mannerist. We cannot think that Turner ever ceased to look at Claude; but it is very probable that in age his physical powers of con-

straining nature, as they did also in earlier years, failed him. We hear continually of artists who "do not paint so well as they did." These have either ceased to be guided by nature, or there is some physical defection to account for the failure. Mr. Ruskin notices the works in their chronological order, commencing with the "Moonlight, a Study at Millbank," then succeeds "View in Wales" (1800), "View on Clapham Common" (1802), "Jason" (1802). Of the "Shipwreck" the writer says—"The sea painting in both this and 'The Calais Pier' is much over-rated. It is wonderful in rendering action of wave; but neither the lustre of surface nor nature of the foam—still less of the spray—are marked satisfactorily. Through his whole life, Turner's drawings of large waves left them deficient of lustre and liquidity; and this was the more singular because, in calm or rippled water, no one ever rendered lustre or clearness so carefully." It is not fair inference that reflection is wanting in such a picture as this, because it is abundantly found in his still water. Now the colour, and light, and shade of still water is all reflection, but in water violently agitated broad reflection is superseded by form. "In the Goddess of Discord in the Gardens of the Hesperides," Turner breaks new ground; having visited Switzerland, he introduces into this picture his impressions of that country. We find him, therefore, painting (1802-3) "Bonneville, Savoy, with Mont-Blanc," "The Chateau de St. Michel, Savoy," "Glacier and Source of the Arverne," &c. "The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire" is not favourably spoken of; it is certainly an anomalous work, but yet possesses many beauties, and like so many others of Turner's works that may be objectionable in colour, would tell effectively in black and white. In speaking of "The Bay of Baim," Mr. Ruskin says—"The colour of this picture, take it all in all, is unsatisfactory; the brown demon is not quite exorcised; and although, if the foliage of the foreground be closely examined, it will be found full of various hue, the greens are still too subdued." This picture was painted in 1823, and in this brown colour which is here spoken of is nothing more than that qualification of burnt sienna or burnt umber which was used by all the painters of that time: the recognition of any grey earth in a foreground at that time was a foul heresy. Pictures successively dwell on are—"Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" (1829), "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "Apollo and Daphne," "Phryne going to the Bath," "Agrippina," "Bacchus and Ariadne," "Venice, the Bridge of Sighs," "The Exile and the Rock Limpet," &c. Of the "Fighting Temeraire," it is observed—"Of all the pictures of subjects not involving human pain this is the most pathetic that was ever painted." Our notice of these criticisms is necessarily too brief; but we cannot close it without saying that it is as powerfully written as anything its author has ever put forth, and the spirit of the criticism is the most just and genial that has ever animated Mr. Ruskin's writings.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA: 1st & 2nd Series. From the Drawings of JOHN SIMPSON. COLNAGHI & Co., London.

These two volumes are of the deepest interest to all who hold dear the honour and glory of Great Britain. Dismal as the story is, the war in the Crimea may be referred to with national pride: our soldiers and sailors did their "duty" there as everywhere; but there especially it was discharged under discouragements and disasters that would have crushed the spirit of any other army of the world. Its memory, therefore, will always be a retrospect of glory and shame. Those who examine these books will do so with a mingled sensation of sorrow and joy. The letter-press descriptions are gathered for the most part from the written accounts of Mr. Woods, published in the *Morning Herald*, and those of Mr. Russell, the "famous" correspondent of the *Times*. To these gentlemen the country owes much: think what a rich treasure would have been gathered for us from the bloody fields of Spain, if there had been writers so active, intelligent, and enlightened, to follow the march of our armies in the Peninsula—following to observe. The lithographic drawings of Mr. Simpson are well known: these volumes are formed of reduced copies, convenient in size, and sufficiently large to convey accurate notions of the several pictured details. There are no less than forty prints, and the subjects are so varied as to present all the leading incidents of the war. The artist has obtained a reputation high among the highest—not alone for his professional skill, but for the bold, daring, and resolute courage he displayed in the prosecution of the important task he had undertaken; he was literally everywhere;—no peril alarmed him; no difficulty discouraged; the point

of danger seemed ever to be the point most attractive. If to the authors we owe much, our debt is even larger to the artist, who has given us the real where formerly we had but the ideal—facts in lieu of fancies; in short, whose pictures are histories. Messrs. Colnaghi have therefore issued two volumes that cannot fail to achieve extensive popularity.

THE BOOK OF JOB. Illustrated with Fifty Engravings, from Drawings by JOHN GILBERT. Published by NISBET & Co., London.

In the search which for some years past has been made for writings suited to form illustrated volumes, it has seemed surprising that the book of Job should so long have escaped the attention of publishers; perhaps, however, they have considered, that as it forms a portion of the sacred writings, it would attain a less degree of popularity than a work of pure fiction. And yet what a treasure-house of rich pictorial matters does this grand poem contain!—a poem which, whatever a man's religious creed or belief may be, must, if he can appreciate sublimity of thought and eloquence of expression, win his highest admiration. "It sets before us," says the writer of the preface to this edition, "pictures wonderfully vivid of the husbandman, the warrior, the traveller, the sportsman, the stately magnate, and the starving outcast of that departed era. And, not to mention that it contains some of the most magnificent descriptions of natural objects and phenomena to be found in any language, we must search its page in order to find the earliest forms of those sublime and beautiful images which delight us in the poems of our own day; and in which Job anticipated by many ages Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles."

Whether Job was a real personage, which some writers have denied, though he is affirmed to be such by the far larger number of commentators, and among these the most learned and orthodox, all agree in pronouncing the book which treats of him as the most ancient poem on record. The chronology of the Bible dates the trials of the patriarch about the year 1520 before the Christian era, or about thirty years before Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt. But from the absence of any allusion to great historical events which happened in the vicinity of Job's country, Idumæa,—such as the destruction of the Cities of the Plain, and which it is presumed Job would scarcely have passed over, had those events occurred during his early lifetime, or anterior to it,—many writers conjecture the poem was composed before Abraham undertook his journey into Canaan. The authorship of the work, as well as its date, has given rise to much curious speculation: the latter we believe to be, inferentially, more easily determinable than the former; but either, or both, are of little comparative importance; it is sufficient that in it the Christian world possesses the noblest poem that was ever penned; and that "while the memorable records of antiquity have mouldered from the rock, the prophetic assurance and sentiments of Job are graven in scriptures that no time shall alter, no changes shall efface."

With so vast a fund of pictorial matter at the command of the artist, Mr. Gilbert's most difficult task must have been that of selection. The fifty subjects he has chosen might be enlarged to five hundred without exhausting the materials; but the examples he has taken are judiciously made, both as to interest and variety. As a figure draughtsman Mr. Gilbert is too well known and appreciated to require a word of commendation from us; but here he seems as much at home among the beasts of the field and the desert, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, while in landscape he would break a lance with Birket Foster; nothing, in fact, appears to be beyond the reach of his facile and elegant pencil. All is beautiful in his designs; and Messrs. Dalziel, Whymper, and Thomas, have engraved them in a way that does full justice to the artist, and great credit to their own taste and skill.

The explanatory notes and poetical parallels introduced into the volume add much to its interest, as does its outward adornment of blue and gold to its value as a gift-book. We will only add our hope to that expressed by the editor—"That some may be induced to read in the present edition this most ancient of poems who have never yet given to it what it so eminently demands, and will so richly repay, a continuous perusal."

THE COURSE OF TIME. By ROBERT POLLOK. Illustrated Edition. Published by BLACKWOOD & SONS, London and Edinburgh.

A poem which has passed through twenty editions in about thirty years has received a public verdict that places its popularity beyond doubt; such has been the case with Pollok's "Course of Time"—a work which fully merits the tribute of praise accorded to it by the general voice, though, as it has

been remarked by one of the poet's own countrymen, "it is often harsh, turgid, and vehement, and deformed by a gloomy piety which repels the reader, in spite of the many splendid passages and images that are scattered throughout the work." It should, however, be remembered that the poem was the production of a young man—one, too, nurtured in a church whose religious tenets are peculiarly strict and unalluring; hence, perhaps, the spirit which casts a shadow of gloom over the imaginative thoughts and powerful language that are found in so many passages of the "Course of Time." Years, and a more enlarged acquaintance with the world, would probably have tended to modify his views of mankind; certainly time would have ripened his poetical genius, so that we might have seen it hereafter produce fruits of a more engaging and refined nature. It was otherwise decreed: Pollok died the same year that his poem was published, in 1827, so that he scarcely lived to hear the first blast of the trumpet of fame, which was destined to carry his name wherever his native language is spoken.

The richly-ornamented and illustrated edition now published by Messrs. Blackwood can add nothing to the poet's reputation, but it will cast a beautiful and unfading light upon many of the scenes and descriptions which his pen transcribed. The designs are by Messrs. Birket Foster, Tenniel, and J. R. Clayton, whose drawings on the wood are engraved by Messrs. Evans, Dalziel Brothers, H. N. Woods (a new name to us), and Green, who seem to have all worked in wonderful harmony of spirit and feeling.

It may appear invidious to select one of the artist-designers for especial notice where all have done so well; but we direct attention to Mr. Foster only to remark that two or three of his subjects remind us of John Martin's Miltonic compositions. We have often admired the pencil of Mr. Foster when delineating the simple and beautiful pastoral scenery of nature; it is here equally successful in its representation of the grand, the terrible, and demoniacal.

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES. By THOMAS HOOD. HURST & BLACKETT, London.

"TOM HOOD"—*redivivus*!—the Murillo-like boy we knew in petticoats—grown beyond boyhood—gone to college—and publishing a volume! Out upon Time! and it passes so stealthily! The poet prettily said that—

"Noiseless falls the foot of Time—
That only treads on flowers."

In sooth it treads as noiselessly over flints. Had this volume been very different from what it is, it would have been received cordially by press and public; the child would have been "kissed for the sake of the nurse." Tom Hood the Second would have been honoured for the sake of "Tom Hood" the First; but there is so much feeling—so much genius—in many of the fugitive pieces which both in prose and poetry fill this volume, that there is little to do except to praise; and even while we record our disapprobation of slang and smoking—we feel we are hard-hearted, because in time the author's mind will cast off, by a natural effort, the affectations which here and there vexatiously mar what, but for them, would be really beautiful. We hardly know a more powerful and exquisite sketch in the whole range of literature than the "Gate-keeper of the City of Tombs;" it is full of the gentlest feeling, blended with the kindest sympathy and the soundest philosophy. The poems scattered here and there are bright with smiles or tears, and it is no dishonour to the father to say that many of these compositions would have done credit to the author of "The Song of a Shirt," and the "Plea of the Midsommer Fairies."

LES BONS AMIS. Engraved by F. REVEL and A. BLANCHARD, from the Picture by MEISSONIER. Published by E. GAMMART & Co., London.

This is a small print, but one of rare excellence, showing qualities of engraving that are seldom found in the Art of the present day—solidity, brilliancy, and delicacy, throughout every part of it, and all so manifest, and yet so harmonious, that it is impossible to say which quality is most attractive to the eye; the tone is perfect. *Les Bons Amis* are three respectable middle-aged men, of the ancien régime of France, seated at a table in the centre of an apartment, who are discussing, over their pipes and glasses, some subject which excites their close attention; one is evidently laying down a proposition to which the others listen most unobtrusively: the three heads are admirable studies—intelligent, serious, as at present engaged, and individualised in character. The original picture, which is, we believe, in the possession of the Queen,

is of the old Dutch School in subject; but the occupants of the room are not bores, they are gentlemen spending a social evening together; perhaps talking over the financial schemes of Mirabeau, or the last bit of scandal from Versailles or St. Cloud. We should naturally look for this unique print in the portfolio of every collector of taste and judgment.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES: A TALE OF AUVERGNE. By the Author of "MARY POWELL." Published by HALL, VIRTUE & Co., London.

"The Good Old Times!" All the publications of this accomplished lady bear the impress of a high and holy mind—turned into a peculiar channel; thinking old world thoughts, and expressing them in old world language, she has made the quaint style her own; and so true and earnest is she, that the "quaintness" is entirely devoid of affectation. We will not anticipate the story, for we hope it is in everybody's hands by this time; if it has a want, it is the want of a sacrifice—but our fair author has no heart towards blood-shed; she has too great a desire to make all sects turn towards "Peace in the Lord" to show the dark side, even of persecution; she delights to make things end well, and would be positively miserable at leaving any one at the last page in trouble or perplexity: perhaps this is one of her great charms; for her warmest admirers are among the gentle and the good. We have exceedingly rejoiced to welcome her again at this happy season.

CURIOSITIES OF HISTORY. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Published by BOGUE, London.

Mr. Timbs has followed up his first volume of "Things not Generally Known" by this upon our table; but here he has dealt with the "CURIOSITIES OF HISTORY," and we can conceive no more amusing book for the drawing-room table, or one more useful for the school-room. The author commences with a quotation from Ritsen's "Polychronicon," which states that "Damascus is as much as to say, shedding of blood, for there Cain slew Abel, and hid him in the sand;" and after devoting a few pages to Sacred Writ, proceeds into Egypt, Greece, Rome, &c.; but we must protest against Mr. Timbs calling the Bible "The Sacred Story." We quite believe he intends no disrespect to the holy volume; but in the ears of the young, for instance, it might become generalised with other "tales," and suffer in its sacred character.

LIBRARY EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS. THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, AND THE EARL OF SURREY. With Memoirs, Critical Dissertations, and Explanatory Notes, by the REVEREND GEORGE GILFILLAN. Published by J. NICHOL, Edinburgh; NISBET & Co., London.

Four years have now elapsed since the publisher of this edition of the British Poets issued the first volume; it has progressed, as originally announced, at the rate of six volumes each year; so that we are enabled by this time to form a tolerably correct opinion of the manner in which its conductors have kept faith with the public. Their avowed object was to produce a work which, for excellence of typography, quality of paper, neatness of appearance, and judicious editing, should, combined with cheapness, entitle it to the patronage of all classes: this object they have hitherto effected in a way that cannot fail to satisfy even the most fastidious. On referring to the twenty-four volumes which have now been published, we can confidently assert that, as a whole, the poets of Great Britain have never been made so accessible to the people of Great Britain, and in a form more agreeable to every kind of reader. Unencumbered by long, and too often valueless, notes—yet always of sufficient length to elucidate the meaning of any obscure passage or obsolete word—the text is printed in a bold, clear type, so that he who runs may read. The prefaces are written by Mr. Giffillan, with taste, judgment, and impartiality—three qualities essential to good editorship. This work deserves a circulation commensurate with the style in which it is produced, and the cheapness of its cost.

SAARBURG, NEAR TREVES, ON THE MOSELLE. —SCENE IN WALES. Chromolithographed by M. N. HANHART, from Pictures by J. D. HARDING. Published by E. GAMMART & Co., London.

A pair of large coloured lithographs, executed, we should presume, from their bold and dashing style of handling, from sketches by Mr. Harding. Saarburg is a picturesque scene, with a mountain torrent tumbling and boiling over its rocky bed, between piles of old buildings and precipitous banks. —The Welsh subject also shows a mountain stream,

somewhat less angry however, winding its way between masses of rock, among which, on one side, tall trees have taken root and sprung upwards, while an over-shot mill, almost concealed by foliage, contributes, on the other, its scanty supply of liquid to the narrow watercourse. Both these prints are very gay in colour, the latter especially so, as the scene is lighted by a rich sunset. Framed and hanging on a wall, they would tell most effectively; they are just the kind of chromolithographs for such a purpose.

THE OCEAN CHILD: OR, SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE. A TALE OF GIRLHOOD. By Mrs. HARRIET MYRTLE. ADDEY & Co., London.

We remember Mrs. Harriett Myrtle's "Pleasures of the Country" as one of the most charming of juvenile books. Writers do not sufficiently remember how few children in our towns and cities really know anything of country life, and that every species of information from thence must be of value, because it is a record of nature's works. We can trace the same sweet and benevolent mind in "The Ocean Child" that prompted a record of "Pleasures of the Country;" and congratulate our young friends on possessing an interesting story, fraught with the especial lessons which children ought to learn without the sensation of "being taught."

OCEAN GARDENS. By H. NOEL HUMPHRIES. Published by LOW, SON, & Co., London.

Mr. Humphries has produced a most charming little volume on the history of "Marine Aquaria," which cannot fail to be welcomed by those who bring a miniature ocean into their drawing-rooms; the illustrations are of course beautiful; and "the flowers of the sea" were never before seen to so much advantage—upon paper.

The information Mr. Humphries has drawn together is correct, and given with intelligence and simplicity; but as we anticipate a very speedy second edition for the book, we would intreat the author, for the sake of those who will seek all the necessary information in his pages, to be more explicit upon certain points. We know by experience that one class of those beautiful sea-creatures thrive best in deep water; another do best in very shallow pools, overhung by sea-weeds; while others, to be kept for any length of time, ought to be out of the water for an hour or more each day, and two or three times a week be slightly sprinkled with fine gravel. We are glad to find how vehemently Mr. Humphries insists on the use of the syringe; it can hardly be too frequently resorted to. As a rule however, we believe that all zoophytes thrive best in shallow water, particularly if they are frequently syringed.

Some of these creatures are found in greater beauty and abundance on one part of the coast than on the other, and a knowledge of their "whereabouts" is of value to the collector.

Mr. Humphries states that "artificial salt water has been found sufficient for zoophytes, but not for fish and others of the higher class of marine animals, except for a given time."

We have non-artificial water made fourteen months ago by Mr. Lloyd's prepared salt. We have occasionally added a little fresh water to the tank when the evaporation caused it to be required, and it is perfectly clear. It now contains, besides the usual marine plants, zoophytes and serpula; two hermit crabs and a swimming crab, who have lived there in health and prosperity for nearly three months. A wrasse enjoyed its existence for two months in the same water, and would most likely have been alive now, but for the very hot weather in July, when, owing to the tank not being properly shaded during the absence of its mistress, the water became turbid, and the fish and more delicate creatures, such as prawns, &c., died. The tank was kept in darkness, and well aerated for several days, and the water regained its present clearness.

JESSIE CAMERON. By the LADY RACHAEL BUTLER. Published by BLACKWOOD & SONS, London & Edinburgh.

This "Highland Story," which introduces a new author in what may be called "domestic fiction," is replete with simple pathos and beauty. The style is well suited to the story—graceful, and free from the affectation of bending too low, as if the feelings and affections (which are altogether different from the knowledge and information) of the upper classes differed from the feelings and affections of the lower, and the pretty volume is equally free from stilt and intolerance. We hope for good as well as great things from the pen of this accomplished lady; she is one of the proofs of the sympathy felt by the rich for the poor, a sympathy which it is the practice of a clique entirely to deny.

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ALSO MADE TO ORDER IN EVERY VARIETY.



THESE Bags are greatly superior to the old-fashioned dressing-cases. They are much lighter, less likely to be injured, and more portable. At the same time the articles contained in them being arranged round the sides, so as to take up the least possible room, almost as much space is left for carrying other necessaries, as wearing apparel, &c., as in empty bags. They are now coming into very general use, and are found particularly useful to railway and other travellers. They are principally fitted up as Writing and Dressing Bags, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also as Carriage Bags, and for Officers on Foreign Service.

A New Price List of these Bags, arranged so that any person can at once ascertain the exact cost of a Bag fitted with those articles only that are useful to themselves, will be forwarded, post free, on application to

J. R. BROOKS, 16, VERE STREET, OXFORD STREET.

West End Depot for Joseph Rodgers & Son's Celebrated Cutlery.

WATSON & WILLIAMS'

PATENT

SCENT BOTTLES

Allow the perfume to be sprinkled through a few small holes in the cap (by simply turning it half round), thus causing it to be equally diffused all over the handkerchief, instead of a small part being completely saturated. It is equally useful for Smelling Salts.



WATSON & WILLIAMS'

PATENT

DRINKING FLASKS

Have a small orifice in the neck, which admits the air to fill up the vacuum caused by drinking, thus preventing the unpleasant suction inseparable from all other flasks now in use: they are no more expensive, and less liable to breakage.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSE,

39, OXFORD STREET (corner of Newman Street),

Nos. 1, 1a, 2, & 3, NEWMAN STREET; and 4, 5, & 6, PERRY'S PLACE, LONDON.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

The REAL NICKEL SILVER, introduced twenty years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, when PLATED by the Patent of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article, next to sterling silver, that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

	Fiddle or Thread or Old Silver Pattern.	Brunswick King's Pattern.	per doz.	per doz.	per doz.
Table Spoons and Forks	30s.	40s.
Dessert ditto and ditto	30s.	30s.
Ten ditto	18s.	34s.

Tea and Coffee Sets, Crust and Liqueur Frames, Waiters, Candelabra, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL, NOT PLATED.

	Fiddle. Thread. King's.	per doz.	per doz.	per doz.
Table Spoons and Forks	12s.	30s.
Dessert ditto and ditto	10s.	31s.
Ten ditto	6s.	11s.

DISH COVERS AND HOT WATER DISHES

In every material, in great variety, and of the newest and most recherche patterns. Tin dish covers, 6s. 6d. the set of six; block tin, 12s. 3d. to 20s. 9d. the set of six; elegant modern patterns, 34s. to 55s. 6d. the set; Britannia metal, with or without silver plated handles, 70s. 6d. to 110s. 6d. the set; Sheffield plated, £10 to £16 10s. the set; block tin hot water dishes, with wells for gravy, 12s. to 30s.; Britannia metal, 22s. to 77s.; electro-plated on nickel, full size, £11 11s.

LAMPS OF ALL SORTS AND PATTERNS.

WILLIAM S. BURTON invites attention to this season's SHOW OF LAMPS. It embraces the Moderator (the best Parisian specimens of which have been carefully culled), Argand, Solar, Camphire, Palmer's Magnum, and other lamps for candles; and comprises an assortment which, considered either as to extent, price, or pattern, is perfectly unrivalled.

Pure Colza Oil, 5s. per gallon.
Palmer's Candles, 9d. and 10d. per lb.
Patent Camphire, 4s. 6d. per gallon.



BEDS, MATTRESSES AND BEDSTEADS.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S

NEW LIST OF

BEDS, BEDDING & BEDSTEADS,

IS NOW READY, AND CAN BE HAD GRATIS.

The quality of Beds, Mattresses, &c., of every description he is able to guarantee; they are made on the premises, in the presence of customers; their prices are in harmony with those which have tended to make his House Ironmongery Establishment the most extensive in the kingdom.

Feather beds	from £1 5 0 to £8 0 0
German spring mattresses	" 2 8 0 " 7 0 0
Horse-hair mattresses	" 0 16 0 " 5 0 0
Wool mattresses	" 0 7 6 " 4 9 0
Flock mattresses	" 0 6 6 " 0 18 0
Best Aloa and cotton mattresses	" 0 6 6 " 0 19 0
Sheets	per pair " 0 7 6 " 2 6 0
Blankets	each " 0 8 0 " 1 4 0
Toilet quilts	" 0 4 0 " 1 7 6
Counterpanes	" 0 2 6 " 0 15 0
Portable folding bedsteads	" 0 12 6 " 4 15 0
Patent iron bedsteads, with dove-tail joints	" 9 15 0 " 9 0 0
Ornamental bases	" 2 10 0 " 20 0 0
Bed hangings, in every variety per set	" 0 14 0 " 10 0 0

CUTLERY WARRANTED.

The most varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is on SALE at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales; 3½-inch ivory-handled table knives, with high shoulders, 12s. per dozen; dessert to match, 9s. 6d.; if to balance, 6d. per dozen extra; carvers 4s. 3d. per pair; larger sizes, from 19s. to 26s. per dozen; extra fine, ivory, 32s.; if with silver ferrules, 38s. to 50s.; white bone table knives, 7s. 6d. per dozen; dessert, 5s. 6d.; carvers, 2s. 3d. per pair; black horn table knives, 7s. 4d. per dozen; dessert, 6s.; carvers, 2s. 6d.; black wood-handled table knives and forks, 6s. per dozen; table steels, from 1s. each. The largest stock in existence of plated dessert knives and forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the new plated fish carvers.

FENDERS, STOVES, & FIRE- IRONS.

Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, FIRE-IRONS, AND GENERAL IRONMONGERY as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright stoves, with bronzed ornaments and two sets of bars, £2 14s. to £5 10s.; ditto, with ornolu ornaments and two sets of bars, £5 10s. to £12 12s.; bronzed fenders complete, with standards, from 7s. to £3; steel fenders, from £2 15s. to £6; ditto, with rich ornolu ornaments, from £2 15s. to £7 7s.; fire-irons, from 1s. 9d. the set to £4 4s. Sylvester and all other patent stoves, with radiating hearth-plates. All which he is enabled to sell at these very reduced charges.

First—From the frequency and extent of his purchases; and
Secondly—From those purchases being made exclusively for cash.

HOT AIR, GAS, VESTA, JOYCE'S STOVES.

STOVES for the economical and safe heating of Halls, Shops, Warehouses, Passages, Basements, and the like, being at this season demanded, WILLIAM S. BURTON invites attention to his unrivalled assortment, adapted, one or the other, to every conceivable requirement, at prices from 10s. each to 30 guineas.

THE ADDITIONS TO THESE EXTENSIVE PREMISES ARE OF SUCH A CHARACTER THAT THE

ENTIRE OF EIGHT HOUSES

Is now devoted to the display of the most Magnificent

STOCK OF GENERAL HOUSE IRONMONGERY,

(Including Cutlery, Nickel Silver, Plated Goods, Baths, Brushes, Turnery, Lamps, and Gaseliers,) so arranged in SIXTEEN LARGE SHOW-ROOMS, as to afford to parties Furnishing facilities in the selection of goods that cannot be hoped for elsewhere.

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